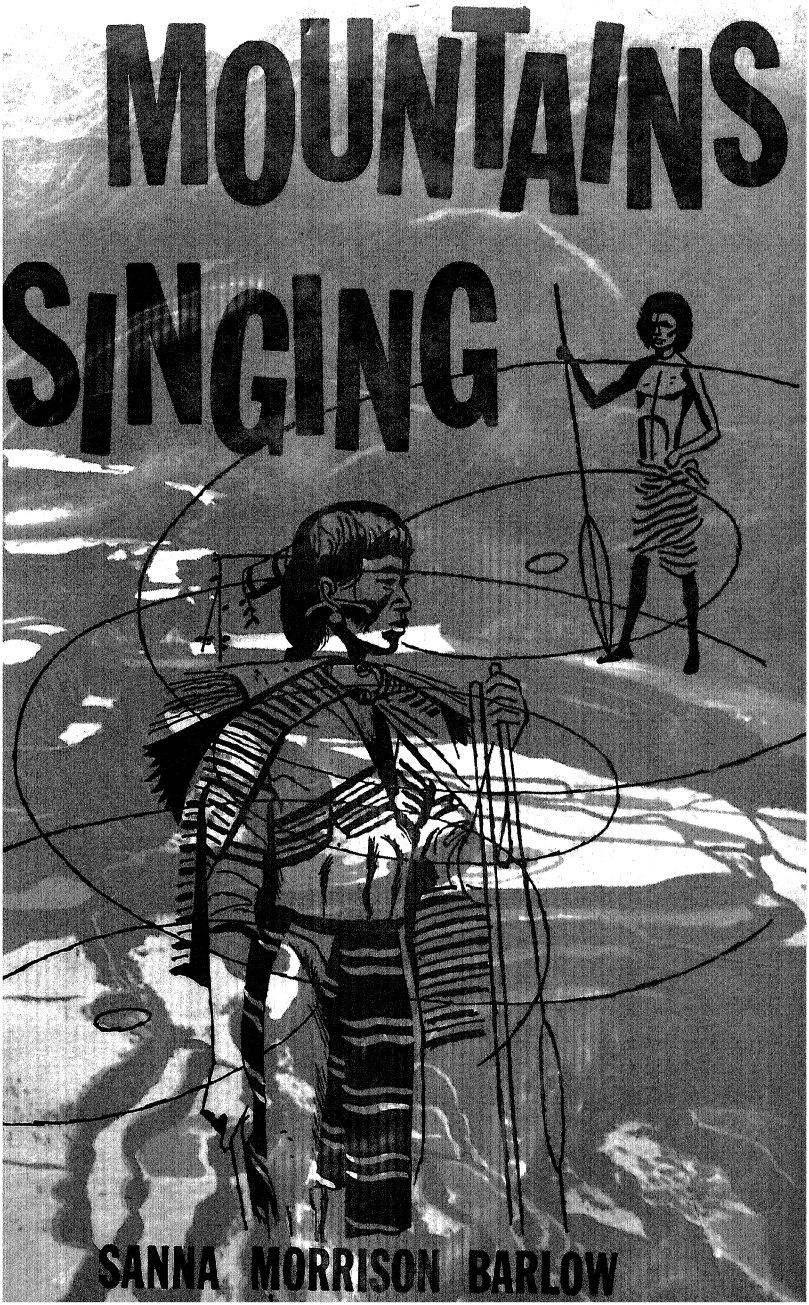
MOUNTAINS SINGING



SANNA MORRISON BARLOW

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MOUNTAINS SINGING

The author of this modern missionary story of adventure among the islands of the Pacific has skillfully captured the daily, thrilling experiences of Misses Joy Ridderhof and Ann Sherwood. The reader will live their adventures; and will marvel at the heroic, unlimited devotion to God which, with His power, caused these two servants to claim by faith their daily needs. The purpose of their journey was to make tape recordings of the gospel message in tribal dialects. The tapes were later used to make thousands of phonograph records that have reached far back into the mountains of the Philippines, where many have thereby heard the "good news" for the first time.

These women anticipated mountains and hazardous travel, though not the mechanical troubles, illness, and illusive tribespeople; but through all there was "always God—never late, never failing, assuringly near" every bit of the way.

Here are women—the travelers—and their home staff of Gospel Recordings, Inc., with a world-wide outlook, talented yet committed, in a walk of faith in God, to the salvation of those who otherwise might not have the gospel. Because of this work, thousands more will swell the chorus "from every tribe, and tongue, and people, and nation . . . Worthy is the Lamb."

The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing. Isaiah 55:13

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MOUNTAINS SINGING

MOUNTAINS SINGING

SANNA MORRISON BARLOW

THE STORY OF GOSPEL RECORDINGS
IN THE PHILIPPINES

CHICAGO
MOODY PRESS
1960

MOUNTAINS SINGING

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To the
Waiting Tribes
Who cannot speak for themselves
This book is dedicated

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FOREWORD

"Gospel Recordings" is a synonym for Gospel Miracles. A young missionary, too ill to return to her field in Latin America, had a call from God to send out some gospel records in Spanish, which might be used in places where missionaries could not go, or could not stay. Now these gospel records are pouring out at a rate that will soon reach half a million, and they are going out now in four hundred languages!

George Mueller said that one purpose of establishing his orphanages was to show the Christian world that God is a living God and does hear and answer prayer. Gospel Recordings has had an unbroken pathway of the supernatural working of God in answer to prayer, which has stimulated the faith of thousands, as well as reaching hundreds of thousands who are hearing the gospel for the first time through these records.

My stay of several weeks in the headquarters of Gospel Recordings gave me a glimpse of prayer and faith and New Testament living and victorious fellowship that I have not seen in any other place. There are now thirty-one full-time workers, who from the beginning have served without any salary or any allowance, and have trusted the Lord for their board, as well as their other expenses.

The story of what God has done through Joy Ridderhof and Ann Sherwood in Latin America, in Alaska, and in the Philippines is breath-taking. They have gone through experiences that hardy pioneers might shrink from. But it has

all been so simple, just day-by-day trusting the Lord for little miracles and great miracles. This book records but a part, written by one of the staff called of God in a special way to this work and war of faith.

"Gospel Recordings" is a synonym also for Gospel Rejoicing. Many Christian groups preach victory. In the Gospel Recordings headquarters they literally obey the command, "Rejoice always. Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks."

With them "everything" means just that. Dr. Wilbur M. Smith in speaking of this book said, "This group is doing one of the best pieces of Christian work in the western world today; of that there is no doubt." Every Christian leader who has been in touch with this work has borne the same testimony. "Gospel Recordings" is one of the new methods that God is using in the final great push to complete the great commission, and get the gospel message to every tribe and tongue on earth.

DR. ROBERT C. MCQUILKIN
Late President, Columbia Bible College
Columbia, South Carolina

PREFACE

On the eve of our departure for the Philippines, a lady whose name I do not remember came up to me and said, "I want to give you this verse, Isaiah 55:12: 'The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing.'" Here was a message from God to us, a reminder that there would be mountains, high, impassable, treacherous; but that these very mountains would be turned by Him in each case to a thrilling outcome of victory and gladness.

The story of it is contained in this volume so aptly planned and written by Sanna Barlow, a member of our staff. I feel deeply indebted to her for her tireless efforts expended in the production of this work. The fact that she is "in the family" and was in such close touch with us through correspondence while these experiences were happening, prepared her to understand and feel as well as picture the adventures of our fourteen months trip to these islands of the archipelago.

The purpose of the book is to give the reader a glimpse of "Gospel Recordings" abroad. It is an inside view of things just as they were. In doing this she has told you our procedure for reaching remote tribes and how we actually get records made in unwritten languages.

As the manuscript goes to press, a team consisting of the author, Ann Sherwood, Vaughn Collins, and myself are embarking for Indonesia and many other places in the Far East. The account as told in these pages is a potent reminder to us of God's integrity and care, and of His miracle power which

answers to faith and rejoicing. Again the mountains will reverberate in joyous praise as many tongues and tribes hidden away within them shall hear at last the Good News of eternal life.

Perhaps as a result of this writing many will feel, in a unique way, the responsibility of praying for us in this and all future undertakings of Gospel Recordings Incorporated. If so, we will consider that it has been vastly worth while. And what a reward it will be to realize that through the means of these little "preaching plates," tribes to whom He was not spoken of, shall see; and multitudes who have not heard, shall understand!

Joy Ridderhof, *Director*
Gospel Recordings Incorporated
124 Witmer Street
Los Angeles 26, California

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I wish to express my deep personal gratitude to the many friends whose contributions have entered into the making of this book. Especially I am indebted to Joy Ridderhof for the hours of collaboration that have made this account true to the facts. I offer my appreciation also to Dr. Wilbur M. Smith for his careful perusal of the manuscript and for his constructive criticism; to Mr. Alexander Sutherland for his generous notes pertinent to Chapters Two and Twenty-six; to Ann Sherwood whose outline maps, language data, and notes have become a part of the book; to Violet Dahlin who, with wholehearted, painstaking interest, has done most of the typing; and also to the others of our staff who have given secretarial help, especially to Doris Lee Pettman; to Doris Gibson for her most careful editorial work and proofreading; to Mrs. James Weir Elliott for invaluable advice; to Mrs. Emily Barlow for her helpful suggestions; and to Mrs. Lois Dyk for sketches.

I owe a particular debt of gratitude to Miss Mary Liddecoate who made available to me a quiet suite of rooms in Hollywood, and to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Leavens whose beach cottage at Ventura became a refuge for one who would attempt to write a book; and to Mrs. Hilda McBride who was willing to be a party to the task by making that refuge home to me.

And I am most grateful to all those who, like Ruth Hyde, have given hours to remember us in prayer that this might be a book with a message God can use.

SANNA BARLOW

NOTE TO THE READER

This book is written in first person because it is an assimilation of Joy Ridderhof's own story, molded into chapters by the author who has chosen to present it, not holding the reader at arm's length by a third person narrative, but rather drawing the reader into living the experience as Joy tells it. For it is, in fact, her own story; and yet it is more than a story: it is a habit of *walking out where God is always smiling, even through clouds, and mountains of impossibilities are breaking forth into singing.*

S. M. B.

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Sing, O heavens;
And be joyful, O earth; and
Break forth into singing, O mountains:
For the Lord hath comforted his people,
And will have mercy upon his afflicted.

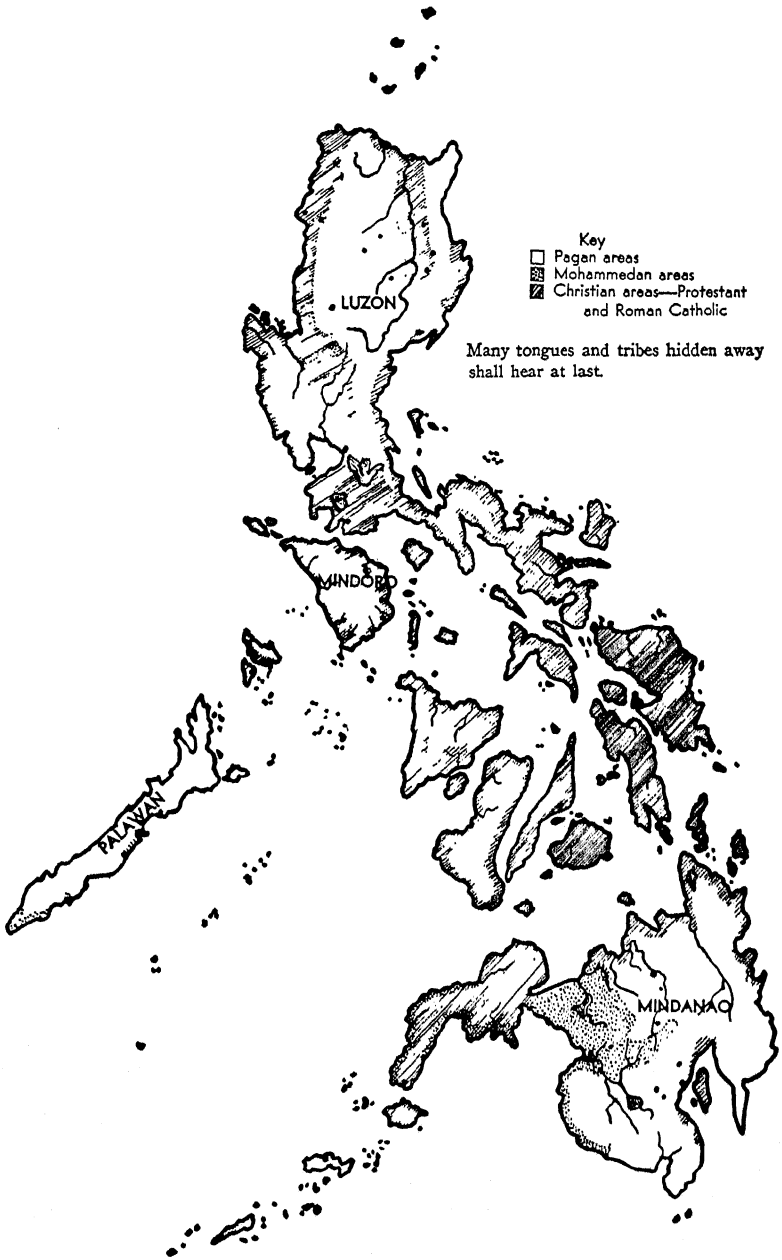
—Isaiah 49:13

For ye shall go out with joy,
And be led forth with peace:
The mountains and the hills
Shall break forth before you into singing,
And all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

—Isaiah 55:12

Sing, O ye heavens;
For the Lord hath done it:
Shout, ye lower parts of the earth:
Break forth into singing,
Ye mountains . . .

—Isaiah 44:23


THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
Key
Pagan areas
Mohammedan areas
Christian areas—Protestant and Roman Catholic
Many tongues and tribes hidden away shall hear at last.
LUZON
MINDORO
PALAWAN
MINDANAO

ONE

TO THE PHILIPPINES

The Philippine Islands are mostly mountain ranges standing out of the sea.

"Joy, how did you happen to go to the Philippines?" The question has often been asked before and since our fourteen months recording trip to the Islands. "How did you choose this place from among all the countries of the world?" To such questions implying some dramatic reason, I must always simply answer, "No, it was just an incident which caused me to stumble upon certain facts about the mountain Philippines and the tribes pocketed away in their fastnesses, that made it *imperative* for us to go."

I shall never forget the day that first personally introduced us to the Philippines. It was June in 1947. The Copper River Indian Valley in Alaska was green carpeted, and covered with brilliant wild flowers and bathed in sunshine. Only the gigantic snow-covered mountain flanking the north of the valley, reminded Ann Sherwood and me that we were near the Arctic Circle. The new Pontiac that had been provided for us only four days before our leaving Los Angeles was parked in the sloping yard near the tiny log cabin built for the young missionaries who had just arrived from the States to begin work among the Alaskan Indians in this valley. The Clarks were busily storing in supplies of wood and meat against the ice-age that was winter in their north country where the temperature could drop ninety degrees below zero. Such a thing seemed

incredible to us, although at night when we crawled into our "mummy-bags" in the upper and lower berths of our sleeper (front and back seats of our car), we could feel ice and snow in the breeze that fanned the valley and frosted the window panes. The Clarks' log cabin was built small and compact in order to make it snug and warm; and Ann and I were accustomed to our Pontiac sleeper by now, having traveled to Alaska along the lonely stretches of the new and dangerous Alcan highway (Alaska Highway). We were engrossed now in the most thrilling field-recording venture yet in the history of the eight-year-old work of Gospel Recordings Incorporated.

But one night, as I snuggled down into my sleeping bag, the thoughts were there—tugging at my consciousness like the little boats that pull a ship from harbor out to sea again. I tried to resist ideas of another trip. This one had just begun; and we had let ourselves down heavily upon God, knowing that the supply of each day's need as well as our finding the scattered villages walled from each other by their individual languages, would be a five months' venture, worthy of priorities in prayer, in time, and energy.

Yet from the first night the "little boats" began to tug, they were never to give up until we were launched out toward the two-years-distant mountain archipelago.

Young Clark had been helping us to map out our recording plans for work among his Indians; and in the midst of our discussions he had said to me, "You know, Miss Ridderhof, there are scores of different languages in the Philippine Islands. While I was there as a soldier I saw the condition of the native tribes living back in the hills, and the majority of them have nothing of the gospel in their own dialects."

And from that moment the island mountains, released from the embargoes of war, loomed upon the horizon of the future—nearing gradually, until we finally set foot upon them in November of 1949.

Yet even in the wartime Philippines, trails were being hewn out for us from many directions; and the ones preparing those roads for our recording mission did not know they were doing it. Most of them had never heard of the work of Gospel Recordings, nor of Joy Ridderhof. But God, seeing the day that is yesterday in California or tomorrow in the Orient; and seeing the first beginnings of roads destined to cross each other for mutual benefit—God had begun our Philippine itinerary even before 1939 when our first small package of records in Spanish was mailed out to Honduras. At that time, I had never dreamed that God would take a song of rejoicing from the heart of one sick missionary, and begin a decade of miracles which have never ceased to thrill me and the one-by-one who have joined me in these years to become the colony of *us* at home in our missionary compound in the heart of Los Angeles. We never cease to marvel at the wonder of God in our midst, adequately financing us, being Himself alone the One who hears of our needs; and carrying us more swiftly from opportunity to opportunity than our own imaginations could possibly take us. All this, from the first months when income and expenditures could be computed on the back of an envelope with the expected total of fifteen dollars; to the present, when one month's shipping amounts to the sending out of ten thousand free records around the world as ordered from our stock in four hundred languages.* But from the time of the laying of the cornerstone of this new "Mission for Missions," we have been little more than spectators, watching as a building took shape made with "other Hands than ours." Indeed, to the Architect alone could go the praise, and to us only the increasing conviction that He *is*—not in religious phrasing and hymnody, but in the everyday demands that have no other recourse than to persist in finding out God.

*1952—The number of languages in which we have records changes constantly. One year can add a hundred to the list.

Behold I will do a new thing in the earth
And suddenly it shall spring forth;
I will work and who shall hinder it?
—Isaiah 43:19

The following story of *Singing in the Night* was unknown to us upon our setting forth to the Philippines, but it illustrates one of the paths carved out by the Engineer who destined field recordings for the Islands.

TWO

"SINGING IN THE NIGHT"

So sing in the darkest night
Every day, all the way, sing, sing, sing.

It was in 1942.

MORNING rising up out of the Sulu Sea was veiled and subdued by heavy clouds. And long shadows covered the deep crevasses of the mountain ranges of the west. The sea and beaches were gray upon Brookes Point, and the backbone ridges of Palawan stood black against the lowering sky. Night would not release its hold upon the Philippines for yet three more years. And it was the darkest night in history—for five hundred sea miles away, the enemy had won the battle of Corregidor.

A little group of fugitives stood in the shadows of Mackagwa Gorge, and looked far below them out beyond the jungle hills and groves of almaciga palms and coconuts to where they could see the wide, unsheltered beaches at the Point. Through survey instruments they looked toward the village that had been home a few months ago.

Mr. T. H. Edwards gazed earnestly upon his adopted homeland in the Philippines, and thought of the crates of almaciga gum stacked and ready for shipping and left upon the shore where not even fishing boats were anchored now. But were these rafts out at sea, coming in now? He adjusted his survey lens. They were *rafts!* But not fishing rafts, and a familiar fear struck consciously once more.

Almost a year of refugeeing was taking its toll upon Edwards and his fine Filipina wife and family. Even at this moment he felt much concern for his son Albert who lay in their midst desperately ill with a third bout of black-water fever. They, like the Sutherlands, had found the jungle full of malaria but empty of food. Yet they dared not return home. For since the time of the Japanese invasion, they had fled, knowing full well what would happen should they fall into the hands of the enemy.

This morning, however, the Edwards had been cheered by the early arrival of the brave Scottish family who had joined them for another Sunday morning service of encouragement and praise.

Yet for the Sutherlands, and for the Edwards too, this was but the beginning of the long Night which covered the entire Philippines in one great sorrow, where the pathway of faith for some was to lead *under* the sharp edge of the sword and into the gates of Day; and for others the pathway of a like-precious faith would lead eventually to deliverance *from* the edge of the sword—unto further service upon earth. But the hours of the Night were to be carved out by suffering—yet there would be also a song low under the body of pain, lifting the spirit with wings over the dark mountains.

Harry Edward's face paled as his eyes strained to catch the scene developing on the beaches at Brookes Point. At first he said nothing. Then with certainty, he gave the alarm in low, guarded tones—"The Japs are landing upon the beaches at Brookes' Point!"

Instantly Sutherland's survey glasses were verifying the startling news. And a hush fell heavily upon the little group gathered behind the protecting foliage upon Mackagwa. How much time would it take to escape the inevitable search for them that would follow this invasion? He knew that a paper had been placed over the door of his home stating that he and his family were marked out for death.

Sandy Sutherland, bareheaded, wearing his khaki shirt and shorts and canvas shoes, stood beside the taller American, Harry Edwards, and silently watched the enemy invade the home base of his missionary endeavor. How well Sutherland knew the terrain of the country of Palawan lying obliquely in a northeasterly, southwesterly direction! He had loved discovering it for himself, traveling north and south along the beaches and east and west through the mountains. He had crossed Palawan on one of its very few trails where it was narrowest at a place near the Abo-Abo river, and having to run on account of the rain and the treacherous alamatok (leeches), he had covered the entire breadth of the island in three or four hours. And at other times on different trails through the mountains, it had taken two or three days traveling to reach the other side. Trekking interior, the tireless missionary had found that having once cleared the narrow coastal plains and nearest jungles, he would come to the rain forests where pagan Palawanos needed the gospel. Sometimes along the trail, there would be a little village of sixty people in every hour or so of hiking, and at other times there would be two days of trekking many miles through territory where nobody lived.

The Japs were clearing the beaches, and even as Edwards and Sutherland watched them, they were getting well ensconced in the village of Brookes Point. The Sutherlands painfully imagined the present occupants of their "*ain* home," which was built to face the shore looking toward Borneo. Its back windows framed the westward peaks rising seven thousand feet and crowding the interior all the way to the coast on the other side where the rock-ribbed shoreline of mountains dropped sheer into the sea. These were the forested mountains of the farthest Palawano tribesmen who yet await their first hearing of the gospel.

Sandy Sutherland's missionary heart burned with zeal to *somehow* reach these remotest villages of the pagans. His

zealous companion in this vision was the son of Harry Edwards, the young man lying upon his mat in the center of the circle here upon the gorge. Bert, in spite of his raging fever and intense suffering was cheerfully and eagerly anticipating another Sunday morning service. But would there be time for a service now upon the very edge of danger? The little group hesitated. Young Edwards' burning eyes pleaded. Sutherland bent over to touch the young man's forehead; and to speak a personal word of courage. Theirs had become a great friendship rooted in mutual goals and mutual thirsting after the deep truths of God.

Sandy had watched Bert Edward's first step into the river of life when he had stood only ankle deep at its shallows. Bert had returned to Brookes Point with his bachelor of arts degree from the University of Illinois, and his major in agriculture. He had a great interest also in radio and electronics. But young Edwards was less interested in church than ever, having spent four years in America, attending services every Sunday, but never once being approached in a manner that would lead him to feel any personal need of Christ in his own life. Hence the Scottish missionary felt compelled to challenge Bert with the thought—

"Though you have been a member of the Church
and have faithfully attended religious services
and would like to practice the Sermon on the Mount,
Yet you must not think, ay
that to be a Christian, now
is a matter of creeds and dogmas
or of merely doing this or that—
No, I tell you, Albert, that to be a Christian
is a matter of *receiving Christ Himself*
or having His own life within you,
of believing so that by faith
Christ dwells in your heart."

For the first time Bert had felt troubled, because his minis-

ter's words had taken hold of his thoughts. Four months later, in a quiet talk with Sutherland in the living room of his home, Bert entered into the new life that was pointed out to him from the third chapter of the Gospel of John.

"Now when you receive this life, think of it as a beginning—verily, it is a new birth, as Jesus pictures it here in this chapter. But there are many things that follow. Here, you are in waters to the ankles, so to speak; but turn the page, and you will see the mention of wells springing up in worship and communion with God every day.

"It is a real and living and wonderful experience. And there is yet more. Look at this passage in John seven where it speaks of rivers of water flowing out in service and in practical usefulness to God. Here are waters to the waist! And so the Christian life is a matter of growing in grace, you know, until we come away out in waters to swim in.

"All the deeper things
that you don't understand now
things that seem so difficult
and such mysteries to you
As you believe to see
and follow on to know
you will come out into rivers
where you may enjoy the wonders of God's Truth."

Now as Sutherland looked at Bert Edwards lying on the ground of exile, dying; he marveled that all the adversity and trial of these days had failed to drain his spiritual resources. Surely Bert was swimming now in the waters of a river whose other shore was almost visible to him. This would be his last Sunday on earth, yet as loved ones knelt around him this morning, they were concerned to feel that even waiting for one more sermon would be too grave to risk; already the Jap scouts were trailing them. They must go.

But the Scotsman addressed Bert cheerily, and said, "We

can at least sing a hymn now, Bert; what would you like us to sing?"

Parched lips framed the words, "Count Your Blessings," and on this lookout of threatening destruction, the little group found themselves singing—

> When upon life's billows you are tempest tossed,
> When you are discouraged thinking all is lost;
> Count your many blessings name them one by one
> And it will surprise you what *the Lord hath done.*

The song sang peace into the souls of the missionaries as they filed cautiously and quickly away—down the narrow path through the gorge, to their house on the bank of a nearby stream.

Often their thoughts went back to the last, short, hurried service at Mackagwa Gorge, and the song Bert Edwards requested. Other services had been held there too, previous to this one, and Sandy could hear his own words of comfort to the little group, coming back to help him now and his wan family struggling for existence.

"We are brought to this outlook on our life at this time and to the things that have fallen out our way, to see that our trust is really in God *Himself.* Now the promises of God's Word—they are not just wall texts to hang at the bottom of a bed; each one is something under which we can *write our name* and *claim,* you see—they are not just objective things but things that are truly a part of our lives. This faith isn't anything of *us.* It is God who is fitting us to our tests and giving us the necessary grace as the time comes. We do not get *grace* before the time but *only when we are passing that way.*"

This grace was in the song of Mackagua Gorge, and it was the experience of Bert Edwards also. His faith did not consider circumstances, nor look on the physical obstacles, but it looked at God Himself—the God of creation, the God of resurrection.

And the God of the Psalm of Habakkuk also. So often Bert had heard his beloved pastor quote the song of the prophet whose

> "eyes were not on circumstances
> the bare fields
> the scorched trees
> the empty stalls—but he had his
> eyes on God!"

> Although the fig tree shall not blossom,
> Neither shall fruit be in the vines;
> The labor of the olive shall fail,
> And the fields shall yield no meat;
> The flock shall be cut off from the fold,
> And there shall be no herd in the stalls:
> Yet will I rejoice in the Lord,
> I will joy in the God of my salvation.

And Bert's minister would go on to say, "You may ask, Hasn't God said that 'The gold and silver is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills?' Well, that's true, but you know, you *might* be where He hasn't set the silver and gold, and you might be among the thousand hills where He hasn't been pleased to put any cattle. And it's then you must keep your eye upon the Lord Himself. That is faith. It is to *rejoice in Jehovah*—'I will *joy* in the God of my salvation.'"

To Bert Edwards, these words were vital, and as he looked out toward the sea, his soul was lifted up to behold "the glory of the God of Israel which came from the way of the east, and the *earth shined with his glory.*"

On the Sunday following the enemy invasion, and the song of blessings, a fresh grave appeared upon the Gorge, and the morning sun dared to smile upon its lonely contours. The Edwards family had fled to another camping, and the body of Bert Edwards rested in a grave overlooking his own lands, the acres of his earthly inheritance.

Mr. T. H. Edwards had been left with his son's dream burning in his own soul. It was a dream that had developed out of Bert's own experiences among the mountain pagans of Palawan. For it had been Bert's job to go up into the forests in order to supervise the handling of the almaciga gum after it was gathered from the tall palms by expert native acrobats who know how to throw a rattan vine from the base of one tree to the higher limbs of another, and then to climb up the rattan tight-rope fashion, in order to gather the precious gum. Bert's primary interest, however, had been in the people themselves who lived in the rugged hogback mountain terrain and had become expert in climbing sheer cliffs carrying loads of rice in *kibas* (baskets) strapped around their foreheads. They even dared to descend the face of a rock with their babies wrapped in a cloth sling and resting upon their hips. (Once in awhile the "baby" in the improvised hammock would be a mongrel pup, greatly beloved as a pet!)

However, Bert never got to see most of the villages of these people. Nobody did, because, in order to protect themselves against epidemic diseases which could come to them from the outside world, the Palawanos practiced the custom of *tagon*—that is, they barricaded the trails into their villages so that strangers, even other Palawanos, were kept out. And to make it even more effective, they would aim the deadly, sharp bamboo arrows of their *supoks* (blow-guns) at the person who dared enter the trails without permission of the village *panglima*. Often even in trading, there would be no contact with the merchant. Materials for barter—gum, beeswax, rattan—would be left at a designated place on the trail; and the trader would pick it up there, leaving his exchange of seawater salt, of cloth, or food, or perhaps raw currency in the form of crockery plates.

Bert Edward's dream, however, reached out to these unexplored mountain regions toward the west and north, and

his dream had also direct reference to his schooling in electronics.

"Dad," he had said, "why couldn't we have recordings made and processed into permanent records bearing the gospel as Sandy Sutherland so clearly presents it? We could have hundreds of records made, and along with mechanical phonographs, we could place them out on the mountain trails where Palawanos could carry them into inaccessible villages. You know that in some of those places where it would tax us to carry even a Bible or a toothbrush, they have actually had a Singer sewing machine carried to them because they *wanted* it. What use they could make of it with bark *patadiongs* (skirts) and no electricity, one could never know! But I am *sure* that the *only way* to *reach thousands of these people would be through phonographs and records.*"

After the long Night had passed, and the Edwards family had returned to Brookes Point they found that the lives of the Scottish missionary family had also been preserved. After two long years more of wandering in the mountains, rendering to the Allies invaluable service as "enemy evaders," there was at last underneath their feet the iron decks of the United States submarine which rescued them along with a group of American boys, and brought them to Australia where they were hospitalized for four months.

In gratitude to God, the Sutherlands had returned to take up their labors on behalf of the tribes around the southeastern point of Palawan. They were ready again to give themselves in utmost devotion—not looking for appreciation or favor save only from the God who had commissioned them and spared them for this task.

And after awhile, Harry Edwards spoke to the Scots missionary concerning Bert's dream about putting his minister's sermons upon records for the Palawanos.

"But they could not be in English, you know."

"That is true. I had thought of this also." Edwards had re-

plied. "We must have them made in the central dialect of the Palawanos."

"It would be guid, very guid indeed. Yet how could this be done?"

* * *

Some years later, in October of 1949, Ann Sherwood and I were booked to sail on the "S. S. McKinley" headed for the Philippines. But not until August of 1950 would we set foot upon the shores of the southwest tip of Palawan, one of the four or five larger islands of the seven-thousand-island archipelago. And I shall never forget the thrill of looking into the eager, kindly face of Mr. Harry Edwards as we sat in a corner of the little chapel by the sea at Brookes Point, for he was saying,

"This is the dream of my boy. We know he was right; certainly they cannot all be reached except through records and phonographs."

"When I read of your work in the *Sunday School Times* some months ago, I felt sure that somehow you could help us, but we didn't think that you yourself would come!"

THREE

STATESIDE MOUNTAINS

> We have nothing to do with what will happen *if* we obey; we have to abandon to God's call in unconditional surrender, and *smilingly wash our hands of the consequences.*
>
> —Oswald Chambers,
> *Not Knowing Whither*

As our boat had sailed out of Golden Gate harbor, slowly compelling Ann Sherwood and me to turn our eyes toward the unending west, we felt a deep sense of steadying and rest begin to encircle us. It was a sense of being anchored in the One who had commanded us to go, and whose resources were measureless like the wideness of the sea and sky which presently enfolded our small freighter into a semblance of eternity.

"Joy Ridderhof, why were you going?" It was simply this—in the Philippines there are many tribes who have nothing of the gospel in their own languages, and the time of opportunity for reaching them is short. If we, who have *the facilities for putting the message into recordings directly from native lips*—if we do not go, then *how shall they hear?* There had been no decision to make except to acknowledge that which was our obvious responsibility.

The reason that we could go out rejoicing, singing, was the assurance that we were in God's vigilant care and love. In setting about to do the thing most precious to Him, the reaching of unreached souls, we could not fail.

Now I stood flat against the firm pole of the ship's mast

feeling the force of the night wind as it swept across the third deck and pressed me against the ship. The salt spray of its breath was cleansing, invigorating. It was good to feel oneself pushed up against security, and I felt that the recent pressures of tested faith were like winds pushing us flat upon God alone. This brought a fresh realization of dependence upon Him, and a new abandonment of heart and will to His purposes and plans.

Ten days had rolled beneath our ship, and Ann and I would not see land for yet another seven days. Since leaving San Francisco October twenty-ninth, the six watches of every day had slowly passed with each small measure of time marked off by the ship's gong which sounded every half hour of the day or night. And there was the constant throb of the ship's engine, and the loud roar of the wind through the portholes and the continual splash of the waves against the prow of the boat. A length of about six thousand ocean miles was stretching out between us and the United States.

* * *

On the "S. S. President McKinley"

Our boat is a seahorse that raises his head
And shakes his mane, or his tail instead,
And paws at the waters beneath his feet
Like a thoroughbred racer that's never been beat.
The wind and the rain may lash at his side
But with quivering flank and undaunted pride
He lunges ahead through the angry brine,
Careless for mountain or steep decline.
Onward we ride to the west, to the sun,
On till the tortuous journey is done,
And the foaming and heaving has come to an end;
And our sturdy ship, like a staunch old friend,
Sails safely into a quiet sea,
And docks and says good-by to me.

—Ann Sherwood

"Careless for mountain or steep decline"—and I stood watching the starlit crests bending and breaking over obsidian slopes building up out of the black troughs. It was a thrill to watch our ship plow through them, rolling back the waves, splitting them in two at the crest and sending them roaring off in other directions. And I thought of the great swells that had already run under our ship, breaking upon the bow and lower decks to move on in swift, unhurried majesty, reminding me of the figurative mountains we had left behind us thus far on our way to the Philippines—these had been the mountains on the United States side of the tropical islands.

I remembered the cross-the-continent series of financial emergencies which we had experienced throughout our recording trip from New York to Los Angeles. It had been a story of "small change and million dollar lessons" to equip us for the larger exigencies on foreign soil.

We could have captioned the whole chain of desert hills in the winter of 1949 as a picture of *small amounts at frequent intervals, as needed.* In every case they had skipped out of our way like little lambs, but always in very unexpected directions. Never did our pocketbook emergencies reveal themselves to anyone about us, and, as usual, this trip had also been financially independent of the work at headquarters. But how heartening it had been to see the hills run away like lambs, making way for us to safely reach home with a treasure of twenty languages. (Many of these were for Africa, India, Europe and South American Indians; as well as others such as Winnebago, Seneca, and Omaha for tribes in the United States.)

Then there was the day to get our passports, no money in the morning, but by afternoon when we needed to go for them, each of us had the necessary nine dollars.

And two months later, when visas had to be paid, twenty dollars was supplied just on time.

But what about tickets that seemed like a fortune—four

hundred eighty-five dollars apiece? But when the time came for down payment, there was, again, the nick-of-time supply.

Yet the whole ticket must be paid soon. I was in Seattle at this time and in the home of Mrs. Mabel Gwinn.* A letter came from Los Angeles, saying, "Mrs. S . . . has told us that she desires to pay the passage to the Philippines for both you and Ann." The money was actually in hand just a few days before our sailing.

But we would never exchange the rare lessons learned during these rich and glorious days of proving God down where our barrel of meal had no false bottom and only one or two kernels of grain!

* * *

The sea saw it, and fled:
Jordan was driven back,
The mountains skipped like rams,
And the little hills like lambs.
What ailed thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest?
Thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back?
Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams;
And ye little hills, like lambs?

—Psalm 114:3-6

But there had been more formidable obstacles facing us still, before we should ever find ourselves aboard ship for the island Orient. And now I thought of the last fearful peak that had risen, suddenly, like a flood threatening to crash overhead and leave our entire work broken and adrift. I felt the stormy sea, the night, the howling wind to be a comfort to me because they so perfectly matched the experiences of the weeks before our leaving as I relived them now in memory. This storm had come without warning, however.

Three months before the date of our sailing to the Philippines there had been one more opportunity for recording in

*Mabel Gwinn now represents Gospel Recordings Incorporated in the Pacific Northwest.

the States. And this trip had taken us into the Pacific Northwest, across Indian reservations and into Saskatchewan, Canada, netting the thrilling capture of thirty-four languages (one of them, Tibetan!). Sanna Barlow had gone with me this time as an apprentice in field recording, which work she was to carry on in my absence, during seven months of the time that Ann and I would be working in the Philippines. And it was on this trip that we were to discover the Malay-Polynesian anthropologist, Harold Conklin, whose advice and help was to prove invaluable for the Philippine language hunt.

At home, Eleanor Connally was doing a magnificent piece of work for Ann and me in handling all the details concerning our trip to the islands; and her informative notebooks and "know-how" regarding all the arrangements for tickets, passports, shots, and necessary correspondence had freed me for our three months in the north, and it had freed Ann also for her studio work in supervising the completion of records made in the East.

We had left a happy compound on the hill at Witmer Street, and felt especially gratified in the knowledge that our own eastern representative, Miriam Bracken, would be spending a few months with them. Yet, it had been difficult to leave the hill for our northwest language hunt, since I knew that within two or three weeks of my return, Ann and I would have to leave again for the Philippines.

Then the day came when we were home again plunging into last-minute preparations to leave, not anticipating the sudden mountainous tidal-wave that was to lay us all low before God. It was with shocking suddenness that I realized the work of an enemy among us; an oppressing atmosphere of criticism had suddenly developed among our little well-beloved group of workers, and I saw no human causes for it (nor did any of them!). But it was *just in time* that we recognized in this steep wall, shadowing us (and threatening our work as perhaps

nothing else could), the same blockade maneuvers that we had felt in the presence of other "stateside" mountains.

There had been nothing to do but look up, and push on. The Book of Refuge plainly said to us: "God is not a man, that he should lie; neither the son of man, that he should repent: hath he said, and shall he not do it? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?" Numbers 23:19.

On the eve of our day of prayer, Wednesday the nineteenth, several of us knelt together in pleading prayer for deliverance from the threats of the enemy. And the next day our staff met together, eager as always to be right; each one desiring not to be a hindrance in any way.

> If . . . thy brother hath ought against thee; leave thy gift . . . and first, be reconciled to thy brother. To *obey* is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams.
> —Matthews 5:23, 24; I Sam. 15:22

We took the open Bible and spread it out. Here was a rock upon which we could fall and be broken, only to be molded into a new and better vessel. Our staff were one vessel; and that must be filled for the thirst of tribes who were helpless to find drink should this one fail.

We confessed our faults and sins to one another and to God. Openly, frankly, we said, "I have thought this about you. . . I have been jealous. . . I have misjudged you. . . I have been a hindrance. . . I have criticized." Tears mingled, and tension broke; the winds of God swept throughout our household that was home, and the day of prayer closed with a deep peace abiding upon us. We knew now that there was nothing to hinder God's blessing to us on behalf of others. Up to this time there had been a stoppage of blessing. Current bills were overdue, and financial stress was such that I had turned over to the treasury all moneys designated to us for the Philippine trip. But Thursday the mail began again to be rich with unsolicited gifts, and the money came in so steadily in the last days before

we left that I could feel free to use a part of that which I had so recently relinquished to the work.

Like the sweet smell of new-mown summer grass after a shower, a fragrance of Christ had filled the hilltop compound at Witmer Street. There had been a sudden lifting up out of the trough of the valley until, it seemed, in an instant, the sheer bluff was scaled and a song was begun in *unison* upon its solid crest. It had been the most dreadful mountain in our decade of history at Gospel Recordings, and we had seen it break forth into singing. We knew ourselves to be, even *because* of it, on a higher plane of harmonious living than we had ever experienced before.

* * *

> Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, *Here I am.* If thou *take away* from the midst of thee the yoke, and putting forth of the finger, and speaking vanity; and if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noonday.
>
> —Isaiah 58:9, 10

* * *

The day eventually came when Ann and I climbed the narrow gangplank to the deck of our ship, leaving behind us that secure "stateside" plateau that meant home and beloved fellow workers. We took a last look at Virginia Miller and Elsie Zimmerman standing on pier 56. It was harder to say good-by this time than at any other time before. Our gangplank seemed to be a slender bridge whose other end lost itself over the edge of the sea, fading into the sky and the mists which yet veiled the awesome peaks that were before us in the Philippines.

"It will take you a hundred years!" young Conklin had said. "But I would love to go right out there too, and help you!"

At times it did seem ludicrous, even to us, to think of two women attempting the technically problematic task of making

tape recordings among the pagan tribes in an archipelago of seven thousand islands!

Day by day we watched the boat cutting a path of foam on and on, now already in tropical waters; soon we would be all the way to Manila.

As the time drew near, a chat with the purser on the "McKinley" made us realize that we might have heavy equipment taxes to pay before we could take our luggage from the wharf. And, at times, we let questions bombard us pell-mell. What would we do first? Where would we go? Where would we stay in Manila? Who would meet us?

I could not have known it then, but at this very time a busy secretary at home suddenly let this same question, "Who will meet them?" claim her attention. The picture could have been filmed something like this:

In her upstairs office at 124, Virginia Miller closed her books of accounts with a sigh of satisfaction; October, with all its days of testing, had ended with a perfect balancing of income and expenditures. She cleared her desk with a gesture or two of neat, swift efficiency; she started to leave the room, with the day's work counted done at nine o'clock in the evening. She glanced at the calendar, November 7, 1949. "Joy and Ann," she thought, "have one more week on the ocean—then Manila!"

And with a shock of apprehension, Virginia let her thoughts follow them to the pier. "I believe I should check to see what arrangements were made for their being met." She pulled out the files, recently turned in by Joy's personal secretary before she left (answering the call to go out as a missionary to Mexico), and found in them a letter that Eleanor could have considered final arrangements; but a careful reading of it showed that it was not enough.

"As far as I can tell," she observed, "not a soul in Manila knows *when* they will be coming, and their boat is scheduled to dock on the fifteenth!"

With a decisive twist of the typewriter roller, she shot the thin stationary and carbon under the keys and her fingers made them dance like a hard patter of rain upon pavement. Addressing the letter to the Far Eastern Bible School in Manila, she wrote:

> Dear Christian Friends,
>
> This is to let you know the Director of Gospel Recordings Incorporated, Miss Joy Ridderhof, and her companion, Miss Ann Sherwood, are due to arrive in Manila, approximately November 15, and are giving your address as their forwarding address; so, will you please hold their mail until they call for it . . .

The letter continued with a paragraph explaining the purpose of their visit to the Philippines to be that of recording in some of the more than one hundred languages and dialects of the islands, and then she added:

> We do not expect any missionary, or missionary organization to assume any financial responsibility with regard to these recordings; but you recognize, of course, that co-operation with missionaries in getting the people who can best record is absolutely necessary.
>
> Anything you may be able to do in getting Miss Ridderhof and Miss Sherwood oriented and in contact with those who can help them reach the natives best qualified to make recordings will be very much appreciated.

In a matter of a few minutes, the letter was finished, zipped out of the typewriter, slipped into an envelope, sealed and stamped with twenty-five cent air-mail. She snapped off the light in her office, hurried down the steps, and outside, up the hill to Loma Drive to the nearest mailbox. As she mailed the letter she noted that it would be picked up by ten o'clock. Would it reach Manila before the boat docked?

* * *

We first sighted land three days out of Manila Bay; it was

the cone of a spurting volcano rising out of the sea. And on the next day the green contours of little islands appeared far away on the water. Our ship, because of some engine trouble, had refused the regular course around the north of Luzon and was coming in at the south of it, weaving between smaller islands. How exciting it was to be passing green islands of mountains and coconut palms! Although it was raining, we had to run out on deck to watch a Chinese freighter pass, or a Philippine sampan; or a flotilla of sailboats.

* * *

At this very time (I learned later), at the Far Eastern Bible Institute, in the suburbs of Manila, an office door pushed open from the hall and Bob Bowman walked in just as a secretary finished reading a letter from Virginia Miller of Gospel Recordings Incorporated. She looked up. "Mr. Bowman, have you—do you happen to know a Miss Joy Ridderhof of Gospel Recordings in Los Angeles? This letter says her boat is due in Manila today. It has probably docked by now."

Mr. Bowman's face broke into a cordial smile. "Joy Ridderhof! Well I should say I do know who she is!" Hurriedly he read the letter and quickly stepped across the one hundred meters to his own office at the transmitter building on the grounds of DZAS. He soon had the President Lines Steamship Company of Manila on the telephone. Presently, putting down the receiver, he thought aloud, "I think I'll be able to make the boat!"

* * *

We were approaching the city through the breakwater, and entering the harbor. The skyline of the city was imposing with its number of white business buildings towering somewhat into the sky, although none were higher than thirteen stories. Slowly our boat drifted between the hulks of Japanese warships and slipped silently up to the dock near the bombed pier.

We eagerly scanned the little clusters of brown longshoremen awaiting the boat, to see if any looked familiar. We

really did not know of anyone to expect, especially since the boat was so late in coming in. But before we docked we noticed, among the groups standing at the wharf, that a hat came off and began to wave a friendly welcome. And—yes, that broad grin was for us and it was Bob Bowman himself. Presently we saw him talking with officials gesticulating in such a manner that we knew he was telling them about records. And when we descended the gangplank and set foot on the wharf, our baggage had been nicely cleared and marked with *O. K.* which meant that *we did not have to pay taxes* on any of our large amount of luggage.

But our first gratitude at finding ourselves met by so competent a person as Robert Bowman was to increase profoundly as we got our first look at wartorn Manila—the surging traffic, the masses, the ruins! What *would* we have done unescorted? How could we have managed at all?

Our personal luggage packed in Bob's car, we drove away from the water front and entered the battered city. It had just rained and flooded sewage gutters along the streets; and the evidences of squalor and poverty were almost overwhelming. We were seeing the suffering Philippines. Traffic was indescribable, for a veritable army of jeeps moved through the muddy, steaming streets; and wedged in between the jeeps were scores of little horses and buggies, and multitudes of people!

But when we reached the grounds of the radio station seven miles outside Manila, it was like coming into "a fat pasture and good, where the land was quiet, wide and peaceable." Here the jungly growth had been cleared off so that the twelve acres looked like a beautiful park with mango and santol trees shading large green lawns.

It had been a matter of only a few hours since our boat had docked, and, already we had been located in a situation perfectly suited to our needs. For here we were in the midst of a staff of radio technicians; and next door to this "Radio

City" were the grounds of a separate missionary organization, the Far Eastern Bible Institute and Seminary (known as FEBIAS).

> For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing. —Isaiah 55:12

LUZON

Luzon is the largest of the Philippine Islands, with an area of nearly 41,000 square miles. Since the capital is situated in one of its fine harbors, Manila is the great center for commerce and national affairs. The lowlands, which extend the full length of the west coast, and the Cagayan River Valley have been largely Christianized, but the inaccessible regions have remained pagan.

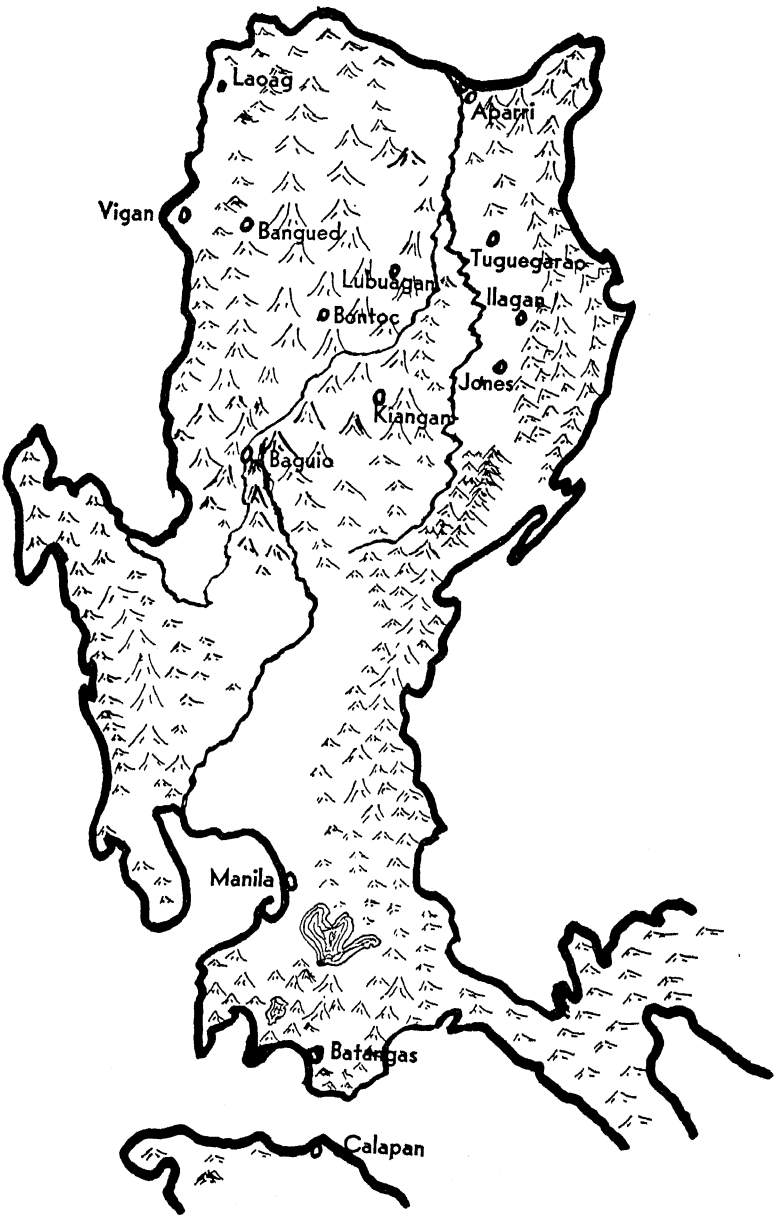
The mountain tribes vary somewhat in origin. The Igorots are divided into two groups. One is an Ainu and short Mongol type mixed with tall Mongol. The other is short Mongol with some Ainu and Negrito, and a certain amount of Malay blend. The Apayaos are predominantly Indonesian, while the Kalingas are almost purely of tall Mongol type.

The origins of the lowlanders are as varied as those of the mountain tribes, with Malayan, Papuan, or Melanesian elements. These people have a thirst for education that is almost unparalleled and, in large numbers they were leaving their former occupations for the professions.

Gathered from H. Otley Beyer's "Population of the Philippine Islands in 1916"

LANGUAGES RECORDED IN LUZON

Adasen
Bontoc (6 dialects)
Ibanag
Ifugao (5)
Ilocano (2)
Isnug
Itawes (2)
Itbayat
Ivatan
Kalinga (10)
Kankanai Igorot
Nabaloi (2)
Negrito of Palanan
Tagalog
Tinggian (4)
Yogad
Visayan: Cebuano
Ilongo


LUZON
Laoag
Aparri
Vigan
Bangued
Tuguegarao
Lubuagan
Ilagan
Bontoc
Jones
Kiangan
Baguio
Manila
Batangas
Calapan

FOUR

MOUNTAIN PROVINCES

But stand thee still awhile, that I
may show thee the Word of God.
—I Samuel 9:27

A DARK BLUE 1941 Plymouth turned left off the pike, and into the spacious grounds of the Far Eastern Broadcasting Company, radio station DZAS. The car drew up at the two-story L-shaped transmitter building. Gil Walton, about to enter the door of the building, glanced at the car. It was the Russell Honeywell's of FEBIAS next door, and the driver was Bonifacio from the school, playing chauffeur again! He did not have to declare his mission. Gilberta knew, and cheerily she shouted, "I'll call them, Bonifacio." The young Filipino replied with a courteous nod in addition to his usual "good morning" smile, as he watched Gilberta disappear into the front entrance of the building. She hurried up the stairs to our apartment, announcing gaily, "Joy, Ann, your chauffeur is waiting! And, by the way, I have an hour off now; could I do any typing for you while you are in town?"

Thanks to Gil for the one thousandth favor! And this cordial co-operation was typical of the staff at both DZAS and FEBIAS.

One look at the attractive young girl standing at the doorway of our snug little guest room, and I could not but note the lines of fatigue around her laughing grey-blue eyes. Turning off the fan and speaking loudly in competition with the roaring transmitter just below us, I answered firmly, "Not today, Gil;

take a little time off to rest, and don't forget: what we need most just now is that you stand by us with your prayers."

We had come to the Philippines at the "worst possible time"; this had been forcibly brought to our attention through various incidents which had occurred during the ten days since our landing in the wartorn heartbreak that was Manila *now*. The muggy heat of the tropics stifled us, and befuddled our brains already whirling with swarms of details that teased our efforts to organize ourselves as quickly as possible. There had been seven speaking engagements during the first five days and a half-dozen trips to Manila: to the immigration office, the American Embassy, the city hall, to the Market Divisorio, to the bank and post office, and to the National Museum and the Institute of Science. And there had been varied bubbling-over activities among new friends of the two missionary societies among whom we had established our headquarters in Manila. On our second day at DZAS we had the pleasure of attending their ceremony of installation of the new transmitter which was to beam Hindi and Urdu programs to India. I shall never forget the thrill of pushing the lever of the new 31 meter band which would become the sixth avenue for programs out of DZAS to the Orient! And then there was Thanksgiving Day out under the gigantic mango tree. We loved Manila's small luxuries too; the soft tropical breezes, calamances and ice cold juices; siesta time in the shade of mango trees in a private arbor of the wooded acres; incomparable sunsets and starlit nights about our roof porch; and even the fun of wearing wooden *baquias* under bare feet.

But this morning as we got into the car, I noticed the morning paper on the front seat, November 28, Monday—the headlines looked ominous.

HUKS BURN MORE VILLAGES IN MT. PROVINCE
ACTIVITY IN MANILA AREA INCREASING

A mention of the rampant bandits, the Hukbalahaps, and our genial Bonifacio looked serious. "No one ever drives be-

yond the city limits at night," he commented, "not even taxi drivers." And knowing the Filipinos to be famous for their native courage, I felt the weight of his words register somewhere deep in my own heart. They seemed to match that refrain, "worst possible time."

But Ann and I were glad that we had come to the Philippines. Driving through the slow bobbing traffic of hundreds of jeepnies and rockabye calesas drawn by weak-kneed little horses, we felt the crush of need on every hand. We saw mud and flies, and shattered buildings, rivers flooding narrow streets, and seas of people. Some of them were living in shacks, hovels, pens, or even under pieces of corrugated iron slung together somehow. But always, no matter what their circumstances, the graceful, beautiful little people would emerge clean, meticulously neat, and smiling bravely.

Presently we skirted the totally demolished intramural section of the city, and drove down Escolta Street and after a few more turns came to the somewhat antique edifice in gray stone that was the Institute of Science of the University of the Philippines. We looked at it with an indefinable sense of excitement and awe. Could it have been only two months ago since I had talked with young Harold Conklin at the University of California in Berkeley, and marveled at his knowledge of the Philippine pagan tribes? He had been our introduction to this door we were approaching now and to Dr. Otley Beyer, who greeted us at the entrance. He promptly led us through a large, dark, musty museum and past a little room where he sometimes served lunches in company with other anthropologists. And then he led us into his library where Conklin's excellent linguistic maps were made available to us. We were to spend hours in this place.

I found myself concentrating on the large island of Mindanao to the south. Common sense and circumstances were plainly directing us there for our first recording venture. We had received a cordial letter from the Christian and Mission-

ary Alliance, inviting us into their large fields where scores of pagan tribes were to be found. And too, perhaps by the end of our work in Mindanao, the large area in the north on Luzon would be safer. Perhaps Huk activities would have subsided in Mountain Province. But, little did we dream at this moment that our conference with Beyer would completely reverse our tentative decisions. Nor could we have known that, had we not changed plans at this juncture our entire recording attempt would have ended in a tangle of misjointed incidents and even failure.

A topographical map of the archipelago hung upon the wall over the long wooden study table. Mountains, mountains, mountains! I could scarcely believe it here in lowland Manila, but the interiors of most of the islands were jungle mountains, and these were our pagan areas! We had come to provide the out-of-the-way tribes with the gospel on records in their own dialects, and certainly, we were to find that they were out-of-the-way. How would we ever reach them?

It was a relief to recall that our letter from Mindanao had mentioned "transportation arranged for by this mission." But what about Luzon with its Huk scares and isolated posts of varying denominational patterns? A close look at Mountain Province with the aid of Dr. Beyer's index finger became my first introduction to the treacherous trail along the Chico River Canyon leading into Lubuagan at the very heart of the pagan country. I shuddered at the thought of our attempting such a road in the car that we did not have!

Be strong
  and of good courage,
    and do it:

Fear not,
  nor be dismayed:

For the Lord God,
  even my God,

Will be with thee; he will not
fail thee, nor forsake thee,

Until thou hast finished
all the work.

I Chronicles 28:20

This was a promise given to me while in Manila, and it meant more to me now because of the exhortation I had received from a very dear friend in California.

"Joy, the Lord says, *'Fear not,'* and that is a *command!*"

We were to feel the lift of these great words at many more critical times than this during our twelve months in the out-of-the-way Philippines. It was a promise that had been given me by a very dear friend[1] whose faith had been an inspiration to me when I first felt constrained to undertake this trip. We were to feel the deep power of it again and again. It was as though its assurances urged us out beyond our depth as in an ocean, swimming where the great mountain swells build up and roll toward you. Seeing the unavoidable ridge steepening shoreward, you tense before it, swim into it and, relaxing, let its crest *lift* instead of *crush* you where a few more seconds landward it crashes and boils over the shallow beach. Faith is swimming out to the *lifting* place, a thrilling experience, and a *must* to keep us from the mauling ruin of any other alternative.

I was still centering my attention on the map of Mindanao when again Dr. Beyer pointed to Luzon and the Lubuagan road with the remark, "This road is not passable about two-thirds of the year because of its frequent landslides during the season of copious rains. In fact, it rains much of the time in Luzon even in the dry season, which is the only time of the year you can count on many interior roads being passable."

"When is Luzon's dry season, Dr. Beyer?" I asked, trying to recall something from my reading about the subject.

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1. Mrs. L. M. Seiber, Bell, California.

"Now," he answered pointedly, and added: "You should, by all means, go to Luzon at this time. I doubt if you could get out to those mountain places at all, otherwise."

It was at this pivotal moment that I became most aware of Mr. Wilson, although we had noticed the weathered middle-aged man when we first came in. Dr. Beyer had introduced us, explaining that Mr. Wilson was a veteran gold miner from Mountain Province, and had made a great hobby of anthropology as well. We had thought then that it would be interesting (should we have the time!) to ask him about the Ifugaos among whom he worked. But now, with the sudden shift of conversation focusing our interest upon that section, Mr. Wilson spoke up: "Did I hear you say something about making records?" he asked with interest. His bronzed face was kindly, rough but respectful.

"Yes," I replied encouraging his further comment. His answer, although it revealed his ignorance concerning our purposes for recordings, affected both Ann and me as though it were almost a Macedonian call from the mountain provinces, for he said:

"Natives came to me just a week ago and said, 'If you could ever find someone to make records of prayers for us, please do. Our priest is old and lives very far away from us. No one else can make prayers!'" And then Mr. Wilson added by way of explanation, "Of course, you know, they meant prayers to their evil spirits, for they are pagans."

But facing Luzon meant facing the greatest obstacles we could contemplate at this time, including the Hukbalahaps, and the Lubuagan trail; but more immediately, the need of a car to use in the expensive Philippines (where a dish of ice cream was forty cents, a pound of carrots, fifty-cents, and taxi fare from town, two dollars and twenty-five cents.

Yet upon leaving the Anthropology building, our way lay clearly before us and we knew it was the road to those mountain provinces.

Up to this time I had confided to my diary that "I never in my life faced such complete enigmas as this: it has been like a tangle and a smoke screen as far as our seeing the next step. But I never felt more at rest about it all. God knows what He is doing. I do get a bit restless in delays, except that even they are clear indications of His will. We need such wisdom in taking steps. Shall we go in this direction or that? We feel that it is such a deep responsibility, too.

"The greater the tasks and the smaller we are, the more glory to our wonderful God. *Believing Him is the greatest thing we can do.* That's where His delight and joy come in. He is in the future, with all the wonderful things which that entails."

These ten days had been arranged, regardless of the hubbub of other duties, so that we could give *priority* to long trysts alone with God. There could be nothing of presumption in our setting forth; we *must* take time, much time to give our incomparable Guide a chance to lay His plans before us as and when He should choose.

I loved to go out to the clump of trees near our apartments on the L. And feeling closeted with God within the green shade, I could sit down under a mango tree and let Him speak. I took the Bible and read its books as though I had taken them from a shelf, intending to read the story through: *Genesis . . . Deuteronomy . . . Joshua . . . The Chronicles . . . Isaiah . . . The Psalms.* These were long looks at God—His works, and the *why* and *how* of them. I discovered an underlying motive: they were all "unto the praise of his glory." The trysts became times of heart-searching. There would be need for a heart perfect toward Him—single to His glory, committed to Him for reaching out into the byways and hedges, regardless. There could be no resorting to fleshly devising or maneuvering to cope with any circumstances—no hints for help to anyone save God. This demanded a sense of complete confidence in Him alone. And it could only come by hearing

over and over and over His declarations concerning Himself of gracious enduring strength, and goals for us that were in fact commands also that challenge this power to be displayed *unto the praise of His glory.* For every command required God, not man, in the performance of it—except that He would want our faith to employ Him to do just that!

In these days of waiting, it had been a temptation to try to trace ourselves a path through the mist; and if we had, I am sure it would have taken us to Mindanao. But I came across some excellent thoughts regarding *planning versus faith* as I was reading one day from Mackintosh's, Notes on Genesis[2]. I jotted down some salient points:

> All Jacob's bargaining is because of his ignorance of God's grace and his inability to put implicit confidence in God's promise.
>
> And because of this, we see him seeking to do the best he can for himself.
>
> Instead of casting himself unreservedly on God, he betakes himself to his usual planning again.
>
> In fear, he prays
> and then resumes planning.
>
> Praying and planning
> will never do.
>
> When I plan, I am leaning on that,
> and when I pray, I should lean exclusively on
> God—asking God to do it all Himself.

* * *

It was a forty-five minute drive from Manila to our "home" in the suburbs. Monday, toward evening, Bonifacio brought us back to the grounds of DZAS. From there he drove out of the

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[2] From C. H. Mackintosh's *Notes on Genesis* by permission of Loizeaux Brothers, New York.

gate and turned into the one just beyond it, bringing the Plymouth to its final stop in front of the neat white apartment building where the Honeywells lived on the campus of the Far Eastern Bible Institute.

As Ann and I returned to our apartment we saw that Beulah Heaton and Gil Walton were home too, just across the hall from us. And presently Dick Rowland, lugging our heavy electrical equipment which he had been checking for us, appeared at the top of the stairs.

"You will certainly need a car!" he said, a bit wearily, "if you go on roads anywhere in the Islands." I had been thinking the same thing, especially during the few minutes since our decision to go to Mountain Province had been made.

If we really need it, we will have it! I thought this, but I heard myself saying to Gil, Dick, Beulah, to Ann and myself,

"If you see a car delivered to this place in the next few days, don't refuse it, for we have put in an order for one!" And we all laughed, knowing that the order was not sent in to any automobile concern in the world.

Sometime after this, Ann and I were crossing the wide lawns of our next door neighbors, and walking toward the square white apartment house. About us there was a world of glory as though Heaven itself encompassed the earth in another of those dramatic tropical sunsets. We paused to watch it before ringing the doorbell at the apartment of Betty and Russell Honeywell.

Later we were seated at a bountiful table with these friends of kindred heart and mind. "Joy, do you know," Russell Honeywell was saying, "my devotions yesterday morning were almost spoiled for awhile."

He seemed serious, yet I wondered what he was intending to say.

"Why?" I asked looking at Betty who seemed to know the answer, but she just smiled and said nothing.

"Well, you see, I felt sure that God wanted me to let you

have my car—you will need it, you know! But I didn't want to do it at first."

I instantly caught the implications of this statement—not an emphasis on sacrifice from his viewpoint (which was very true) but just a modest way of being magnanimous.

"Oh!" I exclaimed almost in chorus with Ann, "I should say not! You need your car badly yourself! We couldn't let you do such a thing!" But I looked across the table at someone more determined than I.

"You have nothing to say about it," he insisted. "I am giving it to God to use for your recording trip."

A stunning sense of gratitude left me speechless. Could I allow him to do it?

"It is an old car, though," I heard him saying, "but not as old as John Cycip's. He was going to offer his; and I told him yesterday what I'm saying to you now. Then he insisted on my using his—when it will run! If that makes you feel more like accepting my car, but you *must* have it!"

"If it is the one that God wants us to use," I commented, "He can make it run like a new car."

* * *

I was telling about this incident one time, months later, when visiting the Appletons at Silliman University in Dumagete. Their little boy David, at the table listening, got up quietly and came over to where I sat, and stood at attention waiting for a chance to speak. He faced me earnestly. "And I want to know," he demanded, "just what that car was like when you got back to Manila?"

"It was just like a new car!" My rebuttal provoked gales of laughter mixed with astonishment. This was true—so much so that four months later when we were in Baguio, Bonifacio took the driver's seat once more and presently exclaimed, "What have you done to this car? Why it runs like a new one!"

My point in telling this detail of providence is to emphasize the wisdom that would have us use an *old* car instead of a new

one, since we would be traveling among envious, Communist-inspired Huks; and of course its age was not a hazard when the performance could be made to match the demands of the journey!

Early Friday morning on December 9, we waved good-bys to our friends at DZAS and with the Plymouth loaded to capacity, we drove into the graveled patio at FEBIAS for last farewells. Then, with great joy and large expectations, we turned out of the grounds of "home" and looked northward to our first missionary endeavor in the Philippines—the pagan areas of the mountain provinces in Luzon.

FIVE

THE HILLS OF DIFFICULTY

> I looked then after Christian, to see him go up the hill where I perceived he fell from running to going, and from going to clambering upon his hands and knees because of the steepness of the place—*Pilgrim's Progress.*

"AREN'T YOU AFRAID you will be benighted?" We loved the certain charm of "bamboo" English, wreathed in a Filipino smile. No one liked the idea of traveling at night in the hunting areas of the Hukbalahaps. But it was already dark as we drove into the resort city of Baguio. Other traffic had stopped in deference to the Huk curfew that forbade motorists to use the highways at night. And now safely into the town, we had no idea where to go. Hotels with tourist prices were probably filled, and anyway we would rather rent a little place near missionaries if possible. Perhaps some of them might inform us of a room; yet we did not know anyone. Pulling up to the side of the road on Session Street, we stopped for a few minutes of prayer before we set out to deliver a letter which was to go to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Conant. And in searching for their place which we did not find, we stopped on a hilly street and inquired of Filipinos passing by.

They told us, "Some Americans live there," pointing to a house set back off the road and almost hidden by a low stucco wall.

The kindly American missionary with a southern accent reminded me, nostalgically, of my happy years in Columbia,

South Carolina. "I doubt if you could find them tonight if you don't know Baguio."

"Have you been here long?" I asked next.

"Only a few weeks. I came with a group of Southern Baptists refugeeing from China."

The words "Southern Baptists" brought immediately to my mind Martha and Jimmy Belote in China. It had been a long time since I had heard any news from them. Both were always connected in my thinking with Columbia Bible College[1] and the deep South, and with the delightful soft southern tones I'd always loved.

"Do you happen to know Martha Belote?" I again asked the courteous "refugee."

"I certainly do!" she cried. "Martha and the children are here in Baguio only a block from this house! Jimmy is still caught in Communist China."

Was I dreaming? In less than half an hour after entering Baguio as a stranger, I found myself in the arms of a dear friend.

"I know you must be tired from your trip. Won't you have something to eat?" Young six-year-old Teddy spoke with all the flourish and gallantry of the Old South. Here we had found a home in the warm security of their hospitality. As we talked with Martha, we learned that the apartment below them was vacant and we could rent it that night and for as long as we wished. During the weeks we were destined to spend in Baguio we were to have several "abiding places" and "headquarters," depending upon the varying demands of our work as well as upon other circumstances. And we were often the guests of these missionaries in Baguio—the Belotes, Conants, and Mrs. Vanderbout at Tuding. We were to find Baguio a delight, discarding the difficulties of recording here, a place

1. Joy Ridderhof was in the first graduating class of the school, 1925. And again in 1938 after her term in Honduras as a missionary she spent another winter at the college as a visiting alumna.

of enriching friendships and of dozens of big and little items of daily praise. However, as we set about to make the Igorot records, feeling the impact of our first close-up view of the pagan mountain people as they came into the markets of Baguio, we met from the start trial after trial, test upon test upon heaped-up days of frustrations, until my diary began to look like the Book of Lamentations, except for a little symbol TT which meant the double thanksgiving of praise-holding-on for final triumph.

TT Started to record but found generator produced fluctuating current—resulted in wavering recordings—N.G. (no good).

TT Tried out our volt meter, could not gauge volume because Echo-tape indicator not working.

TT Discovered we needed a converter. Tried it out, found it was not for 125 watts. It blew out completely.

TT In bed today with a heavy cold. No recording so far. Days passing by—spending much time in electronics repair shops.

TT At Tuding—Carpenters building chapel—Too noisy to record except down the hill and underneath a native house.

TT Terrifying watchdog barks continually. (The missionary, Mrs. Vanderbout, plans to give it to the Igorots for their Christmas feast. They love dog meat. One shop sells dog meat only.)

TT Tuding again—Trying to record under the house out here—Our spokesman suddenly suffered an attack of appendicitis.

TT Also, the generator would not start. We wore out six ropes. Loaded the car, and brought the boy and equipment into Baguio for repairs.

TT Microphone proving to be too sensitive and too treble. "P" sounds are always exploded. Will have to borrow a mike until we replace this one.

TT The crushing needs of pagans all around us—Cannot read—Understand very little English.

TT After eleven days in Baguio, only one record made—December 20.

TT This is the orient where the whole world turns slowly and who can speed it up?

Certainly for us Baguio (meaning "storm") was situated among the hills of difficulty; all around us were troubles of:

A borrowed microphone gone bad again,
Hard days in town hunting for parts we could never find
Returning illness—amoeba and flu,
Recordings which do not tally in voltage, one with another,
No letup, expenses increasing, stalemate becoming impossible.

"But, Ann, there is one thing sure, we must rejoice. We cannot afford not to!" Rejoicing was our one weapon of offense against our enemies. It was not merely a shibboleth, or a routine procedure. We must rejoice in faith that God *is* working in the midst of adversities, because of them as well as in spite of them; and He is bringing certain, ultimate victory. I found a passage of Scripture in II Chronicles where "rejoicing" was actually used as a strategem of conquest.

Hearken ye, all Judah,
and ye inhabitants of Jerusalem,
and thou King Jehoshaphat,
Thus saith the Lord unto you,
Be not afraid nor dismayed
by reason of this great multitude;
for the battle is not yours,
but God's.
Tomorrow go ye down against them:
Behold, they came up by the cliff of Ziz;
And ye shall find them at the end of the brook;
before the wilderness of Jeruel.
Ye shall not need to fight in this battle: . . .
fear not, nor be dismayed!
Tomorrow go out against them:

for the Lord will be with you.
And Jehoshaphat bowed his head
With his face to the ground:
And all Judah
and the inhabitants of Jerusalem
Fell before the Lord,
worshipping the Lord.
And the Levites,
of the children of the Kohathites,
and of the children of the Korhites,
stood up to praise the Lord God of Israel
with a loud voice on high.
And they rose early in the morning,
And went forth into the wilderness of Tekoa:
and as they went forth,
Jehoshaphat stood and said,
Hear me, O Judah,
and ye inhabitants of Jerusalem;
Believe in the Lord your God,
So shall ye be established;
Believe His prophets,
So shall ye prosper.
And when he had consulted with the people,
he appointed *singers* unto the Lord,
and that should praise the beauty of holiness,
As they went out before the army and to say,
Praise the Lord; for his mercy endureth forever!
And when they began to sing
and to praise,
The Lord set ambushments against the children of
Ammon,
Moab
and mount Seir,
which were come up against Judah;
And they were smitten . . .
And Jehoshaphat and his people . . . were three days in
gathering of the spoil, it was so much.

—II Chronicles 20:15-22; 25

In thinking of Israel's gathering in the spoils, I recalled a picture drawn so vividly from Luke 11:21, 22. It was one of those brief parables of our Lord.

> When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace.
>
> But when a stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armor wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils.

Certainly "a stronger than he" was with us triumphantly against the "strong man, armed" who held dominion over the heathen. In spite of all contrary circumstances, we *would* see the gathering in and dividing of His spoils.

Our first news letter from the Philippines was just being received at this time by the hundreds of people in the States who were pledged to pray for us in this endeavor. I distinctly remembered one paragraph because it tried to tease and mock us now. Yet I had not written it lightly but only after a sturdy confidence had evolved out of hours and hours of waiting before God. I had felt that He had spoken and upon the surety of His unfailing promises we could say with prophetic gratitude:

> The mountains shall break forth before us into singing (see Isa. 55:12); the sea will flee before us, and the little hills will skip like lambs. Revolutionaries will disappear, climates will change, our bodies will be strengthened, and we will stand and laugh as we see it, saying with the Psalmist, "What ailed thee . . . Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams; and ye little hills, like lambs?"

But here at the outset of our work in Mountain Province of the Philippines we were finding ourselves sorely tried.

On Wednesday, December 28, after nineteen days in Baguio with little accomplished, we packed the car and went back to Manila to work with technicians in thorough research regarding our recording equipment and the instruments necessary for

adapting it to varying cycles, voltage, and so forth. By Friday midnight, Dick Rowland and Dick Handlos had discovered one last trouble spot and had fixed it so that we could leave by six-thirty the next morning.

Returning to the city of hills on Saturday, we set ourselves to conquer the bugaboos of successive failure, for we must not be intimidated. Suddenly we knew that our help had arrived! We were making rapid progress at last. On Sunday, we met Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Lord of Vigan and after the conversation with them and the consequent dovetailing of the next strategic plans, we understood something about the antithesis of defeat in our delays at Baguio. And on Monday, with only a possible margin of four days between Baguio and our next appointment in Vigan, we were swept into those thrilling on-top days of recording at full tilt.

"Yesterday," my diary exclaimed: "we made ten records!" January 2.

Closing days in Baguio were spent in the cute little Quonset cottage set off by itself on the hill, surrounded by pines.[2] Our Igorot spokesmen were well prepared with native language translations of selected scripts from our supplies of these. Each four-minutes' worth of the story of redemption was specifically planned to suit their background and understanding. Here it was quiet also, and we listened at *last* to the playing back of Kankanai songs, clear and beautiful; the recording was excellent. The words of each of the messages were also perfectly reproduced. Our hearts sang. We could hardly wait until the records and hand-wind phonographs[3] would be out among the people, pushing deeply into their heathen darkness.

These were the first spoils from the "strong one" and we rejoiced in them.

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2. This retreat cottage of the Disciples of Christ Mission was made available to us by Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Lord.

3. These phonographs are made and sent out by Gospel Recordings Incorporated. They are available for missionaries at ten dollars each.

"Joy," Ann had said to me when we had reached the tops of these first hills in Luzon, "how is *this* for the rest of our work in the North?" Jeremiah 1:19:

> And they shall fight against thee; but they shall not prevail against thee; for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee.

SIX

APOLLO

Oh, happy day that fixed my choice, on Thee . . .

WE FIRST HEARD of Apollo in Baguio on the Sunday morning before we planned to leave for Ilocos Norte. I turned around as I heard my name spoken.

"This is Miss Ridderhof, I believe? I am Harvey Lord and this is Mrs. Lord."

"You are the very ones we wanted to see!" I exclaimed with excitement showing in my face. Oblivious of the other people milling about the foyer of the church, the Harvey Lords and Ann and I became a committee on campaign strategy for more recordings in Luzon.

"We had thought you would be coming up to Vigan," Mr. Lord began.

"We are planning to, but we have been delayed here in Baguio on account of equipment troubles."

"Oh, too bad." Mr. Lord's disappointment registered heavily as he continued, "School is out now. All the students have gone, and Mrs. Lord and I are on our way now for interim work in Manila. What a shame it is too late for you to get recordings in the school at Vigan!"

"We still can't think of missing that language—Isnug, was it? Your letters impressed us with the great need for records in the large mountain area of that tribe. How could we get it?"

As Mr. Lord answered, Ann's notebook trapped the data, but it was discouraging.

"It's a long trip. You go to the very north of Luzon and then east to the delta of Cagayan River. Then you would have to make arrangements ahead of time to have a boat meet you and take you interior to Apayao. Be sure to send word for another boat to bring you out at the time you intend to leave."

"About how long would the trip take?" Ann asked.

"Oh, at least two or three weeks, depending on the weather."

"Are there other languages besides Isnug in the Province?"

"I think not." Mr. Lord spoke regretfully, realizing how easily we could have avoided arduous travel had we just left Baguio a week sooner.

"We have so much to do!" I thought aloud. "I don't see how we could make the trip you describe in to Apayao!"

"It would not be a good time to go there, either," Mrs. Lord contributed. "No missionaries are in the area now and it would be very difficult without the help they could give you."

"Is there no other way?" I was reluctant to leave the matter at this point.

"Oh, Harvey, there is Apollo!" Mrs. Lord ejaculated. And a flicker of hope crossed Mr. Lord's face as he said,

"If you could be going to Vigan soon, within the next three or four days—"

"Why, yes, we were planning to leave within a few days for the north."

"Well, then, if you could go to Vigan soon, there is a boy there from the Province of Apayao, and he could help you I feel sure."

"You know," Mrs. Lord added, "I believe he would be the best you could get, after all! His name is Apollo Balonday."

"Miss Ridderhof, although we will not be in Vigan, I will send word so that you and Miss Sherwood may have the use of our house and our cook, Andung. I shall write Apollo immediately. He is remaining in Vigan a few days, and since his studies are completed, he will be free to give you his time

without interruption." Mr. Lord's words brought us swiftly to a decision.

This was the right time for Vigan after all, we thought, and thinking of the outcome of our meeting the Lords at this time, we could not resist exclaiming at this point, "How wonderful it is that we should have met you this morning—you, about to go south, and we about to go north!"

"By the way, would you like to hear the tapes about which we wrote you? Some of these Apayao Scripture readings you may want to use."

As we started out to get the tapes, Mrs. Lord said to me, "You know, I believe you will be able to make excellent Isnug records with Apollo. He is really a brilliant boy, and you will find him very co-operative. His story is a remarkable one. He came to us, just a mountain boy, from a tribe of thirty-five thousand, living back in almost inaccessible places. In two years Apollo has mastered English and Ilocano and is now going back to be a pastor among his own people."

* * *

The fuller account of Apollo's story came to us from our acquaintance with him during the time we were in Vigan on the lowland coast of Ilocos Sur. Just two years before, Apollo had set out across the steep cordillera of Apayao Province in north central Luzon. He was acting as escort to take his cousin back to her school in Vigan.

Apollo had not been burdened with baggage. He carried their belongings in two kerchief bundles at the ends of a stick balanced over his shoulder. His entrance into the new environment at the United Church School in Vigan was timid and fearful. Knowing very little of either English or Ilocano, Apollo felt strange and unable to adjust himself to the new world whirling around him.

"Apollo, don't you want to stay? You may go to school, too—if you like!"

The missionaries had extended a cordial invitation, and

Apollo's longing to be educated responded—in spite of the terror he felt in this alien life. Once he had tried to go to school in Kabugao but the war had come, and swept him into the army where he had picked up a few weeks schooling while he was encamped near Laoag. But that had been only enough to whet his appetite.

And so he decided to stay and go to school in Vigan. Gingerly, he attended classes, only to find himself hearing only a word or two in all the mystery and babble. The boy became discouraged—so much so that he shrank away from the other students and escaped into his own little world of inferiority and bewilderment.

"Apollo—you may just listen—*git namu ha,* listen. That is all you need to do at school this first year. Do not be discouraged. You will learn quickly."

Git namu ha, listen, was to be his occupation for months while his alert brain assimilated two languages, and gradually the mists cleared to bring a new world with meaning in it to the Apayao boy.

He heard a different music in the flowing, rhetorical Ilocano. Its clearly phonetic syllables were easy to hear and not markedly dissimilar from his own straightforward, sturdy, more matter-of-fact language. And it was a great help to hear many words in Ilocano that were the same or closely related to his own. It wasn't hard for him to catch on to the trilled *r*'s, although he felt that his first utterances in this beautiful lowland language of Luzon sounded choppy and earthy in contrast to the singing metrical almost poetic rhythm of the Ilocano.

But English was another matter with its aspirated *t*'s and initial *h*'s, and its too similar affricates like the *th* in *that,* and *th* in *with;* or *ch* in *church* and *sh* in *hush.* Vowels were such a problem with a variety of pronunciation conditioned by many rules, and more exceptions to them. In both Ilocano and Isnug there was but one way to say *a, e, i, o, u*—always ah, aye, ee, oh, oo. And all consonants were clear-cut with a solid,

definite integrity like notes struck clearly, yet pouring out into the over-all mold of intonation and expression.

Listening and learning—learning, learning, learning! Apollo felt alone as if stepping into the surf of a vast and limitless sea. Yet he found himself desiring most urgently an understanding of the spiritual concepts for which his pagan background could afford no genuine equivalents. He could not define the English spoken G-O-D nor the Ilocano, APO DIOS and equate them with the spirit of an ancestor, or even the Harvest-god whom his people must be careful to appease.

He thought at first that the English word "sin," or the Ilocano "kasalanan," must surely mean *cañao* which is the Isnug (or pagan, generally) term for taboo. And taboo was a relative term, for each village had its own particular taboos. Sometimes a village might be *cañao* from its neighbors because of a religious rite, an epidemic, or a funeral. At such a time, for anyone to break taboo would mean that he had committed a crime worthy of severe punishment. Was this the implication of the word *sin?*

Apollo searched vigorously to find out the spiritual experience basic to his happy environment in the school at Vigan, and as time passed, terms were gradually clarified to add impetus to his seeking. Anyone observing the boy during these emerging months would have thought him somewhat of a recluse, and strikingly melancholy.

And then, a week of special meetings spliced itself into the regular school curriculum; and Apollo found himself faced with making a decision that would cause him to somehow become a part of his present environment. He was confused, bewildered, yet very conscientious about keeping his quiet times according to schedule. He read the New Testament, turning most often to the Gospel according to John. It's vocabulary was easier, yet it was like hidden oracles to him. He closed the book each time to feel like someone standing on the outside of a great door, still searching for the key.

"Except a man be born again,
he cannot see the Kingdom of God."—John 3:3

Early one morning he found himself struggling against making the decision toward which the current meetings were pushing him. His resistance could be summed up in the common impasse: "How can I believe if I do not see?" Or more nearly for him it was, "How can I surrender to God when I do not know Him?"

But before the close of that hour, Apollo, in a very simple way gave in to the pressure, and said, "Yes, God, I'll do it. I surrender my heart to Thee."

And then with dazzling suddenness, Apollo's innermost being was flooded with happiness and light. He picked up his Bible again, and as he read it, he could hear it talk out loud. How clearly it spoke to his soul! He had believed, and now he saw.

"I am the door: by me [Jesus] if any man
enter in, he shall be saved, and shall
go in and out, and find pasture."—John 10:9

A great change took place in Apollo's life, and within minutes of this transaction, people became aware of it. His whole personality was released, free, joyous, full of vivid colorful life. Very shortly, Apollo the recluse become Apollo the normally oriented and even popular student.

When we met Apollo we found him still eager to learn more and more; and with great enthusiasm he accepted our scripts for translation into Isnug. These messages and gospel hymns were to become a set of eighteen sides, or nine double-disc records for his Apayao villages.

"This is just what I wanted! This is how I want to tell it to my people!" he exclaimed, as he received each one.

"We will not need to wait until you do all of them. When you are ready with two or three, we can record," we explained

to him. Apollo spoke English fluently and impressed us immediately with an ease of manner and of expression that betrayed his unusual gifts for the work we had come to Vigan to accomplish.

In the comfortable and spacious home of the Lords, Andung served us one of his consistently delicious suppers: meat balls, mashed potatoes, boiled cabbage, banana and peanut salad, and caramel chiffon pie. And not long afterward Apollo was back again to record, with several neatly typewritten scripts in the Isnug language. Here we were, ready to add sound-effects to the story scripts by the use of our portable electric phonograph and recorded effects appropriate to each script.

But Vigan also was to become an inch-by-inch, uphill conquest of territory. For in the attempt to attach our equipment, phonograph via transformer to generator, there was an explosion and the acrid smell of burned wire. And, with this incident we were precipitated into a long siege of technical trials—day after day—until recording Isnug records looked utterly hopeless! We had known that the transformer was necessary because of the voltage discrepancy here, but we never dreamed that the current was direct instead of alternating, and we had failed to test it or ask. After this first upset there followed a trip to Laoag the next day to secure help, and then back to Vigan, and daily, futile trips to the "Super Tone Sound Service" for repairs. The young Filipino technician there was no facsimile of our tall, blond Herman Dyk, who never failed to "fix it." And, though he did have ability and brains, he seemed to make no headway with repairs at first.

We felt that all the walls of Apayao witchcraft stood adamant against our present maneuvers. But we just kept tramping around the walls of Apayao in a very hot, bedraggled and unmilitary fashion, resorting continually to the one weapon we knew to use—the one that Christian knew as "all-prayer." We trusted that some day, perhaps the seventh, but certainly

at last, there would be the shout that could bring the walls tumbling down.

However, as the days trudged by, Apollo was making great strides in his excellent translations, and Ann and I took much time with him in carefully explaining and interpreting each message. Day after day his typewriter was fully employed by a steady patter of Isnug words. These were sides of potential records entitled, *The Living God, The Story of a Saviour, Becoming God's Child, Prayer, Jesus Calms the Storm, the Fiery Furnace, The Prodigal Son, The Rich Man and Lazarus, Sinai, Paul and Silas and The Christian Life.*

FIERY FURNACE
(MAGGATAGATANG NGA APUY)
Daniel 3
by Apollo

"Atan naronget ta ari nge nagngagann ca Nabocodonosor. Nagangwa ca sinan tulayan na balitoc se nangwa ca ordin no. Cadaayo ngamin na tulay nano, No magnicnano ya calingken, magpalintud cayo kiya sango daya sinan tulay ya balitoc ta magcararagcayo caggido."

Apollo had prepared all of his scripts, and still we could not set up a studio for recording them. But he and Ann spent the time preparing songs for his people who had *not one* gospel song in their own language.

"How about translating this one, Apollo?" Ann suggested, showing him song after song. There was one of them that I especially like to connect with Apollo. It was:

O happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

'Tis done: the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Apollo looked at it, a puzzled expression puckered his brow. It plainly said, How can this English poetic form be put into my rugged, unlyrical Isnug? But he merely said, "Miss Sherwood, will you help me?"

Ann, with her usual cheery camaraderie, and natural linguistic ability, proceeded to show Apollo "the how" which he quickly caught and applied throughout his half-dozen hymn translations, and many additional choruses fitted into messages.

"It is like this, you see," Ann said with contagious enthusiasm. "We can take the thought of these first two lines and say it in the way which falls most readily into the accents of the melody. For instance, maybe you would translate, 'It was a happy day when I decided to follow Jesus.' That's the idea. Perhaps it isn't the exact translation that would select for us the best Isnug words—we must frame the thought into the tune, you see."

In a moment Apollo responded, "This will do it, I think." And he sang into the melody these Isnug words:

Nag ganasan nga aldawmo
Angugi cant ami iyaw apo—

"They mean, 'I was very happy when I trusted Jesus.'"

"That's the idea," Ann exclaimed; "now let's go on to the next thought. We have enough melody left for the last two lines of the English stanza. 'Well may this glowing heart rejoice, and tell its raptures all abroad.' Could you say, 'I will tell everybody everywhere how happy I am?"

Apollo stage-whispered the words. "No," he said, "it's too long for the tune."

"Try leaving out 'everywhere,' then, and see!"

"That's it," Apollo replied, and he spoke the words as Ann wrote them phonetically, accent and all.

She shook her head, "Apollo this won't do, because the tune goes like this," and she hummed a clear soprano. But the tune was English to Apollo's ears. "I don't sing it that

way in Ilocano," he announced. "For us, it goes like this," and he sang his sentence to an abridged tune that fitted his words perfectly.

"Joy will be the one to learn this one, then," Ann laughed, thinking of my accordion accompaniment and the job it would be to unlearn and relearn a score as familiar as this one.

As Ann and Apollo worked, planning duets and solos to bring singing into the fastnesses of Apayao, I grew more and more familiar with public life in Vigan on my trips on behalf of our recording equipment. It was a Spanish-planned town with stucco houses musty with age, built right to the edge of the narrow streets. Everything was in the streets: pigs, chickens, jeeps, horses and buggies, children playing, crowds going to and from school, and religious processions chanting as they marched through traffic that gave way to them by scattering in all directions. I noticed elderly men whose features would have placed them in China. They wore short trousers and pointed hats. Now and then a group of young men strolled along, dressed in American summer sport clothes, and young girls wore bright cotton prints that looked very "stateside" too. I saw old, wrinkled, bent-over women—begging and picking up refuse here and there. But there were other women of better class wearing their long hair neatly combed straight back from their faces, and their gracefully draped mestiza dresses were beautiful, with wide, stiff, embroidered or sequined net sleeves that looked like sparkling gossamer wings.

I honked my way back home through the crowds, and as I came to our street, the priest's loudspeaker brought his chanting voice right into the car and close beside me. But in the back seat, at last, were the repaired generator, phonograph and recorder in "super sound" condition—so we hoped!

The walls of our adversities did not yield suddenly and totally; yet we did at last set up our studio to make the records, and one by one we were able to record Apollo's translations,

play them back and exclaim over each one, "Excellent, excellent."

It was easy to imagine their reception in the Isnug villages. I had been concerned about street noises—talking, hammering, doors slamming, and a chorus of roosters crowing—but these merged quite pleasantly into the background and added local interest to our on-mike selections of sheep bleating in the story of the Passover, of the storm on the Sea of Galilee, the thunder of Sinai, the furnace roaring in the kingdom of Nebuchadnezzar, the chains and chants of Paul and Silas, or the pigs fussing over the husks of the Prodigal Son.

Apollo did not speak words only. His convincing, confidential manner of speaking was full of strength, full of dramatic emphasis where it was naturally required, and his words stood out with bold-type clarity. We did not know the language, yet we felt the power of the message behind it; and we were triumphant as we realized that technically speaking, as well, the records were excellent. Even the songs were sung without the distressing fluctuation we had coped with all week. And what joy to know that singing boxes would teach them the sweet consolation and abiding gladness of hymns such as "O Happy Day"; "Jesus Is Tenderly Calling"; "I Hear Thy Welcome Voice"; "What a Friend We Have in Jesus"; "God Will Take Care of You."

The records had come out of great tribulation but they were worth far more than the cost, for they were destined for untold conquests for God in the untracked areas of the country of the Apayao.

SEVEN

TALKING BOOKS

Faith cometh by hearing . . . the Word of God—Romans 10:17.

"APO, APO!"

"Someone is coming to see us, Joy; probably Edith and Alma to tell us good-by."

At last we were ready to leave Laoag, except for two or three more pieces of luggage to load into the car. We had not yet put in our recording equipment. It seemed that we should have left long before now and we had certainly not intended to spend two weeks in Laoag. It was the first of February, and Wednesday. We had gotten up very early in the morning, never needing an alarm clock in this town-of-the-Provincial-Tournaments. Early dawn always burst loudly upon us with the crowing of roosters, carts rumbling along on gravel streets, people walking to early Mass, happy chitchat in a strange language, a bugle call, and the ringing of church bells. And nighttime was not without its own sounds either, with the added noises of the Philippine constabulary quarters across the street from the Baptist Mission, where we were staying in the home of Mr. F. W. Naylor. (His family had preceded him to the United States; and at this time he had made room-and-board arrangements for himself at another place.) I should not say that the sounds from the nearby barracks were always noise, either. Sometimes, added to the sound of a jeep clanging out of the gate for a late watch, or a truck coming in, slamming its doors as the whistling driver reached home again, there

were romantic strains, as of serenaders strumming their guitars near our windows in the evening.

Now Ann called out, "Hello, come on up!" to answer the cry of "Apo, apo" which simply meant, "Here I am; are you ready for me to appear?" I had just picked up the dishpan from the little bamboo-wicker shelf tacked to the outside wall under the window. I threw out the water (doing "in Rome as the Romans do"!) to the subsequent pleasure of any pigs that might be wandering below. It was always interesting to look out at the sights in this town-side of the Philippines in the north. At times there were graceful servants carrying water-pots on their heads up steep stairs to the houses. Other servants might be out in the yard pounding rice with large clubs. Now and then, dirt and dust would be thrown out of an upstairs window. I turned away quickly to put up the dishes of our last lunch at this place—at least for the months it would take us to circle back again. We would be heading first for Cagayan Valley and then south and into the heart of Mountain Province, and back north to finish recordings in other of the Tinggian dialects of the Province of Abra which adjoins this one of Ilocos Norte. I had packed and mailed this morning to Los Angeles the tapes full of Isnug recordings, as well as the *Ilocano* and *Tinggian* done here at Laoag. We had to be hurrying on our way. Yet somehow under the dead weight of the torrid, enervating lowland climate we had discovered that one does "make haste slowly" in the tropics. We had read another commentary on haste this morning from the *Daily Light*. It had said, "For ye shall not go out with haste, nor go by flight: for the Lord will go before you; and the God of Israel will be your rereward" (Isa. 52:12). The words had arrested our attention and cheered us considerably when we thought of the delay here that had seemed so uncalled for and so unaccountable. As I left the little kitchen and closed the door, there was a rapid scurrying about inside and then a chorusing of *"ghe-ko . . . ghe-ko . . . ghe-ko."* The lizards

were at recess again; and I would be sure to knock at the door, giving them fair warning, if I should need to return to the kitchen for anything.

"Here they are, Joy," Ann was announcing from the front room, tidied up at last, with only a native basket here and there packed with writing materials or last-minute odds and ends. Impulsively snipping off another instant of time, I picked up an overflowing waste basket to whisk away its scraps and papers. On top of the pile was the yellow envelope of a telegram from Itbayat Island in the northernmost Philippines. Should I retrieve it as a memoir?

What *better* way would God reveal, in His own time, for the getting of those two languages of the most remote islands of the archipelago? We had planned to go there by plane from Laoag since that would be our nearest point from Luzon to the wind-swept, rock-bound islets of the Batanes and Babuyan groups. Mr. Naylor had told us of the remarkable work of a native pastor who lived on Itbayat, near Formosa. "I think he is there now and I will wire him of your coming. He would be the only one to make the records."

So we had begun to take inventory of our funds in view of an expensive trip. It would cost us one hundred and thirty dollars round-trip; but the knowledge of people, one hundred per cent illiterate in their own language, without an understanding of even the Ilocano trade language, and little reading knowledge of English, made the venture seem to be of uncomputable worth to us. We had seen a picture in *Life* magazine—taken of the airfield of Basco, the capital city of the Batanes, where people were wearing grass vakuls or thatched hats that fell in long, thick blond tresses below the waist. These are a protection against the sudden downpour that precede a new typhoon on its way. In this storm belt area, houses have to be made of stone built eight feet deep into the ground, in order to withstand the gales. But on Wednesday,

before the Friday when we were to leave, word had come back in the wire from Batanes:

PARTY LEFT FOR MANILA THIS MORNING

"Simon Gato could never afford plane transportation," Mr. Naylor had reflected, "and it will take a boat at least two weeks to get to Manila; but perhaps we might try again for these languages, at a later time."

Then in a few hours after this telegram, Mr. Naylor himself had found it necessary to leave suddenly for Manila because of an eye infection. He had left telling us that he would make inquiries for us at the Bible school regarding the making of records for the southern island of Palawan. We greatly appreciated his helpfulness and that of all the new friends here at Laoag: the Fermin C. Runas family, Miss Edith Smith, and Miss Alma Shumaker.

Here were Alma and Edith even now darkening our little front door.

"Come in. Come in!" And as they entered the room, to our astonishment, there stood Mr. Naylor at the door. He fairly bounced into the room with the ejaculation, "I was afraid you had left! Did you get my telegram?"

We had received no telegram. "We wrote you of our plan to go on to Aparri," I added, but my words were muffled by the startling introductions which now centered around the happy young Filipino who was with Mr. Naylor.

"Mr. Simon Gato, this is Miss Joy Ridderhof and Miss Ann Sherwood!"

"Simon Gato!" we exclaimed. "How did this happen? And to think that we were just about to leave! In a few more minutes we would have been gone!"

"God held you here until we came!" The earnest pastor from Itbayat said, the broad smile upon his face expressing the joyousness and thrill we all shared.

"At the Bible School in Manila," Mr. Naylor then explained, "I inquired about Palawan recordings; and there, to my great

surprise, I found Simon Gato. 'How did you get here so quickly?' I asked him. And he told me that last Wednesday morning early as he was walking along the edge of the airfield an army air man, an officer, met him, and asked good-naturedly, 'Would you like to go to Manila today?' And now tell them, Simon, what happened."

"I said, 'Sure!'" Simon Gato took up the story. "Of course I knew that he was only joking me. But then he said:

"'I mean it. I have the right to authorize anyone to ride back on the plane.' (I think this man was a major, or something like that.) 'And if you can be ready by seven-thirty, you may go.' Then, of course, I ran to my house to pack a suitcase and to hurry back to get on the plane. And by two o'clock the same day I am in Manila; and I am happy to have had this chance to see my wife who is studying there. But then in a few days I was very much surprised to see this friend of mine, this brother of mine, Mr. Naylor, coming to bring me such good news. He said,

"'Simon Gato, there are two missionaries, two ladies from America, who came to the Philippines to make records in the different dialects, and they are interested to see you.' I was just wondering [looking at us] why you are interested to see me when I had never known you. And then Mr. Naylor said to me,

"'I just sent a telegram to you asking whether you were there in Batanes and they answered you had just left for Manila.' So he said, 'If you like, you come with me and let's go to Laoag. If they have not gone away already, these two missionaries will be very glad to meet you.' Of course, I have to rush and see these interested ones who were too willing to help me out in my problem of presenting and giving out the Word of God to my own people. But," he added bringing us all to the ground floor again, and the business at hand, "it is all a wonder to me; I do not know what to do or how to record or all about it." And Simon Gato looked a bit dazedly at the

microphone with its long cable coiled around its base, ready for travel, and the large black rectangular box with a handle on top and at the side (the Echo-tape recorder), and the other pieces that were obviously not ordinary baggage.

Ann and I were glad for such an exciting occasion to change our plans. We began immediately to unpack and set up studio again for one more week at Laoag in which we were to spend very happy hours coaching, rehearsing, translating hymns, and recording a large, full set of records in the languages of Itbayat and Ivatan. We were to find that usually the scripts when translated, were twice as long as they should have been, and we had to work hours at squeezing sentences into the most fluent form possible in order to be sure of getting them all on each four-minute side of the finished record. Yet the result was the securing of messages that were all that could be desired in both delivery and forcefulness.

When Simon Gato had spoken his first sentence into the microphone, and had heard it played back, he commented with surprise,

"Oh," laughing, "so soon!"

Our work with Simon Gato turned out to be an epoch of inspiration, something like the discovery of a new chapter belonging to the yet unfinished Book of Acts; for our questions led him on to tell us stories of his own Christian experience, of his people, and of the first opening of the Bible to the ears of villagers within the rock-bound coasts of Itbayat and other Batanes islands.

"You are interested to know how I find to the Lord Jesus Christ? My father and my mother were religious, and from my childhood I was taught to be very religious. But in spite of the fact that I was too religious, my life was not pleasing to God. Then I left my home (to go to high school) and my soul is still hungering for righteousness and peace. But I began to be wild, and to join the company of bad people. I used to visit those questionable places, and to go to the city

to steal—any kind that I want to steal, chickens and other things. But because of my good answers defending myself, by telling lies, I was not brought to jail. And things went on until I left for Manila to continue my studies, but since I was late, I did not have a chance to study that one year. And I went around visiting different cabarets and the worldly enjoyments of the city.

"During those days when I was hungering for peace and righteousness, I said to myself like this, 'Well, I will just like to do all the foolishness that a man can have, and then I will be religious once more.'

"Then one day I met a friend who was studying in Manila. 'What course are you going to take?' I asked him, and he said,

" 'Well, I am going to study to be a Protestant preacher.' And that did not sound to me very good. I said to him,

" 'My friend, you better not attempt to do so. You will endanger yourself. The people will hate you, and just imagine your father who is very religious!' Finally he said to me like this,

" 'Even if my father and my mother forsake me, I will not be afraid.' And that very word that came from his mouth made me to think.

"God was speaking to me at that time with these words of my friend's which were out of the Bible, and I wanted to go and find out what makes him so brave. I remembered that he really loved his father and mother. So that was in my heart until one day I went into the Institute. I asked to see my friend, and when he came to meet me, he was holding a big Book. I saw that it was the Bible. I remembered that I had seen this Book once when those Protestant people had come to our town. They had been very happy and gay, and the expression of their face did not seem to me that they were bad people. They began to sing, and after singing, they opened to me this Book and I still remember that they showed me the

verse John 3:16. This Word of God had remained in my heart. Now I said to my friend, 'Do you think it is possible for me to come and study? I just want to know something, I do not want to be a Protestant.'

"I was accepted and months went by, but my old life and my former bad habits were still in my heart. Then I became very ill with the 'strong fever'; and because of this sickness I was thinking, 'What shall I do? What shall my end be if I will die?' Until finally I lifted up my heart, and I accepted Jesus as my Saviour. Then I had great peace and rejoicing in my heart.

"Vacation came and conference when we went to that beautiful spot where messages from God's Word were given out; and again my heart was broken to see here the picture of the Christian life. I said to my companions there, 'If I have wings like angels, right now I would fly to my province and tell my parents, my people, about the joy that I have now!'

"Times went on and our classes were about to end. 'What shall I do?' I said to one of my teachers, explaining to him how that hunger was still in my heart to preach the Word of God to my people, especially to my parents. And he told me,

" 'Trust God, and He will supply you the need; if God really wants you to go and tell your people, He will help you.' And so I went back to my island, and I knew I will be persecuted, I will be hated by my people . . . "

Simon Gato told us then of the first persecutions that beset him upon his return to Itbayat and how these culminated in his being forbidden to ever return to the Institute. His father had said, "If I kill you right now, I will not permit any disobedience, you are my son." His father forced him to be as a prisoner or slave, carrying heavy loads up the mountains. "I was treated like a fish," said Gato, "or something like that, in the eyes of many people."

And so, Simon Gato had written a letter to the director of the Institute stating that he could not return. "My going means

death," he had told him, but had added hopefully, "but I may be going there next year."

But when he saw the ship, the only one that could take him, about to leave port without him, he could not stand the thought of letting it go. His belongings were all at home. His letter to Mr. Fisk had been taken under his father's vigilance and put on the ship when it first came into the bay. But Simon had come back to the rock ledges of the shore to help his brother load his big pig on to the launch. And then the launch made its way for the last time to the ship. At this moment, Simon Gato jumped into the sea and began to swim for the big boat; and a cry went up from the onlookers at the rocky shore.

"Simon is gone! Simon is gone!"

And his irate father, grabbing the package of his tracts that had just arrived, threw them into the sea, shouting "Let these papers perish with my son!" But Simon Gato made the ship and, miraculously receiving his fare at the next port in Basco, he made his way to Manila and to school—this time, looking to God alone to supply his material needs.

He arrived at the door of the Bible school with a pig under his arm. This was his only tuition, in fact his only possession besides the one suit of clothes he was wearing. His brother, in kindness to him, had given him one of his little pigs.

During the following months of study in Manila, Simon Gato had not thought of going back to his own island again, until one day during the congregational singing of the hymn, "Rescue the Perishing" he again felt divinely constrained to go back to the Batanes Islands to tell his people the simple gospel from the open Bible. And he went back, the only witness to this message in the entire Province of Batanes at that time. But this began the story of the first Christian church in the northernmost part of the Philippines. Sketched in briefly tabulated form, the account would read like this:

Preaching on the street corners to nobody; people antagonistic, yet Simon Gato knew that the Bible was power.

Climbing mountain trails to go from village to village in Itbayat—without money, or help—yet needs were met.

Four converts, and the digging of deep foundations for the first church. "If one person can build himself a house; why not four people to build the house for the Lord?"

Strength doubled as they worked, pulling logs eleven kilometers into the town.

Ten more converts; and then the resolution, "I will not eat my breakfast until I have spoken to at least one soul."

Revival upon Itbayat—people eager, weeping, broken, ready, full of appreciation. "Why did we hate your preaching when it is so sweet?"

Simon Gato's father began to consider the teachings, and also became converted.

One hundred believers in the town, after ten years. Several groups in other barrios on the island.

Thinking of the Bible as the food of the Christian, they hungered more for the Word of God. "Would you mind to translate even one verse of it for us to learn to read day by day?"

"Simon, how we need to feed our souls on God's Word, but the problem is, how can we when we do not read the English Bible?" were their words to Pastor Gato as he would leave them for other trips.

And now, his words, "It is just a *miracle* that these records have been done!"

After hearing this account from Simon Gato, we caught something of the urgency he felt when he asked us how soon the records would be ready.

"A boat leaves Manila in April," he told us, "and our banca for gospel work will be finished by that time, already."

Immediately I wrote our office in Los Angeles to rush through as quickly as possible the tapes of *Ivatan* and *Itbayat* which we selected to send home by air mail. By doing this, we could assure Mr. Gato that he would have a first shipment of

his "talking books" in record time. But I could not know exactly how long this would be.

The package sent air-express from Laoag on February seventh, arrived in Los Angeles by the thirteenth. On the same day, Doris Gibson played it on the Echo-tape dubbing chassis in the small, second technical room of the studio. She played the tapes through, checking each recording for timing to see that the speed corresponded to the speed of the original recording as indicated by our notations. They were accurate. Then, placing the shiny black acetate or master blank upon the cutting table, she set the equipment in motion, rotating at standard cutting speed of seventy-eight r.p.m., and adjusted to cut a ten-inch master record at the proper number of grooves required for a maximum of four minutes' duration. Then putting down the cutting head so that the sapphire point stylus began to cut the soft black surface of the disc, she spiraled in to the starting point and snapped on the switch which fed the tape recording to the cutting stylus that would transfer the sound from the tape to the grooves of the record. As she turned the knob that released the tape, and Itbayat words bounced clearly out of the big amplifier overhead, Doris kept her eye on the volume indicator, monitoring it carefully for the most she could get within the limits of true fidelity in the reproduction. This was *dubbing* the records. One after another, on and on she worked, disregarding any appearance of working "overtime." This was joy. This was the quiet, behind-scenes link to the reaching of Babuyan Island with the Book they had never *heard* or known anything at all about.

The masters cut, listed, taken to Virginia Miller for cataloging—all this was finished in the two days following the arrival of the tape reels. But now the processing to converted masters—this would take longer. In fact, nobody knew how long it might take. Carrying the masters with her the next morning, Virginia went out to her car and drove down Santa Monica Boulevard to Edgemont. She walked into an attractive

office, its entrance decorated with cacti and palms. This was the Charles Eckart Company where our records are processed.

"Could these go through fast?" Virginia asked Mrs. Eckart who had smiled a greeting as her customer approached the receiving desk; "it is a rush order."

"I-v-a-t-a-n," Mrs. Eckart spelled out, and then flashed on the expression that was both a question and an exclamation. "Why, we'll do our best," she said pleasantly with genuine interest and warmth.

And in a couple of days the eight masters had all been transformed into negatives which were to be the dies for pressed records. Silvered, nickeled and copper-plated, and back-faced, smooth and shining; the heavy stampers were picked up by the little Gospel Recordings carryall, and trundled through the traffic of Santa Monica Boulevard as far west as Beverly Hills to Gilbert Anderson's shops where he had presented us with a room for our own first press, our first factory—1949!

Al Rethey, with the same sense of mission characteristic of all the team at Witmer Street, set to work immediately to mount the stampers, screw in the dies. The top of the die would hold one stamper, and the other stamper would go on the bottom half. The label was ready, and placed in the center of each stamper; it carried in bold black type the title of one side of the record-to-be, and also the insignia of Gospel Recordings which includes the symbol of an open Bible. These records would be vocal Scriptures, the Bible being read aloud—through the ears to the hearts that could not have understood the written characters of the Book.

Al Rethey had the steam table on, and the black rectangular biscuits were pliable now so that he could scoop one of them into a fold like old-fashioned peach-cobbler dough, and picking it up with a spatula he could place it right in the center of the metal die which was like a huge waffle-iron. Pulling the lid down, he shoved it under fifty tons of pressure for a half a minute. Watching the steam clock tick off the

time, he threw the stick for shutting off heat and starting the cooling cycle; and in a few seconds he pulled out the dies, opening them, and a record was *done*—a pressing of two sides corresponding to two masters dubbed; or two recordings, originally made on tape. With trimming, buffing, sleeving done, the record was destined for the shipping department next, and had only to wait for all the others to come through. Al Rethey would remain at the press until the job was completed, unless he should be relieved by another worker—Joe Olsen perhaps, or Leland Jordan. Mable Erlandson in her office at headquarters would, in her usual efficient manner, have the orders typed and ready so that the shipping department could carry on from there.

And in less than two weeks from the day that we had mailed the Batanes recordings from Laoag, the finished records—some two hundred of them—were on their way back by freight to the address in Manila from where Simon Gato would have them shipped to Itbayat. They made the boat that left for Batanes in April!

When Doris Gibson had come to the end of the Ivatan and Itbayat recordings, there was something more from Simon Gato on the tape. And it was in English, very good and expressive English too.

"I have real rejoicing in my heart to express the gratitude for having these records. I know it will be a great blessing to my own people. I am speaking particularly of my own dialect. We have no Bible of our own and all the people are so interested to hear the message in our own dialect. I have been hungering for the translation of the Bible in my own dialect, but there was no way of making it out. I have not done so much about it and it is quite hard for me. So now I learn so many things, great things, but then I am very grateful to have learned many things from these scripts that they have handed to me. And more than that, I consider that this work that they offered to me is a lasting work which will continue on to

the work among my people even when I am dead already—and in spite of the fact that I could not make or translate the Bible. This is more than a translation. It is actually preaching to my own people, presenting the teaching plainly to them. When I learned that we will have the phonographs and records after a few months, I am just rejoicing in looking forward to that day. We are longing for those records to come back to us because we really need them.

"It is a burden on my heart also to visit those people of Babuyan Island. It is very hard to get there, and so very rough that boats seldom go there. It is a volcano and the place is dangerous. Other people are afraid to go to it because the volcano might erupt at any time. About five hundred people live at Babuyan, but until this year they never had a teacher on that island. You may just imagine how illiterate these people are. It came to my mind, inasmuch as they speak my own dialect, that the phonograph and records would be a way of leading these people to the gospel. I am just longing; I am just praying that God will bring me there. Many among the converted people in my village are interested to go, and they have built a big *banca* already. Those brethren in Itbayat are building it purposely for gospel work to the different islands. And by this March they said it would be completed so we could use it in those good days of fair weather to go from one island to another island to preach the Word of God."

* * *

Later we were to realize what a feat it was that the records arrived, undamaged, in Itbayat, because of a letter written to us from Edith Smith in which she told of her hazardous trip to visit the island and the church of Simon Gato. She and Alma had been directing a vacation Bible school for the children down in Basco when a supply ship bound for Itbayat came to port. Mr. Gato had asked if they would be willing to go up to his island for a day, and taking this rare chance to do it, they had gone. The letter went on to say:

The ship arrived at Itbayat port about six-thirty A.M. Monday. There is no pier, and no beach. It is just a steep rocky precipice going straight up and down into deep water. The ship anchored and passengers climbed down a rope ladder into a lifeboat and were taken up to the rocks. Then they jumped from the boat to the steps which the villagers have cut in the rocks.

We spent four hours with the believers (one hundred of them). They have a lovely chapel which they built themselves, and they give one day a week—Wednesday—to clean or to improve the grounds. We had a service that morning and then they prepared a meal for us; and to show their appreciation for our coming, they gave us many gifts; two pigs, five chickens, bags of onions, several dozen eggs, pineapple, papaya, oranges, calamanci, several large stalks of bananas, two of their native raincoats, and several orchids. We took a few pictures and then they decided we had better start back for the ship.

When we got back down on the rocks, the tide was high and the waves very boisterous. The little lifeboat could not come up to the rocks without danger of being dashed to pieces. We had to choose between staying there for from three to six months until another ship would come, or of risking our lives. Poor Mr. Gato felt responsible for our safety, and in the dialect the believers kept telling him not to let us go. We watched the lifeboat load twice (with people who wanted to go to school in Manila and knew this would be the only ship they could get). The second time it went away overloaded without us. This was, supposedly, its last time, but as it reached the ship and the captain found the Americans were not there, he sent the boat back once more with orders to pick up the Americans first if they were willing to risk it. When it started back and we saw it coming, we were determined to get on this trip so we took off our shoes and watches, ready to swim if necessary. The little boat came as close as it dared, and when the waves brought the boat about to the level of the rock on which we stood, Alma jumped and made it. Then

there were several high waves coming clear up over my knees and almost washing me and many others off the rocks completely, except that we hung on to each other. Finally the boat came up to the right level again, and I jumped in. The water was so rough that all of us were seasick just going out to the ship.

If the risk of getting to Itbayat was so great, what must it be for Simon Gato and his crew on the missionary *banca* to contemplate getting to Babuyan Island? And they planned to go from island to island, as indeed they had gone in the past to many of them. But this time, "I will be rejoicing to leave with these people the Bible in this form, on records in their own dialect which they can understand. And I know that they will be interested to hear them!"

What would be the reception of these talking books in the tempestuous islands? We did not have to wait many months to hear about the first records in Itbayat. Around the first of May, 1950, a letter came from Simon Gato reporting that:

Now we actually have them in our hands! One of those men who heard the records has already turned to the Lord. He had been a criminal and in jail, but now he is repented, and I learned by this that not only small sinners that Christ can save, but greatest sinners also. This man was very bad before, now he is a new creature! He is turned away from all his bad habits. Now he does not drink and he will not smoke. Some of the Christians tell me like this: "He is better than we are. We must also stop doing the things that are bad." Many people, like my relatives also, who do not listen to preaching, these people are just eager to listen over and over to these records in Itbayat language. So that now many people hear who otherwise are not interested to learn the gospel. Besides the six phonographs that you sent, we will like twenty more. Our people are glad to pay for them. They are planning to take them out to other places in our islands. We appreciate it very much.

It was a wonderful moment when the people at my vil-

lage listened to the phonograph and the records in their own dialect.

Many thanks again for every help rendered to the Batanes people. Till we meet again on earth or in Heaven,

In the bond of fellowship,

Simon Gato.

EIGHT

A MAN WITH A PITCHER

There shall be a man meet you. . . . bearing a pitcher of water.
—Mark 14:13

Laoag, Ilocos Norte
Philippines

Dear Staff,

How I wish we could share with you that sunset we saw last night; the glow of it upon the waters and its reflection upon the eastern mountains! We need our Lord at these times too in order to fully appreciate the beauties that we see. It is wonderful to have *Christ in our pleasures* as well as our trials. Each day we see His hand reach forth anew in miracles for us.

We got a late start last night from Bangued to Vigan and on to Laoag, and were delayed by several dusty detours until we knew that we could not make Laoag before nightfall. We hurried along, and all at once just outside Vigan, a young man dressed in khaki uniform insisted upon hitchhiking. Having been warned not to pick anyone up in this bandit country we tried to refuse him, since obviously we had no room for him; but he jumped upon the running board and hooked his arm around the top of the open window! He was riding along with us anyway! We felt a shock of alarm, not knowing who this fellow could be. Huks wore uniforms often, and we knew that ordinarily no Filipino would do a thing like this. We drove along not knowing what to do. But we soon realized that in order to make any speed at all, we would have to make room for him inside. It was too dangerous otherwise! The boy sat

rigidly beside us, and we drove along in silence—puzzled and somewhat afraid until gradually we sensed the fact that he himself was so afraid of Huks that he was desperate for a ride since he was going to be late getting back to his quarters. We began to relax, finding our strange passenger to be a well-behaved Filipino soldier on his way back to camp at Laoag. We made little headway with conversation; however we did manage to understand a few things he said, and learned that he was acquainted with the missionary whom we were to contact upon our arrival at Laoag.

We realized that our Lord had brought him to us for protection (strange as it appeared) because we were having to go through about twenty-five miles of darkness—a truly dangerous matter in this part of the world. At first, we hardly had known whether or not to be more frightened of our "protection" or of the dangers! But this soldier turned out to be a real friend to us—not only was he with us on this lonely dark road, but he was a good guide; and as we came into town he directed us (we never could have found the way by ourselves) right to the place where we wanted to go because his camp was across the street from the house we wanted to find, and before long we were "at home" . . .

IT WAS SHEER PLEASURE to write our staff, and we wrote to them continually—leaving out practically no details, for we felt the strength of their fellowship and knew that some of them—all of them really, were living our adventures out here in the islands as vicariously as we tried to project ourselves into those days of progress at full gallop there at 124 Witmer Street, Los Angeles.

I am so glad I wrote them the small incidents like the one in the letter above, because when I could look at the incidents in writing—page after page of letters home, and recorded day by day in my diary, I was filled with a new realization of the *human* love of Christ. Surely His infinite love could reach

even "to the level of each day's most quiet needs by sun and candlelight." And this tender touch upon small things and upon the pinpoints of time had in it the same miracle element we see in a blade of grass under the microscope or a drop of water, a grain of sand, or a breakfast prepared by the Risen Galilean, a denarius from a fish's mouth, or a guide in the guise of a "man bearing a pitcher of water."

> Then came the day of unleavened bread, when the passover must be killed, and he [Jesus] sent Peter and John, saying, Go and prepare us the passover, that we may eat.
>
> And they said unto him, Where wilt thou that we prepare? and he said unto them, Behold, when ye are entered into the city, there shall *a man meet you, bearing a pitcher of water;* follow him into the house where he entereth in.
>
> Luke 22:7-10

We were to have other encounters with "the man bearing a pitcher of water," and unforgettable awareness at those times of Another with us. So intensely human is our Divine Guide.

We were circling the northern tip of Luzon along an unpaved road at night. It had taken us seven hours to put two suitcases in the car (already packed), to get the car filled with gas, to take care of one leaky tire, and to worm our way out of fiesta-time Laoag.

The city had transformed itself into a provincial fair where crowds meshed in and out of its narrow exhibit-bordered streets. Everywhere were booths of orchids hanging in coconut shells, of woven cloth, of colorful baskets in many shapes and patterns, wood carvings, native jewelry. Our Plymouth moved like an oriental snail inching ahead haltingly, stopping to wait hours for a tire-jack, and then again, an hour for a man to use it. We pushed gradually through the narrow lanes, now and then causing a temporary fold-up of a canvas cot displaying bolos. Often we had to choose either to join a parade or to stop and wait for it to pass by. At last we cleared a Catholic procession and were out of the city, but not until five o'clock

in the afternoon. With at least three hours of unknown road ahead of us, we would not reach our first stop, Banua en route to Aparri, before night overtook us.

But the waning hours of daylight let us see enchanting beauty—the deep blue bays, and close around us, tropical flora luxuriant with flowering vines dripping from the tall green banks of trees. From time to time we passed a tiny village, but the population here was scattered; and as dusk came we saw fewer and fewer of the village or farmer folk. When we did see anyone they looked at us as though they were seeing an apparition.

"*Babai, babai*—women, women!" they shouted! Two white women 'way up here! Sometimes they stared and then made hurried signs to others. Sometimes they smiled or doubled over in laughter. We never failed to create a sensation.

But now there were no people around and as dusk changed swiftly into night deep and tropical, we felt a little like the boy who strikes up a "merry whistled tune" as he walks briskly by the cemetery at night.

"Ann, do you realize that we have said good-by to every familiar scene?" We felt cut off now from the family circle of missionaries of which we felt we had been a part during our visit in Laoag. And now the way before us was untried. Yet there was the comfort of the implications in the promise, "There [at the place of necessary guidance!] you will see a man with a pitcher." God would meet us at the place of need.

The washboard road was becoming rougher and twisting in and out of jungle; at times it did not seem like a road. We were in a wilderness. That creature in front of the car blinking at our lights turned and swung up on to the dark bank and out of sight. It was a wild monkey. We drove on until our road dipped abruptly into water. We saw it just in time and stopped.

"It's a river, Ann. What shall we do now?"

"I wouldn't dare go into it; it may be deep and besides, where is the road on the other side?"

"It looks like a mass of trees and shrubs to me." The dark solidity of the tropics drew close and mysterious around the little spot of dim vision brought out by our headlights.

At this moment, a man appeared carrying a flashlight; he came walking toward us along a path jutting into the road at the place where we had stopped.

"Oh, Señor," we called to him, "could you please show us which way to go? How deep is the river here?" The stranger did not flinch or turn away; but without a word, as though he had been sent for the purpose, he rolled up his trousers and walked before us right through the stream, pointing the way with his flashlight and bringing us to the upward road on the other side.

Perhaps we would soon be to the little way-station called Banua. Yet at such a time even an hour or a half-hour seemed long. Fortunately we were able to keep in the confines of the road, although at times we wondered if the ruts were going to fade out altogether. It was tantalizing to be missing the unsurpassable tropical beauty we could feel around us. But now our thoughts were intent upon finding the way through the thickening foliage, until suddenly, again there was no road. We tried to go on a little, but we tangled into a wall of vegetation where a river was flowing beside us to the right. Now, entirely off the road, we had no idea what to do, so we waited a moment.

It was natural to speak to our Guide about it. Not that He did not see, or would not again send the errand boy with another flashlight! But using a child's privilege of looking up to acknowledge a dependence that was ever in the Guide, regardless.

> In all thy ways acknowledge him,
> And he shall direct thy paths.

"Dear Lord, we look to Thee to direct us now." Ann prayed simply and with confidence that the "man with a pitcher" was about to appear.

Bumpity-bump, bumpity-bump, bump, bump . . . silence! We heard the crunching of oxcart wheels in the distance. Then all was still.

"There is someone!" Ann said, and immediately she called to them. There was no response. We looked back to see the dim outline of a cart standing still.

"He thinks we are Huks and is afraid!" I got out of the car and in the path of our headlights, and called cheerily to the driver in the little farm wagon. No longer wary, he got out of the cart and came to help us.

"Are you estucked?" The man of the oxcart also had a flashlight; and with it he routed us into the trail again, and pointed our way across the stream, telling us how the road turned on the other side. We were on our way again in the direction of Banua. Now we could tell by the sound of the surf in our ears that our road was leading us near the northern ocean, but where was Banua? I began to wonder if we had missed it as we jerked and joggled along, the car squeaking with its heavy load of equipment. Would we ever come to anything? Just then we found ourselves blocked. Getting out of the car to look at the obstruction, I found that it was a log rolled across the road gate which marked the beginning of the one-way section. Also the barricade seemed to say, "No more traveling tonight. We are not tempting the Hukbalahaps!"

A truck had been stopped here too and we asked the driver if he knew how far it was to Banua. "That is it!" he pointed across the road to a bamboo-latticed place that looked like a Filipino doll house. That was the Rest House, and all there was of Banua! We roused the sleeping keeper of the wee hotel, and there was a room for us. Our windows overlooked the wide bay where the Pacific Ocean and the China Sea came together.

This was the top edge of Luzon, the largest northern island of the Philippines.

> If I take the wings of the morning,
> And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
> Even there shall *Thy hand lead me,*
> And thy right hand shall hold me.
>
> Psalm 139:9, 10

NINE

DRESSED IN DARK BROWN VELVET SKIN

Thy people is scattered upon the mountains, and no man gathereth them.—Nahum 3:18.

"DO YOU EVER SEE a Negrito?" From the day we came to Aparri we pressed this question only to find that it served mainly to show us with more close-up proportions the peaks of a new impossibility. "See a Negrito? No, not here." And we knew that it was true that "they roam the unexplored mountains to which they have escaped the coming in of other tribes and peoples." They, the aborigines of the islands would be the hardest to find. Afraid of civilization, and having no need for anything it offered, they had made themselves untractable by a gypsy life that is literally, "here today and gone tomorrow."

And if we *should* find a little black Negrito, what would we do with him? How could we, speaking English, communicate with a wide-eyed worshiper of the moon when he would be able to speak *only* his own language—that understood only by his own people?

Now at Aparri the storm-gods were on the rampage so that any Negrito villages which might have moved in afoot to the precincts of the town had fled to their protecting hills. There were no Negritos around anywhere.

We had taken refuge in the cozy little home of American missionaries, the Charles Selbys, who had extended a cordial invitation to us before we had left Laoag.

"We are looking for a Negrito." This statement made first at Aparri had seemed to us more plausible then than it became as we traveled down the valley where the search became like hunting wild deer on the neat acreage of a Kentucky plantation.

In our study of the map of Luzon while we were in Manila, we had asked the anthropologist, "Where could we find Negritos?" His answer had left us with a faint hope even though we had canceled out the first two of the three alternatives he had given us. The first, to go by boat to Casiguran Bay (the only harbor on the rocky eastern coast) would not be possible because the boat went only once a year and we could not arrange our time to this. Nor could we consider the second choice of trekking five days (thirty miles) over the steep Sierra Madras from Ilagan to find the Negrito village of Palanan near Casiguran Bay. "Is there no other way?" we had asked. And then dubiously as if to pacify us, Dr. Fox had said, "Well, you might possibly find some Negritos straying as far west as the Cagayan valley here," and he pointed to the twenty-five-mile wide strip of lowland extending about one hundred and thirty miles from northernmost Aparri on the coast to the town of Isabella at the southern end. The eastern valley wall was the hunting ground of the nomadic midget Negrito, who owned little more than his loin cloth, his bow and arrow, and had no housing problems because he could, in a matter of a few minutes, thatch a lean-to six-by-eight feet, attach it to a tree at one end and the ground at the other, and pronto! there was a place to protect his family from the sun and wind. If necessary he could count more than three days by notching a fig vine; and if put to it, he could count as many numbers as he had toes and fingers. "Never in the history of American influence in the Philippines," the anthropologist told us, "has more than one Negrito ever been inveigled into coming out to attend school."

"Negritos are hard to catch." We were to have reason to remember this summary of information gleaned along the trail,

and at last our dim hope faded into almost none at all. It seemed impossible that any of the timid tiny folk would wander from his native habitat as far west as some little town in this valley. But we could not stop looking for them, inquiring, praying that God might send one, until we had traveled (recording in other languages as we went) down the hot dusty valley from Aparri to Dugo Talo Gattaran Amulung Iguig Tuguegarao Ilagan.

But in Tuguegarao we stayed in the home of the C. L. Spottswoods and heard more about the pathetic needs of the Palanan Negritos. "Spotty" (Mr. Spottswood) had made trips to them by private plane, risking his life when the plane dropped through treacherous dead-air pockets over the six-thousand-foot ranges. Now he was planning to set up a medical clinic to minister to the pitifully helpless Negritos camping from time to time at Palanan. We talked to Mariam Spottswood about the distribution of the Negrito records, more than ever anxious to get the message to them, and yet less than ever hopeful from any human standpoint.

Tuguegarao developed into a turmoil of technical ups-and-downs which resulted in a delay of three or four days. This would mean that we must work rapidly from now on to finish Cagayan recordings in order to make our engagements in the academies at Kiangan and Lubuagan before the school term closed. Yet it was hard to think of turning west again to leave the borderline of the Negritos without a message prepared for them. We knew that their jungle intelligence service would broadcast the news far and wide if such a thing as a talking box speaking Negrito words should ever come to them. We had learned that they (as is true of most pagans) had a marked eagerness to know about God, and it seemed that the very stones would be compelled to cry out the tidings so available to them, and yet so inaccessible. These people pursued a way of life which made them almost impossible to reach adequately

except by such a phenomenon as "stones crying out"[1]—could this be records telling the story over and over again?

Having at last finished the Itawes recordings in Tuguegarao we set out for Ilagan, our last town in the valley. And our visit here would be brief because scripts had been sent ahead of time and prepared carefully by a well-educated Christian, Mrs. Maggay, who would be recording in Ibanog, another Cagayan Valley language.

* * *

It was around noon by the time our studio was set up in Mrs. Maggay's little parlor in Ilagan. Recordings had just been postponed for awhile (how long I could not know) and I sat down and began to scribble a little note home. Too weary to hunt for a decent piece of stationery, I began to write on little slips of note paper from my purse. Alone for a time in this little Filipino house by the side of one of Ilagan's two or three streets, my thoughts began to talk in ink.

Ilagan
March 9, 1950

Dear Jinny,

I'm sitting in a native house on the side of a hill; after a three- or four-hour trip from Tuguegarao, crossing two ferries and many would-be bridges. We always know there will be a toll of one peso at least if the bridge is very bad. This trip, all the tolls were one peso, and two pesos for ferry.

We arrived in the intense heat of the day—just puffing. And after several inquiries found the home we were searching for. You just can't imagine one of these little towns in the dust! I parked in the hot sun—no shade. The car gets so hot that you nearly faint when you open it. My accordion reeds are rattling around in the case as

1. From a letter from Filipino pastor:
"Our needs are records, records, records. So I beseech you, don't fail to supply our desire for the Lord's words are fulfilled, 'stones crying out!'"

the wax has melted. Then after climbing the steep ladder stairs into the little house (this one has wooden floors instead of rock-a-by bamboo), we soon decided to go down again to set up equipment and lug everything out. Out—the five-gallon gasoline can, the oil can, the water-proof canvas, the typewriter, until finally we got to the things we wanted—the heavy tape recorder and generator. Then we repacked in the trunk all the stuff we didn't wish to use.

The next struggle was trying to crank the generator. Discovering that we had lost our rope and handle, we had to improvise something. Oh, the sun was beating down so hot! I could watch Ann's bare arms turn red with sunburn in a few minutes. (No soda fountain or refrigerator here!) We improvised a crank but it didn't work just right and I cranked until I almost fainted (but soon revived!). Ann tried again several times until someone found a man who came to our rescue and, with his good muscle, was able to make it go.

You can't imagine how we felt to have that "chug-chug-chug" quit coughing and begin a steady "chug-chug-chug." Because, up until this day, we had not been able to make it go at all—not since Laoag, I believe.

We climbed up into the house of our kindly little hostess, Filipina Mrs. Maggay. We had brought up the Echo-tape recorder, the mike and stand, extension cords, transformer and plugs; and Mrs. Maggay's Ibanog scripts were already prepared. We were all set to record, when I heard in Mrs. Maggay's meticulous English,

"An emergency has come about and I must go across town to do an errand."

Our hearts nearly sank but we knew it was one of the "all things," and Ann cheerfully offered to take Mrs. Maggay in the car to speed up matters. I trust they will hurry back while the generator is still going; you know it hasn't been working for some time. We were going to leave it in Laoag but thought better of it.

Experiences in Tuguegarao were trying because of equipment troubles and our heavy colds—but Jinny, *we*

are rejoicing with singing in our hearts for God's care and blessings and love for the hard things too. Still glad we came!

I see Ann is coming back now. You should see the way the children jump around to see the spectacle of an American woman.

The letter had to stop abruptly, and in the next instant I was to learn the real reason why the children showed such excitement. But first I should let Ann tell you what befell them on their errand to town! This is just as she told it to me hours later in a whisper as we lay on our cots sleepless with excitement on account of the most red-lettered miracle of our whole lives!

"Just call me, Bring-'em-back-alive Sherwood!" Ann exclaimed, and then calmed down to tell me the story.

"On our way back, I asked Mrs. Maggay the question that had been goading me ever since we had arrived in Ilagan. 'Does your husband ever have Negritos around? We are very anxious to record their language.'

"She said, 'Yes, they come in from Palanan, a five-day walk, every two or three weeks. Quite a few of them were here on Sunday, bringing the Mayor's baggage. Too bad you were not here then! But they have gone back now.'

"Another woman was in the car with us, and she spoke to Mrs. Maggay in Ibanog and Mrs. Maggay replied in English: 'Oh yes, he might know someone, Miss Sherwood, just stop right here.' I pulled to the curb, and right there, sitting in a chair in front of the shop was the man she had in mind. He was a little old fellow, quite toothless but peppy, and he jumped to the car to talk in a pleased way. In a moment he turned on his heel and disappeared, leaving me wondering. Mrs. Maggay said nothing. In not more than two shakes of a lamb's tail, he returned and following him as sprightly as a young pup was a teen-age fellow, late teens maybe, a fellow clothed modestly and beautifully in the richest dark-brown velvet skin I

ever saw—nothing else but a bright red cloth around his waist, his auburn-brown hair in corkscrews about a quarter of an inch across and about an inch long. His alert brown eyes sparkled as he tried to wedge his way into our packed car. Mrs. Maggay explained that Mr. Gonzales, the old man, would be glad to come to her house to help us with the Palanan language. Mr. Gonzales turned out to be the uncle of the mayor of Palanan and a relative of Mrs. Maggay's.

"I poked around in the back of the car until I could make a place for two small brown feet, and our brown carved statue slipped gracefully in, bent over so he could stand without hitting his head, and I let the seat back to see if it would crush him. It didn't, so we moved over and made room for the old man to sit with us on the front row. I was going to get us all to the house, or bust!"

* * *

I had stopped writing as soon as I heard the commotion on the porch, and had looked up just as Mrs. Maggay entered the room. "Miss Ridderhof," she announced in her quiet cultured voice and matter-of-fact tone, "we have found a Negrito."

"A *Negri*—!" I screamed, but slapping my hand over my mouth just in time—for there he stood—woolly-headed, wide-eyed, four-foot athlete in dark brown with a red G-string! A real live Negrito!!

But what will we do with him now, I thought? It was obvious that we could not talk to one another. And who would be able to interpret? I was right in guessing that the little Negrito knew only his Palanan language.

It was at this moment that I noticed Mr. Gonzales who had entered the room just behind the Negrito. (Our Negrito had a name, by the way, which turned out to be Jose Infiel.) Ann came in just behind Mr. Gonzales, and the situation was clarified. Mr. Gonzales, a twenty-year resident of Palanan under-

stood both Palanan Negrito and Ibanog, although he could not speak English. Our hostess, Mrs. Maggay would bridge the gap between English and Ibanog.

Ann turned on the recorder. The generator was chugging happily out on the street a safe distance from the mike. Our volume indicator (the green eye) was not working, so we made a few preliminary tests to the excruciating bewilderment of our "big-game" Negrito. Keeping the recorder going, we proceeded with the exciting task ahead of us. It was to relay thoughts (without dropping the ball or frightening our midget stranger at the important end of the line!)—first a simple idea expressed in English, then through Mrs. Maggay in Ibanog to Mr. Gonzales, and from Mr. Gonzales through Palanan to the Negrito who spoke loudly his own Negrito into the mike.

Jose Infiel sat on a low stool where I could watch his reactions to the fantastic mystery of this experience. Each time a sentence would be played back, he sat still and rigid as he heard the English, the Ibanog, and the Palanan. But when he heard his own voice burst out, greatly magnified by the amplifier he threw himself backward until his head touched the floor, and laughed convulsively as though his little body could not contain the emotions of surprise, bewilderment, delight, and incredulity that struck him all at once. He did not laugh because of simple amusement, but because it was his only way of expressing the shock of such strange happenings. We had to check back over every sentence to make careful note of the content, and in the dozens and dozens of times that we did so, Jose never failed to throw himself backward and laugh as though he would die.

We wondered, of course, what he understood of all this; for as we checked backward along the same line of interpretation—from Infiel Negrito, to Gonzales Negrito, to Gonzales Ibanog to Maggay Ibanog, to Maggay English the result as it came back to us was something like this.

HOW BECOME SON GOD[2]

Chief of Sky (God) He who made sky and earth and all in it, He send already message to all people of world. Message this in bundle of leaves they call "bundle of leaves what God (Chief of Sky) says" (Bible), and it tells how Chief of Sky give Son His, He has only one son, come to earth receive punishment of sins ours. He love us very much until He die on tree tied crosswise so that we not receive punishment in wicked village down below, place of fire and torment forever.

Have only one Chief of Sky and He is three. Just as if you are one, but you have body, soul, and spirit, even so Chief of Sky is one. He is Chief of Sky, Father ours, Chief of Sky the Son, and Chief of Sky the Holy Spirit (spirit shadow good belong Chief of Sky). Chief of Sky says all people respect and honor Him and only Him. Whoever receive Jesus as one who saves from sin he become child Chief of Sky. He also say: "Believe on Chief spirit Yesu Krist and you will be loosened." If you believe on Him and receive Him in heart you become child Chief of Sky, and He will become Father yours who lives in good village in sky. He will help you with all troubles and difficulties. You can talk to Him as to friend you love very much, and your heart will be filled with peace and joy. He will give His Holy Spirit (spirit shadow good belong Chief of Sky) live in your heart, and you will desire obey Him. You will turn around leave all your evil ways and works and you will do only good work. When you die, you will enter immediately into the good village in the sky and live with Him forever, in that place there is all pretty and happy.

Perhaps you think, "I desire believe on Chief Spirit Yesu Krist, but I know not how." Chief of Sky say in bundle of leaves His: "One believes with heart, with mouth one announces." You believe right now, no? You believe Yesu take receive punishment your sin on tree tied

2. "How to Become God's Child." A literal native translation of the script, by Mrs. Gordon Smith.

crosswise, and you believe He die and came to life again in order loosen (save) you. Now you announce it. You speak this with your lips. You say to Chief of Sky, "According to what you say, I know I am person sinful, but I believe Yesu Krist die because of my sins, and I receive Him now as one who loosens me now, only He can loosen me."

Time you do this way, your sins receive pity, and you become already child Chief of Sky, because you believe in heart your, and you announce with lips yours. Now you can be happy and say good to Father your in good village in sky, because He make you already His child. And you will desire announce, "I receive already Yesu Krist, one who loosens me. He wash already my heart with blood valuable His and I loose already."

Now, how you know? Because words Chief of Sky say. It say, "Whoever receive Yesu, He give power become child Chief of Sky, whoever believe name His."

If is trusting Jesus, the heart of you be told to God by you these thoughts: "I am one who sins. But believe I that died for the sins of me, Jesus Christ. Am turning I now from evil ways. Will worship I only to Jesus. Is Saviour He to me."

Is the answer of God to you, "Be happy because you are now the child of Me, because, became your sacrifice, Jesus for sin."

Know you, are true these words because tells them to us, the message of God, the Bible. Tells us this, the Bible; "gives the honor, God, to become the Children of God, to all people receiving Jesus."[3]

* * *

Just before our real Negrito left us, we received another sentence through Gonzales which told us:

"These ladies must have come from *Heaven* to bring us this message!"

The miracle of Negrito recordings had been, not only Jose

[3] This entire message is only one side of a record.

Infiel, but Mr. Gonzales. Without the latter, we could have done nothing, and we later discovered that his Negrito was good enough to allow us to have him make several more recordings that same afternoon, after which they both left immediately for their long trek home.

That night we resorted to another studio in the little Methodist church where it was possible to plug our equipment into an outlet from the town generator which ran only at night. Here Mrs. Maggay with the help of some young people from the church completed a beautiful collection of Ibanog records in song and story; and here too, a night later, Mr. Gonzales' own daughter made recordings. She and Ann translated two little gospel songs into Palanan. These together with two new messages were added to the Negrito set of this memorable day.

A few weeks later, Ann listened to Jose's record with the ears of an editor, and in preparing his words for a finished record she had to make one hundred and fifty splices for one four-minute side of a record!

* * *

One day soon Spotty's newest "wings" will carry the little discs and their talking boxes over the Eastern ranges and down out of the skies to bring the message of Heaven to the tiny people dressed in dark-brown velvet skin.

They will look up to greet it as at other times ready with their gifts of bananas, and as its great noise becomes quiet and it glides out of the sky and skims across the beach landing, its big wind-blades slowing to a dead stop, the little brown folks will run out to surround the strange bird of the gods. But they will not suspect that this time the bird carries a gift for *them* which can remain among them. One which can be taken into the very heart of their native campings, and the exclusive circle of their open fires at night. The box may look alien like the metal bird which brought it out of Heaven to them, but the talking is their own—their very own; and it will not

tire in telling them over and over and over again the same words.

"Words Chief of Sky say: 'Whoever receive Yesu, He give power become child Chief of Sky, whoever believe name His.'"

TEN

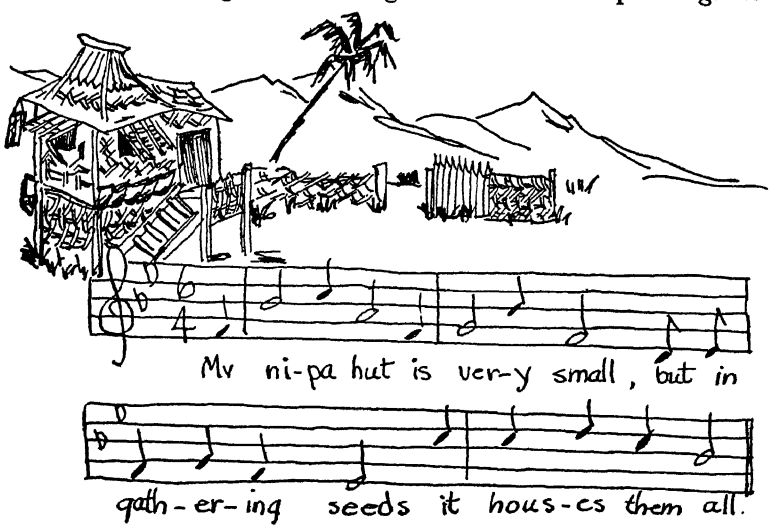
SONGS OF THE RICE TERRACES

And when the planting time has come . . .

DO YOUR PEOPLE like music?"

"We have songs," Gaspar replied, "but I cannot say that music is heard, for we have no music." Gaspar was one of the Ifugao school boys in the Kiangan academy choir, and his ears had learned to differentiate between native chants and "music."

What fun to be at school among the Ifugaos! We loved to hear the academy choir singing their own song of "Home Sweet Home"—a picture of home in thatched nipa, and of a shelter for seeds gathered in against the time of planting. It



was "My Nipa Hut," an exquisite sonnet on seed packets preserved for abundance and beauty.

At Kiangen we had also put music in our seed packets of recordings; for each set of records had its gospel songs that could be called *music,* which can now be heard in the mountain villages of the Ifugaos.

> My nipa hut is very small
> But in gathering seeds it houses them all—
> Concemos and Taling, Sequidillas and more—
> Citao, Bateo, Batani—
> And when the planting time has come,
> I can gather them all out of my little home.
> My nipa hut—my mountain home.

We had by now made records which would be like seed packets for many styles and shapes of nipa huts—these would be new seedlings in the garden plots of the Kankanai, Bontoc, Sagada, Benguet, Ilocano, Isnug, Manobo, Ibatan, Itbayat, Ibanag, Palanan, Tinggian, Itawes, Yogad—and here, the Ifugao dialects.

From the large picture window in the dining room of the attractive missionary home of the Gilford Cosselman's in Kiangan, we could look out over billows of mountains as far as we could see. Clouds usually veiled the peaks, and in the shadowed hollows we could imagine villages, villages, villages. Here was a frontier post, a lookout over a vast territory of pagan peoples.

Recording days as guests of the United Church of Christ Mission proved to be a thrilling time for us. In spite of difficulties and delays, and the ever-present pressure of conflict reminding us that we could not take ground from Satan unchallenged, the thought of placing the gospel in *all* of these pagan villages was a goal too glorious for any trial to dim.

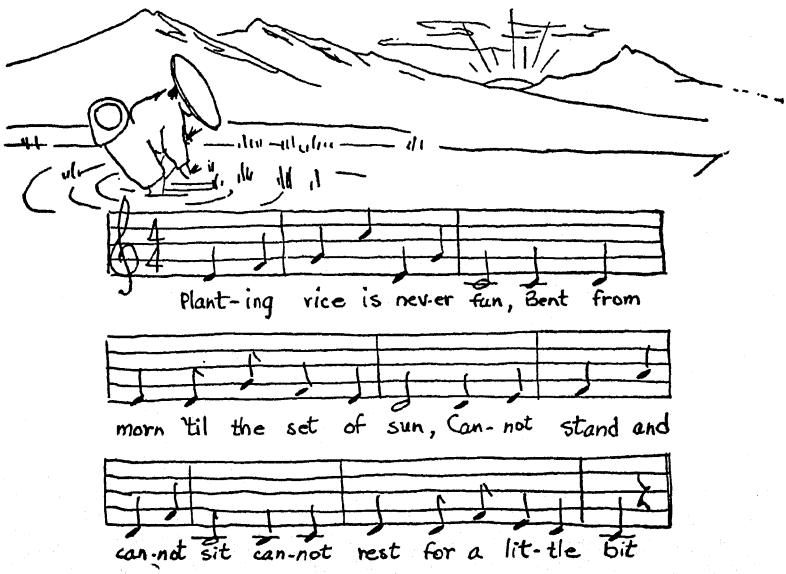
And we were confident that such a dream could be realized with results beyond our imaginations; for here at Kiangan, we were among Christian young people who had come right out

of some of these villages to attend school, and now their faces were alight with the knowledge of Christ; and the contrast between them and the native villager was not merely that of dress, and soap and water.

The academy choir at Kiangan sang the rice planting song for us also. Unaccompanied, they sang in harmony with delightful Waring style variations and their own inimitable English pronunciation, using broad "a's", and "ee's" instead of English "i's."

Planting rice is never fun
Bent from morn till set of sun;
Cannot stand and cannot *seet*
Cannot rest for a *leetle beet.*

We loved the way the basses brought in the steady interminable beat of "planting, planting, planting, planting" beneath the lilting, delightful melody of the stanzas. It is a song of seedtime that captivates the imagination, a picture of unrelenting toil and labor to produce life—for rice is life to



the people. And a picture of mud and beauty; humdrum and vivid color; pain and health, poverty and "pleasant food."

We could not have put it into words, but there was that something about the song of planting that exactly expressed our own experiences in the mountain provinces. For us there was always the glory, the beauty of an unimaginable harvest of souls; and too, there was always the steady, determined, unending struggle to keep at it over wall after wall—planting, sowing seed, until we could gain the top terraces and the end of the road.

The planting song was to become even more significant to us as we left the mission school and began the down grade from Kiangan to Bontoc, because it brought us out onto the famous rice terraces of the Ifugaos which were like grand canyons, smooth drawn and painted in the new green of sprouting rice plants. Our narrow road wound downward from northeast toward the native trade center at Bontoc; and it descended like a tourist trail, winding down through the grandeur of stairs of rice plots built into the steep mountains and held by perpendicular earthen walls twenty centuries old.

Now and again, as we dropped deeper and deeper into the magnificent rice canyons, our telescopic lens caught the planters themselves standing knee deep in water, patiently transplanting the baby rice shoots deep under the muddy pools. There was a woman in a red head-scarf, and men wearing rattan "umbrella" hats.

New songs for the Ifugao mountains would become songs of planting *unto Life everlasting.* "Thou gavest also thy good Spirit to instruct them, and withheldest not thy manna from their mouth" (Neh. 9:20).

PLANTING SONG

Planting rice is never fun,
Bent from morn till set of sun;
Cannot stand and cannot sit,
Cannot rest for a little bit.

When the morning sunbeams break,
You will wonder as you awake
In what muddy neighborhood
There is work in the pleasant food.

Planting rice is no fun,
Bent from morn till set of sun;
Cannot stand, cannot sit,
Cannot rest for a little bit.

Oh, my back is like to break;
All my bones with bending ache;
And my legs are numbed and set
From their long soaking in the wet.

It is hard to feel so poor,
And such sorrow and pain endure—
You must move your arms about,
Or you will surely go without.

ELEVEN

NO TURNING BACK

> Go up . . . as the Lord God of thy fathers hath said unto thee; fear not, neither be discouraged.—Deuteronomy 1:21b

UNDER THE SIGN "Calutit Gate" we read the words, "Traffic to Lubuagan is controlled by block system. The chief dispatcher for Bontoc is located at this gate and complaints should be made to him."

Here we were entering the famous one-way trail that was the Lubuagan Road. "You two—only?" one had quizzed us in astonishment, and then added, "You are very esport!"

"Isn't the road good?" we had asked (knowing already too much hearsay about it).

"The road is all right, but there is many hold-uppers," had come the reply. The way did look mild enough as we turned on to it at the outskirts of Bontoc and noted that the wagon road called Route 98A Highway No. 11 led us up the side of a hill in a most innocent looking fashion. The ruts were dried from yesterday afternoon's downpour that had stalled us on the curving road from Baguio to Bontoc; and just this morning we had called to verify information that the Lubuagan road was still open. There had been a sharp earthquake last night that made us anxious to hear the news that it was clear of landslides and open for travel.

We had planned to go to the Kalinga Academy in Lubuagan, the heart of Mountain Province as soon as we returned from the Ifugao school in Kiangan; but upon arriving in Bontoc

then, one week ago, we learned that the notoriously dangerous one-way Route 98A was closed. And here we heard more pointed descriptions of *that* road. A man who had recently traveled it explained to us how overhanging cliffs, softened by rain or loosened by quakes, have a habit of dropping upon the road without warning. "A huge bank of land dropped just in front of my car," he told us, "and I had to back up around the curves for nearly one mile and finally spent the night on the road. After I did get out, many more cliffs collapsed so that now the way is entirely closed." And as though we were not impressed by this time, with the moods of the Lubuagan trail, a native girl on the Anglican Mission Compound had appeared with the announcement, "Father Umalyan dropped!" (His jeep had gone over the edge of the narrow road from Baguio to Bontoc and crashed to the river bottom at least three hundred feet below. Fortunately he was not injured.) "And," the girl added close upon the shock of her first statement, "the jeep will have to be revised." The jeep, hauled into the back yard of the Anglican Mission, was indeed in great need of revision!

Therefore we had returned to Baguio to wait until word should come that the road was open once more. The school in the capital of the sub-province of Kalinga would be over in three weeks. Hoping not to have a long wait in Baguio, we had been glad to make use of the time by recording a full set of records in *Nabaloi* the language of the Igorots of Benguet. And on Wednesday, March 30, we had gotten the report that the Lubuagan road was open again.

Excited to think of starting out on *this* road, we had hurriedly packed and set out for Bontoc Thursday morning. The day began inauspiciously with our car bucking the hills of Baguio, and we took it once more to a garage to have the carburetor adjusted for more power, before we began the trip. (To use the area vernacular "we were going to treep.") We surmised that our brakes were all right since we had had them worked on a few days before by a mechanic, a driver of

the Dangwa Bus Company. He had driven to Lubuagan many times; and we had hoped that he, being so used to the road, would give us a little encouragement. But he had said, "I know that road, and I know your car, and I want to tell you, never, never, never try to make that trip with this car because you can't," and he had proceeded to tell us why it would be foolish to try.

However, we knew we had to go, and even before actually setting out, there was no turning back from the plain course of duty. The sub-province of Kalinga is an area of fifteen dialects and scores of further dialect differences, spoken by thoroughly pagan mountain people numbering well over seventy-six thousand. The first lap of the journey had been seven hours over the curving, rough, graveled road from Baguio to Bontoc. This was ninety-six miles around the top of a range known to be the longest continuous stretch of road at so high a level in the whole world. A truck going ahead of us had the sign "Toot your horn clearly. We will get over." Yet we were not inclined to want to pass him because, although it was supposedly a two-way road, there was room for only one car in most places; and trucks and buses came swinging around curves to meet us nose to nose—never hearing our horn worn hoarse and thin with honking!

But now, actually on the trail to Lubuagan, we felt very much excited, though not at all fearful. (Not that we were naturally courageous, but because our hearts were calm and our thoughts were kept away from the sloughed-off edges of the road, and the too-near cliffs overhead. Many dear friends were praying for our safe trip over the famous bad road.) We were beginning to climb. As we left behind us our chance to turn back I looked at Ann and said, "Do you realize that we are actually on the road? From now on, there's no turning back!" Now at every turn in the steep up-grade we could look out upon the magnificent green steppes of the Bontoc rice terraces. Again and again we could see a little clump of "mush-

rooms" at the foot of a green cascade. A native village—one and another, and more—scores of them tucked away at the bases of the irrigated terraces.

At Bugnay gate there was only a little shack at the side of the road where a man of official badge and bearing (in the company of many other people) checked, by telephoning to the next gate three or four miles away, to see if any cars had entered from the opposite direction. If not, the way was clear for us to travel on. Thus far, the road had not seemed bad at all, and we were ready to start out again when the gateman spoke to us with great emotion and protest in his voice: "No guide?" Also, the driver of the bus that had stopped here at the same time for water, came over to us and begged us vehemently not to go any farther. "I tell you," he said, "it is too steep, and dangerous too." However, there was nothing we could do but go on, and as we started out, the gateman said to me, "I knew someone like you once, from Massachusetts. She, a Miss like you, and old *too.*"

We had not gone very far when we came upon a wild village close by both sides of the road. Was this the one we had been warned about? There were crowds of scantily clothed people milling about; and when we appeared there were frenzied gesticulations, loud talking, and raucous laughter. Before we knew it, one of them came chasing after us, a native girl, yelling and waving to us. She caught up with us, and holding a stick with a chunk of steaming pork at the end of it, she made us understand that she wanted to get into the car and ride with us. We looked about us at the hostile people. What might happen if we refused? We opened the door and took her in—what a smell the barbecued pork had! We drove on, half frightened, and as soon as anyone saw her with us in the car they would scream with laughter; and I ventured to say to Ann, "Do you like pork?" The girl wore a short tight skirt and blouse, with a turban around her head. She had a funny expression in her eyes, and laughed and giggled hysterically.

We noticed that as soon as I spoke of pork, she put the stick out the window and held it there until eventually she must have dropped it because she did not have it with her when she finally asked us to let her out of the car.

We drove on, climbing up grade, hugging the soft inside banks of the road. It was certainly narrow. Most of the way there was only a foot margin between us and the sheer drop into the Chico river gorge below. We saw nobody for long stretches of second-gear slow pulling; and then two little brown-skinned men appeared on the road ahead of us, carrying a head-hunter spear taller than themselves in one hand, and at the ends of a pole across the other shoulder they carried round, black, gourd-like drums, of water perhaps, or rice, or basi (native rice beer). However, we found that these mountain people gladly returned friendship spoken in the universal language of a smile. All along the way, so far, with the exception of the hot-pork village, we found that friendly greetings answered to friendly greetings with a spontaneity that endeared these people to our hearts.

"One thing I like about these mountain people," I said to Ann, "they are not always cutting each other's throats to get ahead, . . . or, are they!" I thought first of the courtesy and deference toward one another so general throughout the Philippines, and then I had remembered the time we had seen our first close-up of Bontoc or Kalinga tattooing. A woman in only her native skirt had climbed onto the road right in front of our car. Her arms were heavily tattooed and she wore in her long thick hair a strand of beads that were the signs of her worth in caribao. And she was one who would not smile.

"Why do they tattoo their arms like that?" I had asked the young schoolboy hiker whom we had picked up a few minutes out of gate No. 3. He had replied, "Oh, that shows how many people they have killed." We felt very close to history that records the Kalingas as the most warlike of all the tribes of Mountain Province, and noted for their bloody baskets of

heads from neighbor villages, and their frequent weird festivities understood to be "Head cañaos" (cañao in Kalinga country means a feast). It hadn't been but a mile or so since our well-dressed, English-speaking hitch-hiker had said courteously, "This is where I live," and we had stopped in a wilderness to see him get out of the car and climb the thicketed bank and disappear to the little place that would be home to him.

Chugging steadily up the steep grade, now in low gear, we came to another gate where there was a rather large wooden building. Seeing three men looking out of a window, I motioned to them to let me take their pictures but, by the time I had left the car, over a dozen men rushed towards us grabbing their long spears as they came. My camera shook violently, but I managed to smile, and then I realized that they too were friendly even though with quite a flare for the dramatic. They were dressed in the usual costume of the mountains with here and there an additional piece of khaki. On one, it was an army shirt, on another full uniform; and on another a soldier's helmet, but all familiar relics of the Stars and Stripes!

By late afternoon we had gained enough milage to wonder if we were not near to Lubuagan at last. "I cannot say that this road has been so bad," Ann was saying, "but let's stop here Joy; there is still enough light for this." Ann walked gingerly to the right side of the car. There was barely enough road to stand on where the rocky vertical side of the mountain dropped six or seven hundred feet to the winding stream below. The opposite wall of the gorge was close too—we felt hugged in by two massive mountains carved jaggedly in two by one lazy-looking, narrow river. Ann took the camera while I got into the car and drove around the next curve. But this happened to be a soft spot leveled off where a landslide had recently made it impassable. I felt the light Plymouth lunge toward the edge of the road, and Ann held her breath as she

pressed the movie camera. The car stopped inches from the danger point, and then we understood how Father Umalyan had "dropped." We went on our way trembling a little, but glad we did not have much farther to go. We came to another soft place and got safely over it, being careful to keep the gas-feed steady as we sank into the soft dirt.

And then at last, turning a bend in the road, we came to Lubuagan Gate where we could look down below us to the right and see the provincial capital. There were three or four "stateside" buildings in the center of it. They must be the buildings of the Kalinga Academy, its classrooms, dormitories, and missionary home. And all around were clustered the close-together thatched roofed nipa houses of a native Kalinga village!

We started downgrade toward the town of Lubuagan. It had taken five and a half hours to travel forty miles. The gold of the late afternoon sun was lighting up the sky and rimming the peaks of the ranges beyond us, touching the liquid green of the rice terraces not far away, and falling in shafts of light upon the auburn village below us. Suddenly, against the grandeur of this we saw a native Kalinga standing as erect as the long spear beside him, his native blanket around him. He put up his hand to give us the usual hearty greeting and stood there in a shaft of light, his beautiful bronze body so perfect, itself the marvelous creation of God. We were to see in these dearly beloved people a certain golden character—of honesty, loyalty, forthright courage and manhood, and of native integrity that would make us covet them even more for the folds of true Christianity. They would have much to give to their own country and even to the world outside.

Then we found ourselves safely in Lubuagan, and among new missionary friends. Seated at the supper table in the Academy dining room were Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, Miss Lottie Spessard, Gladys Ebersole and Lucille Espenshade. "How did you know," Mr. Fisher said to us, "that this was the one

day in the year that it does not rain! When I heard that you were coming up in a regular 1941 Plymouth, I wondered if you would make it. If it had rained you couldn't have done it."

My *thanksgivings* for these two days numbered sixty items, not omitting the lunch basket given us by Margaret Collins as we left Baguio, the windfall of mail we received before leaving, the gift from a friend in the States that paid our hotel bill in Bontoc, and the large bush of gardenias outside our window here at Lubuagan where we would be at home for a week. The fragrance of gardenia deflected the otherwise native air of the Kalinga village. We had a "private" studio in an upstairs room of the school, and found that Christian students out of the mountain villages had done excellent preparation on their dialect scripts, and were eager to record.

We felt the throbbing pathos of village life around us; the need, stark and desperately eager, earnest, full of fears and longings; the age-old questions yet unanswered. Could we help them? We felt them asking, beseeching, full of yearning to know. We were among people who knew life in the toil and heat of the rice terraces. They were the planters, and theirs was the sighing of those words

> It is hard to be so poor,
> And such sorrow and pain endure.
> You must move your arms about
> Or you will find you must go without.

And when we recorded (usually in the evenings), we were conscious that a village was hushed and on tiptoe to listen to the amplifier playing back the precious words full of answers in their own tongue. Many crowded into the room where we worked; and outside below the open windows they stood in quiet groups to listen to the long-ago story put sometimes like this (a paragraph near the close of the record):

> . . . These were the thoughts of Gaspar, long ago, after Jesus had been crucified. Suddenly, someone came running

toward him. "Have you heard the good news?" he cried, "Jesus has risen! He is no longer in the grave. We have seen Him and He has talked with us!"

I looked at the audience listening, the native Kalingas; and then I looked at the radiant young lad who spoke the translation into the microphone. What a difference! Yet the *only* difference was that the boy knew the Saviour now and the others did not. Our hearts felt the cry of the need about us and its echo throughout the hundreds of villages out in the shadowed crevasses of the mountains.

In the dark, silent hours of the night here in Lubuagan we would begin to hear the drumming of the native *ganzas* and know that people were worshiping the demon spirits that plague all pagans. We could hear the chanting, and the *ganzas* quickening in tempo, long into the night. Now and then a shriek leaped out above the beating like a wild flame, hot-fueled by native *basi* (rice alcohol). This was the weird, plaintive cry of souls in darkness groping after peace.

And then we thought of these same people, their faces brightening with pathetic eagerness as they listened to the first recordings from which their records would be cut. "Our people will love it," the students declared excitedly; "they will marvel when they hear voices in their own language coming out of a box." And we knew they *would*. From another place we had heard about the coming of the phonograph and gospel records to a village: "It is better than a fiesta, they make happiness in a town!" Oh, Kalinga mountains, break forth into *singing!* How different this "happiness in a town" would be from the shrieking *cañaos* we were hearing now!

"Would you like to make a record in the Kalinga peace-pact language?"

Learning that this was the classical ballad form which carried with it the high esteem of culture and prestige among the G-stringers, we made plans for two sides of a record to be done

in the peace-pact language. It was not melodious, and to our ears it sounded very strange, like a gutteral palsy of utterances that stretched out vowels and scalloped up and down with quivering unevenness. Yet when we were playing back this particular recording (softly because we needed to be free from crowds of onlookers), there was an instant alerting of the village. Somehow, many had heard, and the doorways close-lining the lanes outside were filled with inquisitive villagers. Large groups of people appeared from every direction and crowded the room and court below to hear. This was a form of speech almost sacred to them and always carried with it the authority of Kalinga nobility. The ballad we recorded was about the peace-pact made between the Merciful One and mankind to whom He offered peace through the Saviour Jesus. To our ears it registered in sounds like:

> Banannaa-a-a wan bana-a-a ba: Adi cadoway cad ta-a-a dinawat da Malican Apon di-i-i panggalac ta-a-a - dalam senon dongngooo-onda so soo-onod con kaling-ng-ng a . . .

But today at the trail's end in the heart of Mountain Province, the Kalingas are listening to the Divine peace-pact. Playing its eight minutes (on two sides of a record) over and over, they listen for hours at a time; and there is no turning back from its message. News comes to us, "My people are enchanted with the peace-pact ballad. They are hearing it every day."

TWELVE

TO THE KALINGAS—
A PEACE-PACT BALLAD

That bringeth good tidings, that
publisheth peace! —Nahum 1:15.

Where can I find peace, Kalinga people?
Where in the earth, or in the sky, or
In my heart?

I find it not along Kalinga warpaths,
Nor in our *cañaos* to please the evil spirits;
It is not with the angry gods of thunder,
The spirits of the high winds, and
The raging storms.
Peace is not with the black ghosts of night,
Not with the spirits of hidden places or
Shadows of a sacred tree.
Peace never comes from our ancestor spirits
Looking with an evil eye
To find out guilt. Sending fever to a little child
To kill the living, casting fear upon them,
Sending peace far away from us.

But listen to my words,
Kalinga people.
Listen closely while I talk to you
Of Peace.

There is a place where you may find it.
Look up into the vast blue space above us.
Peace is with the Great God—
The Ruler of the sky,

The Ruler of the earth as well.
He makes the clouds, the winds, the thunder and the lightning.
These are not gods;
They are His works.
God made them all.

Think of the Great and
Good God.
Do not continue saying,
"He is always good, therefore
We need not bother
About Him.
We must concern ourselves only with those
Evil ones who plan
To do us harm."

Think of this, my people. You have never found
The place of peace.
Where is it?
And I tell you that you find it but
In God.
He has the gift of peace
For every man.
"But He always seems so far from us!" you say.
"He seems a stranger and
We feel ashamed,
For in our *hearts* are evil spirits too!—
The sudden rage of anger and
Of hate,
A hot thirst to kill
Our enemies; the dark surge of envying and
Strife when another seizes the treasure that
We wanted for ourselves.
There is an evil spirit in the *basi* that we drink,
But we love it;
We must drink it;
And our native gods that torture us,
They will have it so!
But Chief,

Sometimes we long so much for peace.
We *would* turn away from evil
If we could,
To find *it*. Where is it,
Did you say?"

Hear me then, my people, while I speak to you
In sacred peace-pact language.
And let your hearts
Listen.
You have never heard before the story
Of the gift of Peace
That is in the heart of God,
Offered without a price
To all of us.

* * *

In the beginning earth and heaven were made
When God created them: ere all things were—
He made the sky,
The earth, the land and oceans, and He made
The Day, the Night
When there was first an evening and a morning
In the world.
And God caused the lights of Heaven to appear—
The sun,
Moon
And stars;
For days,

Months
And years and
For times and seasons.
Then God filled the heavens with fowls of the air.
He filled the seas with living creatures.
The earth He filled
With cattle and with beasts and creeping things.
He made all life
Of sky and sea and earth
To produce and multiply after its own kind,

Each with its seed within itself—
And it was all very good.

But God said,
"Let us make man in our image
After our own likeness,
And let them have dominion
Over all the creatures of the earth."
So God created man in His own image—
In the image of God He created him;
Male and female He created them.
And He called their name Adam.
The man He called Adam,
The woman was named Eve.
God breathed into them the breath of life and man became
An ever-living spirit.
Man was a living soul within a perfect body for his home
Upon the earth.
Adam was made a son of God to give back
To His Creator
The worship of his soul,
For all the wonder of
Creation,
All the works of God's hands.

* * *

And then a day came when the man, the woman,
Allowed the voice of evil to beguile them.
"Do not believe now that the Great God loves you.
Even on this day He is withholding the secrets of
Your wisdom and your pleasure.
Never fear to disobey this One.
He is not true.
You will not die."
The evil presence in a form of
Beauty
Came first to Eve, the woman, and
She disobeyed the words of God.
Then Adam, seeing she had sinned,

Chose for himself
To follow her,
Doing the same thing.
Eve and Adam felt ashamed together
When the light within their spirits
Dimmered out.
They tried to run away from
Darkness,
But they learned that it fell
Deepest within their sinful hearts.
God no longer smiled with joy upon them.
They felt dead to Him
And far away.
They did not like to think
Of Him.
And turned away to follow the evil that had
Newly won their hearts.

Adam was the father of all people, and
Eve the mother of all human kind;
Like them are the hearts
Of every people.
All men and women turn naturally away,
Following their own hearts,
Forgetting about God.
God cried out after Adam, saying
"Adam,
Adam, where are you?"
But God had to punish them—the man, the woman.
Yet He loved them still, for
He loves all people everywhere,
Calling them
To return to Him.
And God has made an offering of peace
For all our evil doings.
He has come to seek us, and to save.
He came to earth to save us long ago and
Born on earth,
A Son of man,

God lived among His people and His name is
Jesus.
Forevermore He lives—this Jesus God.
Although He came to die for sins,
A sacrifice,
Yet risen from the dead, He now is
Mightily saving to the uttermost
All them that come to God
By way of Him.
And when we were yet enemies to God,
Jesus-God
Died to bear away our guilt,
Making peace for us with God. Now all who are
Afar from Him can be brought
Near to God,
In the arms of His love,
Into the doors of His home,
By the precious sacrifice
Of Jesus-God—

Jesus, wounded for our disobedience,
Bruised for our practice of wrongdoing.
The punishment necessary to our peace has fallen
Upon Him in our stead.
All we like sheep have strayed away
From God and
Turned aside
To our own darknesses; yet God has placed
Upon His Son, our Jesus-God,
The sum of our transgressions,
Offering to us in Jesus,
A Saviour
If we receive Him
To worship,
To trust and to believe.
He is our Peace and our
Strength,
Standing for us against all the
Powers of the Evil One.

THIRTEEN

GIVE US SOMETHING

Send . . . unto them for whom nothing is prepared.—Nehemiah 8:10.

ON OUR RETURN to Bontoc we traveled the Lubuagan trail again. This time the wild village close by the road proved too tempting to my camera. I could not pass it by. Not sensing hostility in the site just twenty yards away from our parked car, I had just focused the Bontoc *barrio* when they rushed at me, all the group of half-clothed women with tattooed arms, distorted faces, disheveled thick black hair. I could not wait the instant it would have taken to click the camera, but I plunged toward the car with the pack of them closing in upon me fast in a deafening gutteral, "Geev-os-somding, geev-os-somding, geev-os-somding." It was a mad chase lasting a very long and fearful minute, before I finally reached the car inches ahead of the dozen wives of the head-hunters. Charging into the car, I slammed myself in, but not in time to escape the frenzy of bold arms and scrawny hands clawing at us, jamming the open windows. Ann, racing the engine, could not pull away under the impact of the swarm scratching and pounding as they shouted, "Geev-os-somding!" Then we realized the vivid drama of English syllables in the imperative mood.

"Give us something! Give us something! Give us something!"

Trying to lay my hand upon some givable object before we

should be torn apart, I snatched frantically at bundles on top of our pile of luggage in the back seat, and I managed to grab a small carton filled with little match boxes.

"Matches!" I shouted, and squirmed around to fling the carton at the claws tearing at my blouse.

"Majeez, majeez!" They took up the cry, and with a yell turned away to crush into a huddle upon the woman clutching the booty.

Roaring away in low gear, we left them yowling at one another, and although we had not taken a picture of them, we would never forget the sight and sound of heathen lips repeating, "Give us something!" The sentence branded itself upon our very souls in letters burning with urgency.

"Give us something!" And we had only given them "majeez." We could not make them understand a word we could speak to them, and of course the Ilocano tracts we carried with us would have meant nothing to them. They had wanted so little—just things, and only those things which were within primitive capacities to appreciate: matches, trinkets, cloth, weapons. But how much they needed! So much that it seemed as though it were everything, even in just the material and physical categories—medicines, sanitation, and all the tools necessary to civilization. But they could not receive these good things—not until the *Aniot* and *Tinmengau* (Igorot spirit gods) allowed. I shuddered to think of the suffering inflicted upon these poor people by the ways of animistic religion, the awful practices accompanying their rites of passage—of birth, adulthood, marriage, and fatal illness. Spirit worship and not essential dullness had built walls around them shutting out a better life. Was it foolish to give people like this a phonograph and records talking their own dialect? For an instant I felt chilled, facing up to such a question. What would be the result, the response among such people?

My experiences as a missionary in Honduras had taught me

that the evangel was primary, basic, because it alone could shatter the walls around the imprisoned souls of the people and bring the renaissance that would affect every phase of existence. But without this there could be no permanent good; never any indigenous improvement unless it could come from the inner life,—the wills and driving incentives of the people themselves.

But at this time, to our great encouragement, there came a letter of proof from the laboratory of experimental use of records among a tribe in Mexico just as primitive as this Bontoc Igorot village. Ann and I remembered the first native recordings in *Tseltal,* made under great difficulties during our trip to Mexico. The records had been previously prepared for by the years of prayer and sacrifice of those missionaries of the Wycliffe Bible Translators who had pitched their tents among the people. They had left comfortable homes in the States to go out and live in an Indian tribe, and to spend long tedious hours with an informant, struggling to translate, word by word, the New Testament into the language of the Indians. Our Gospel Recordings work had been set up to strengthen the hands of pioneers such as these, and of missions around the world. We hoped that the native records could help by talking loudly to the tribal villagers—to bring light to their minds, food to their souls, and gladness singing to their hearts.

We had felt a part of all groups helping to make, and use, and distribute the records, and we knew that in the fairest analysis, they were a part of us. Without them, Gospel Recordings Incorporated would have small reason to exist, and with our facilities, they could multiply a thousand-fold the ministries of an evangelist, a teacher, a comforting pastor, story-teller, and caroler of sacred songs.

We had seen an article appearing in Wycliffe's news bulletin, *Steam from the Kettle,* which was entitled, "The Song of the Lord Begins among the Tseltals." But now the thrilling

figures of Marianna Slocum's article had increased from seventy to four hundred believers through letters written a few months later. The great news came to Ann and me this time through our own Gospel Recordings news bulletins in which Doris Gibson had quoted these letters:

Dear Friends in Christ:

We can't begin to put into words all the blessing the Lord has brought to hearts here through the gospel records in Tseltal!

A year ago there wasn't one believer in this area of the tribe, until one of the Indians from another part of the tribe brought his victrola and gospel records a day over the trail . . .

Five families believed as soon as they heard the story of our Lord . . .

Throughout the summer those five families took the victrola and gospel records we left with them, and went from hut to hut, and began gathering together on Sundays—with only the victrola to teach them! Until today there is a congregation of over four hundred here who really love their new-found Saviour!

What was our surprise when we first set foot here last fall to find that countless of the Indians knew the Tseltal hymns—the victrola had taught them to them! And knew how to pray—the victrola had taught them!

Just today two more of the little victrolas have been taken off by believers to other huts where God's Word has never gone.

And we can't begin to count the number of those who have heard for the first time in their lives about the Lord Jesus through the records *you* made for us.

So accept our thanks and the thanks of each of the believers here, together with the little offering of thirty dollars in checks enclosed with this letter.

The believers here, possessing nothing but faith in the Lord, have also taken an offering which they give that

others may hear about the living and true God, as they have heard, through records!

Sincerely yours in Him we love,
Marianna Slocum
Florence Gerdel

The following enclosure was a translation of the letter from the leader of the Tseltal congregation and it reads as follows:

Our Brethren who are in the United States:

I greet your hearts very much, in the name of our Lord God. We are truly brethren in God. We have the same Father, we have the same God, we have the same Creator. We thank God that He loves us so much. Our hearts are full of joy because of it. Therefore we give you our gift to God, because we love one another very much in the Lord. My brethren, *here is your gift from us, just a hundred pesos.* We are full of joy that we have heard the Word of God. All of us who have believed in God, every Sunday we sing together, every Sunday we gather together here. Our hearts are full of joy because of the Word of God, so we give thanks to God. This is your greeting from us. Marianna Slocum and Florence Gerdel are our sisters in the Lord, we love them very much.

President: Juan Lopez Mucha
Secretary: Francisco Nimail
Treasurer: Alonzo Lopez Mucha

* * *

And it was in Bontoc that we discovered an interpreter for the *Bangad* dialect of the wild village and made careful plans to have these records delivered to the natives who had shouted, "Give us something."

FOURTEEN

RAGGED EDGE

But he would put strength in me.—Job 23:6

OUR ROOM in the little hotel of Bontoc had windows looking out upon the spring rice terraces, glistening palm leaves, and river below, where graceful little Bontoc women in bright skirts and bare feet carried their burdens up and down the steep banks and narrow lanes.

I immediately went to bed under the numb pressure of throbbing head and chest and intermittent fever and chills. A part of me seemed almost submerged by the intense weariness descending upon me. I could no longer struggle against it. "Ann," I heard my other self admitting at last, "I am sick, terribly sick." And I was. Sleep simply engulfed me for most of our several days in Bontoc. But when there were little misery isles of consciousness, I wrote to the staff at home—always a sense of relief came with that pastime; and sometimes I prayed for Ann and the number of Bontoc dialects she had on hand to record.

I took pleasure in writing home! "Yes, I have taken good care of myself. These are some of the medicines I have submitted myself to in the last twelve days: streptolin (for amoeba), sulpha, aspirin, injections, quinine injections, aralen and kerosene. I have done little but sleep here in Bontoc—so please don't say 'Take care of yourself.'"

But in spite of all the treatment and the dragging along at minimum cost in effort, I knew I was getting no better; and

a whisper persisted in my ear, saying, "This is the end of your Philippine recordings. You'll have to give up and return home. Remember Honduras? This was what happened. You could not go back. You were ill for three years—most of the time a semi-invalid. This is the finish. Only one-fourth, but it will be all."

My only answer was the Scripture that came to mind at the time. Even King Darius wrote of our God, "He is the living God, and steadfast forever, and his kingdom shall not be destroyed, and his dominion shall be even without end. He delivereth and rescueth, and he worketh signs and wonders. He is Daniel's God" (Daniel 6:26). That is the way I remembered it from the half-hour Ann and I had spent quizzing ourselves on the passage. And now my thoughts could pillow upon it, serene and at rest.

But I could feel our Apollyon at us now, as persistent as ever. It was the same conflict in a new arena. How clearly and unmistakably we had perceived the battle all along, and it had just happened that once in a while the going was smooth. There had been "lyers (liars) in wait" all around us—either of rumors about the Huks, bad weather, equipment trouble, discouragement about the way before us, irritations, sickness, or delays caused by an oversight or mistake. Then there were the back-breaking little straws of interruptions, noises, and long waiting upon small chores; and sometimes all of these things had combined against us. We were *scarcely* getting these records made; barely enough electric power, enough time, enough strength. *We were always on the "ragged edge of nothing; on the threshold of everything."*

Bontoc had its thresholds for us too. There was Betty our Hiawatha-type mountain girl from Lubuagan. She had come to Bontoc after school had closed and here she was, with time to give us more Kalinga messages and excellent hymns. I loved to hear Betty singing her own dialect translations of "I heard the Voice of Jesus Say," "What a Friend We Have in Jesus,"

and "I Love to Tell the Story." They were beautiful! The thrill of sending them out!

We were so attracted to these mountain people. Here at Bontoc they would come in—someone to record, bringing eight of his friends! And all along the hotel stairs and into the street beneath our window many would come and sit for hours, listening as recordings were made and played back in their dialects. Some of the young people were now going back to their villages with the dream of saving their money to buy a phonograph, and of evangelizing their people with it. They told us that many were eager to hear the message; but so few were ready to go out and clearly explain it to them. These young people were fine, smart, ambitious, and yet so humble and so earnestly hungry for every new morsel of teaching.

* * *

A Newsboard in Baguio and in Bontoc had posted these words:

MISS RIDDERHOF AND SHERWOOD MISSING IN MT. PROVINCE. CONSTABULARY SOLDIERS SENT OUT TO SEARCH FOR THEM

Baguio was unusually "jittery" at this time because of the recent tragedy at Kilometer ninety which we passed en route from Bontoc to Baguio. Quite a distance off the road from this place two anthropology professors from Georgia had been beheaded. And in the Baguio vicinity and as far south as Manila, the Huks were on a rampage, burning entire villages. It was later discovered, however, that the American professors had not been killed by Huks, but by natives who had been afraid of them with their unshaven heavily bearded faces that, in an Igorot's viewpoint, did not betray any token of friendliness. The natives themselves were panicky too about the Huks, having only a vague idea of what they might look like.

But the news that we were missing spread abroad in Bontoc, Baguio, Manila—and many friends, hearing the report, gave

us the benefit of their more concentrated prayers which we especially needed at this critical time.

So it was that we entered Baguio unprepared for the enthusiastic reception that awaited us (although our appearance in Bontoc had recalled the constabulary and canceled the rumor as false). Nevertheless our Baguio welcome warmed our hearts. On the streets, in the markets, stores, and mechanics shops, in the churches as well as in the homes of our missionary friends—everywhere we felt a loving jubilance over the finding of "that which was lost."

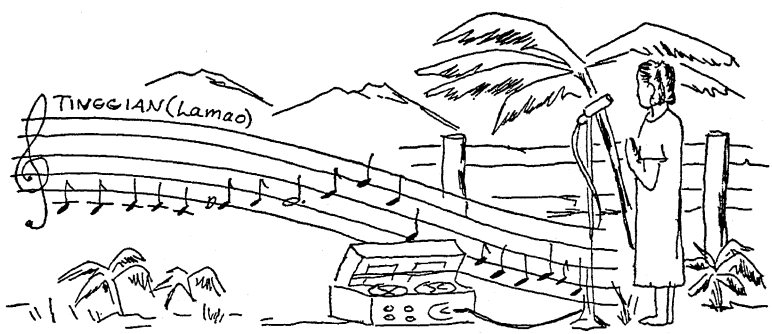
But I was still a horizontal pilgrim most of the time, and I loved the thought of getting back to Manila because, in addition to my malaria-flu-amoeba binge, a dull-throbbing lower jaw predicted some gold bridges ahead preceded by emergency drains upon the aspirin bottle. However, we had yet to go to Bangued for more Tinggian records for the large and needy province of Abra.

We were ready to leave Baguio, and I felt for Ann whose shoulders drooped under the "dead-weight" of a partner who was chronically *non hors de combat.* She had gone downtown to pick up our "movable feast" at the market; and when she returned to the car, who should be standing there but tall, broad shouldered, dependable Bonefacio, our friend. He was our own, the one who belonged to the Honeywell Plymouth in the first place, for he had chauffeured us around Manila many times. We had loved the bright-faced lad from the instant we met him at the Far Eastern Bible School in Manila, and had often wished for his help in this last phase of our Luzon trip; but we thought he had left school long ago for his home town in the province of Abra.

"I had wanted to ride to Abra with you," Bonefacio explained to Ann, "but someone told me you had left Baguio." (We were staying at Tuding in the suburbs at this time.) "But," he added, "I was reluctant to leave the bus station and just waited a while when I suddenly saw your Plymouth

parked here! I immediately took my stand beside it until you returned."

What a help, to Ann especially, to have Bonefacio appear at this moment! And it was not any too soon because as they were on their way back to Tuding the brakes gave out; and it was Bonefacio who lifted our load for us over the last mountains in Luzon. This was true both literally and figuratively, for he not only drove the car for us all the way to Bangued, but he took upon his own shoulders the full responsibility for recordings in the Tinggian dialects. He himself made excellent records, speaking and singing in the main dialect; and he took complete charge of rounding up choice spokesmen for the other Tinggian recordings. One of these was a timid teen-age mountain girl with a nice voice. Bonefacio persuaded her to sing the only hymn ever translated for her people. Its melody was native, plaintive yet with measured rhythm that had in it that sure-footed character so typical of the mountain people themselves. The words were the nearest equivalents to our own "What A Friend We Have in Jesus." The young girl sang, half afraid of the microphone and ready to run away any minute; but the result was clear and effective.



Jesus is our best friend;
He takes away our sins and sorrows;
He loves to have us talk with Him.

Are you weak, due to hardship and suffering of life?
Jesus will help you. Come unto Him;
Jesus is ready to help you.

And we could *know* as she sang them, that these words are true. It had seemed foolish in view of five weeks of illness to try to go on; but I had felt confident that in this case it was the thing we must do *by all means.* And so it came to pass that Bangued, instead of becoming itself an added test of endurance, actually became the place of healing for me. Our dear friends among the Mennonites in the hospital there were able to give me a new medicine (sulphasuxidine), which almost immediately checked the dysentery and brought my fever down to normal; and I could feel myself gaining strength steadily after that. Letters from home, which we received the night we arrived, were optimistic with the assurance of my speedy recovery. The staff had met together for special prayer about it, and this had been the conviction of their faith. And sure enough, my very next letter to them, written without a tinge of fatigue to spoil the pleasure of it, could say:

"I am feeling quite well again. It is wonderful to be on the last lap of work here. However, each experience, though hard at the time, turns out to be so happy and delightful that it doesn't leave us always looking forward to something nicer—except of course, home! That never fails to have a wooing charm. That almost seems too wonderful to be true that we'll be there with all of you again! What an incentive!

"We'll be talking differently when we see you, because here in the Philippines we must learn to say *do not* and never *don't; does not* and never *doesn't,* etc. . . . "

But home was at least three missionary journeys away, for as this one tapered off from Bangued Laoag Santa Maria San Fernando Baguio Manila there would yet be the mountain ranges of Mindoro Palawan Mindanao before home when Christmas came in 1950—maybe!

We got to Baguio expecting to stay a week longer in the mountains, but my toothache hustled us away with our work barely finished; and we found ourselves heading for "home" in Manila to arrive at Honeywell's house at FEBIAS by May 6.

Leaving the steep slopes of the mountains south of Baguio, we looked back upon the ranges heaped into the blue distance under the sky—range upon range. They had first cried out to us, saying, "Give us something," and at last we could look back upon five rugged months and forty languages and dialects. The great difficult peaks were crowned at last with singing, "Thanks be to God who always leadeth us in triumph in Christ."

We had never been more conscious of our own weaknesses than in this Luzon experience; but our trembling had never more adequately discovered the bulwarks of God's faithfulness.

> Thou . . . . hast kept with thy servant . . . .
> that which thou hast promised . . .
> and spakest with thy mouth,
> and hast fulfilled it with thine hand.
> —II Chronicles 6:15

FIFTEEN

THE CRUCIBLE OF FAITH

> . . . Your faith, being much more precious . . . though it be tried with fire.—I Peter 1:7.

THIS CHAPTER is an open letter addressed primarily to the reader who would appreciate a close-up account of a Christian's handling of his shield; and for those who would like a frank discussion on the matter of fiery darts and their effect upon *faith* in the very smoke of battle. It is a letter written to the secretary on the hill at Witmer Street during a period of acute financial crisis about which she had written Joy—adding her own confident assurance in the words from Zechariah 4:6, 7 which had become meaningful to her at this time. "This is the word of the Lord unto Zerubbabel, saying, Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts. *Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain.*"

* * *

Mennonite Social Mission
Bangued, Abra
April 22, 1950

Dearest Jinny:

We were so happy to get your letter. Sanna's letter preceded yours by one day and she had said, "We are in a financial impasse"; but she also mentioned one hundred dollars that had come in that day, so I was in hopes things were loosening up. Never fear about mentioning problems there; we love to take hold in prayer.

You are right, God *is* doing something wonderful! I feel inclined to pray, "Lord, may their faith fail not." Somehow there doesn't seem to be any question in my mind that the Lord is doing the very thing we ask according to His will. I only trust that you dear ones will be kept in the same victorious attitude of rejoicing faith that you showed at the time you wrote this letter. I marvel at that very thing, the faith of you all, and for that very reason, I pray that your faith fail not.

As to why this has come, there are many obvious reasons for counterattack. One is the step of faith regarding making phonographs available below bottom production costs; another is the large output of records at the factory and the release of men to help us; the prospect of buying another press; and also the blitzkrieg that has been coming upon Mountain Province with the acquisition of these languages and dialects; also the Tseltal revival! My illness is doubtless connected with this same strategy, and this makes it a privilege.

Springs in the Valley was so in line with this whole picture as I read it today:

"By faith, Moses . . . choosing rather to suffer" or *choosing the responsibility of faith.*

We are voluntarily placing ourselves at the edge where we must perforce jump overboard! You did that, didn't you, Jinny, dear? Moses did that too and got repulsed at first. I believe you did what you did at God's direction and I admire you for it. Don't let a shadow of the thought that God has failed you flit across your mind. He hasn't. He is preparing you for His wonderful working. He tested you farther than you expected because He knew you could take it. If the money had been there, the test wouldn't have been nearly so keen. It is all so precious when we see it in the light of His purpose and grace.

"Faith rests on the *promise;* to faith, the promise is equivalent to fulfillment, and if only we have the one, we may dare to count on the other as already ours. *It matters comparatively little that the thing promised is not given;*

it is sure and certain because God had pledged His word for it and in anticipation we may enter on its enjoyment."[1]

It is not for thee, oh, my soul, "to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put within his own authority." "Wait thou *only* upon God"; let thy expectation be from Him. "By strength shall no man prevail."

One lesson that has been brought to me forcibly which may have more significance than appears on the surface, is this:

In March when I was praying about the matter of finances there was just one prayer that kept coming to me: "Some of us are counting more on the money coming in this month because it did before! Oh, Lord, if we have even a little bit of confidence in the flesh (in times and seasons!), it would be better not to have the money come than that we should fail to learn the lesson that our expectation is *only* from Thee." Then I forgot about it. And yesterday coming down the high mountain to sea level, I was talking about this very thing to Ann, saying what the Lord was speaking to me in this matter, and just then we came to the bottom and our brake gave out completely again! Then I confessed how much I needed this lesson, "by strength shall no man prevail."

You see, the night before, going out to Tuding, the brake had given way and we had been kept from an accident. We had paid five dollars to get it worked on at a *reliable* place, by a mechanic. I had such a good feeling about that brake as we descended the Baguio mountains; and two hours after we left the city it was gone! I think that was just an object lesson to press home the truth of not putting our hope in "princes," months, precedent, depressions, or inflations, and not even to take them into consideration. All the depressions and slim months in the world could not keep the Lord from sending us the money we need. He *is* supplying it. He cannot do otherwise. What God is doing is giving us a chance to *suffer* and *believe* so that He

1. Quotation from *Springs in the Valley* by permission of Mrs. Charles E. Cowman.

can work out a more precious and eternal weight of glory. A test isn't a test unless it is a *test!*

"God will use fire to fuse us together," as Ann expressed it, "so that we will be melted into one heart as never before." It takes a hot fire sometimes to rid us of every bit of dross and to bring every part of all of us to the melting point. That doesn't mean we are wrong in anything we know to be correct; it goes deeper than that. Oh, the joy in my heart, as I think of the great far-reaching blessing that is ours and which God will graciously make manifest to us! God does not protect Himself as we think He should, and things we do *not* understand we *shall* understand hereafter. Abraham "staggered not . . . through unbelief; but was strong in faith, giving glory to God; and being fully persuaded that, what he had promised, he was able also to perform" (Rom. 4:20, 21).

Ann and I had a good talk about these things at Bonua, looking out where the China Sea and Pacific Ocean meet. I verily believe that when we pray, we must *believe*. If we believe when we pray and then take it back when it doesn't turn out as we thought, it shows that we didn't *really* believe. There is a sense in which faith is infallible because it rests in the Infallible One. Our prayers must be made in His will, recognizing His sovereignty, and with a faith and expectation that will not be denied. Any outward elements, such as time and place and instrument, mentioned in the request (and I believe firmly that we have a right to include these things in our prayers), must be so subordinate to the real request that when it comes to pass, or doesn't (outwardly), we have no doubt that it is *heard* and *answered*.

We sometimes cannot trace the outskirts of His ways: "Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him; on the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him: but he *knoweth* the way that I take: when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold. But he is in one mind, and who can turn

him? And what his soul desireth, even that he doeth. For he performeth the thing that is appointed for me" (Job 23:8-10, 13, 14).

Jinny dear, change "buffet" to "buffet" (bu-fa), pronounce it with the accent on the second syllable and help yourself to all the good things, the "treasures of darkness" and "hidden riches of secret places"!

We surely are standing by you all, and especially you, Virginia. God is doing marvels for us all. "Fear not, only believe." This trial is more precious to God because you are standing firm and trusting.

"And the people *rested* on the words of Hezekiah."

Love you all so much,
Yours, ever loving and praying,
Joy

* * *

Before Virginia Miller had a chance to answer this letter, one week in the month of June had already registered in her books the supply of funds covering all bills. The story had a touch of drama in it too, in the receipt of the *first* check payable to Gospel Recordings in the large sum of *one thousand dollars!*

MINDORO

The lowland coastal areas of Mindoro have been colonized by Tagalogs, Visayans, and Ilocanos, increasing the population of this island with its area of 14,000 square miles to a possible 180,000. The remainder of the island however is entirely populated by Mangyans. There are nine distinct tribes of these primitive pagans living in the forested mountains of the interior. Harold Conklin, anthropologist, estimates that they speak about forty-eight different dialects. Because of their inaccessibility and timidity, it has been impossible to take an accurate census, but the estimate has been said to be about 17,000. Those of the north are physically of very pronounced short-Mongol type, with considerable Negrito mixture. The purer types live mainly in wandering bands. They subsist on forest products and wear very little clothing. Those of the south are mainly Indonesian with quite a mixture of short Mongol. They wear clothing, build themselves houses, and are in general far superior to the northern Mangyans. Two of the tribes have preserved their ancient writing, similar to Sanskrit, carved on joints of bamboo.

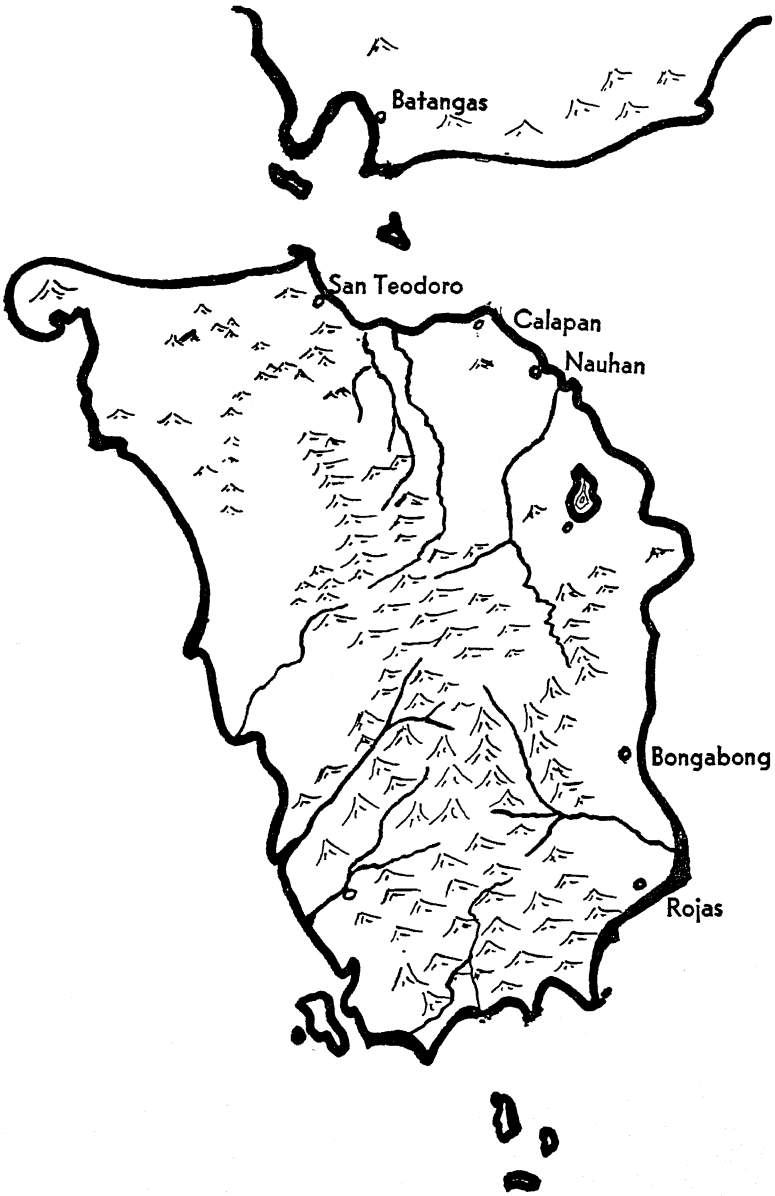
Gathered from H. Otley Beyer's "Population of the Philippine Islands in 1916"

LANGUAGES RECORDED IN MINDORO

Mangyan:
- Iraya (San Teodoro)
- Nauhan (Nauhan)
- Buíd (Bongabong)
- Hanunóo (Mansalay)
- Ratagnon (San José)

Visayan, minor (4)

MINDORO



SIXTEEN

MINDORO

> It is good also that we desire of the King a convoy, yea, that He will go with us Himself.—John Bunyan

THEN CHRISTIAN and Hopeful went until they came to a delicate plain called *Ease,* where they went with much content; but that plain was but narrow, so they quickly got over it." Truly our days in Manila in the home of the Honeywells (who were away on their vacation), and on the plains of Ease at FEBIAS and nearby "Radio City" were days of recreation and rest from travel.

Soon after we had arrived from Luzon, a young Filipino gentleman upon being "introduced to my name" had asked me, "How old are you, Mum?"

"How old do you think I am?" I parried, trying to regain my equilibrium.

"Oh, you must be very old," he answered with unabashed sincerity, and I set my expression with assumed indifference and replied,

"How old is that?"

"Over forty!" and with this final blow, there was nothing more that I could say. But after this episode I began to feel a little "respectful" of my age, especially with the new gold bridges of fortunate dentistry which had relieved me forever of several sources of toothache!

Again Ann and I were looking toward Mindanao fully expecting it to be the site of our next major recording trip. How

much easier it would be! We were almost ready to leave for Zamboanga when a letter from Mr. Gulbranson caught us just in time. Putting down our suitcases, as it were, we opened the envelope and read a cordial note, but one in which we perceived that recording in the large language areas directed by the Christian and Missionary Alliance would be best postponed until the fall.

Quite suddenly our little strand of Ease sloughed off and left us at the edge of a long-time dread—surely it could not be *now* that we would start out to the island of Mindoro!

Some months before this I had written friends at home, "We don't know how we'll ever get the languages of Mindoro. *No missionaries* are there, and the aborigines live up in the inaccessible mountains, but *our Lord has a plan.*"

Nevertheless we must wait until we receive the plan, and in this case, it came to us as sealed orders bearing only the direction to Mindoro.

We did not pounce suddenly upon a promise from the Bible and, wresting it out of context, attach it perforce to the problem of *Mindoro*. We dared not muddle into a decision as serious as this because we knew much about Mindoro that made our hearts faint at the thought of attempting it; and especially at this season when typhoons and heavy rains would be coming to make travel difficult, to say the least, even by boat; and there were very few roads. How would we protect our equipment on those open inter-island boats? We could not get one name of anyone on Mindoro who might help us in finding the natives of the unexplored interior. What would we do about baggage? About lodging? There would not be hotels, and Mindoro was notorious for its malevolent climate—its swampy coastal plain, full of malaria and disease. And up to this time, the missionary had been the gracious middleman between us and the unknown, between us and the pagan primitive. But now we were looking squarely into the masked countenance of a specter, the *unknown* Mindoro. There would

be *no one* to introduce us to the island. We dared not fail to venture out to challenge it on behalf of five or eight Mangyan tribes that were totally unreached by any whisper of the news of Hope. We *must* go—*if* we dared, and we *must* dare.

I rejected a gloomy perusal of the map and its information about this large island to the south of Luzon and took refuge again in the Guide-book and in the quietness where God could talk. He never speaks hastily. But after letting the words of promise fill and saturate my mind and soul, He has a way of bringing into clear-cut focus certain simple words out of the many passages of Scripture; and these words in each case speak the suitable guidance and the assurances relative to the crisis. When this happens, I always know it is the direct, unfailing counsel of One who has "no mists before His eyes," and who loves to be, for each of His children, the "Wonderful Counselor." "And thine ears shall hear a *word* behind thee, saying, this is the way, walk ye in it" (Isaiah 30:21).

Perhaps a few quotations from my letters of this date will help me in this analysis of guidance to bring us clear through from the dim stage to the clear focusing upon the significant promises out of Exodus 23.

Usually when God is going to do a great work, I have noticed that there is a time of great dearth. Nothing moves. Nothing happens. All seems so stagnant. These are golden opportunities for prayer. Our Lord *needs* prayer, and keeps things from happening, to open space for Himself. And He is that satisfying portion we need—that food and drink is Himself.

Yet Satan tempts us even in this. He makes us feel that our praying isn't effective, is not hitting the mark. Often we are so robbed of concentration that we find ourselves clinging to the *name* of Jesus, and reiterating over and over our love and praise to Him, and not with blind phrases either. This should not disconcert us, because He loves it. All around the

throne they shall sing and praise and adore His name over and over again throughout all the ages.

* * *

I read the Psalms; I read whole books, long passages, and I have observed that God has just poured out His promises. Again and again our Lord seems to reiterate the promises that *We shall go through, singing*—"And he brought forth his people with joy and his chosen with *gladness:* and gave them the lands of the heathen" (Ps. 105:43, 44).

"Then *believed* they his words; they *sang* his praise." That is the way it always seems to work, He brings us to the *time of much praise.*

* * *

Today, in the twenty-third chapter of Exodus, I felt this was God's message right to us. He says, "Behold, I send an Angel before thee, to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared" (23:20).

* * *

We *know* now that God has heard; we know that He has spoken. While waiting, we need to pray much because the preparation has to be made. God wants us to have *preparation time,* then He gives His release, and His word comes with such clarity that we just rejoice to hear Him say, "Sing, O ye heavens; for the Lord hath done it . . . Yea, I have spoken it, I will also bring it to pass; I have purposed it, I will also do it" (Isaiah 44:23; 46:11).

* * *

And we even have a pledge of health for the island of Mindoro; it is the promise: "And ye shall serve the Lord your God, and he shall bless thy bread, and thy water; and I (the Lord) will take sickness away from the midst of thee" (Exodus 23:25).

SEVENTEEN

JOURNEYING WITH ANGELS

The stranger did not lodge in the street: but I opened my doors to the traveler—Job 31:32.

WITH THE PROMISE of an angel to bring us into the unknown country of Mindoro, we half expected him to be a very tangible one with strong muscles and a good back. Maybe, as in Alaska, someone with an airplane would come at the last minute and swoop us up, bag and baggage, and take us to our island. But be this as it may, our thoughts were now to be wholly occupied, during the next few days, by preparations for a month's sojourn and travel in Mindoro.

While Ann worked daily editing tape and getting it ready to send home, part of it by air, I worked on the outfit for a new kind of trip; for now we did not have the consoling thought of getting to cool mountain heights, nor the comfort afforded by a car in which we could pack anything we *might* need in order to draw from it according to the emergency. But without knowing what our conditions for living and travel would be, we now realized that we must rule out all that was *not* essential. It must be hand baggage, and no trunks or heavy luggage would do. We bought additional cheap canvas bags, good enough for temporary use, and packed other things in our small, light, rattan suitcases, as well as in our two medium-sized American suitcases.

We had found by experiences in the north that our wardrobe would not be adequate for this type of a journey. Also we

would have to be prepared for the many occasions when it might be impossible for us to get our clothes washed and ironed; and so we got together seersucker things, and with the help of missionaries on the compound, Millie Kreps in particular, I spent several days sewing new clothes. Nylon skirts made a grand combination with cotton seersucker blouses and cotton underclothes.

We prepared to take bedding wrapped in thin native mats which would make the quick foundation for a sleep on many a native floor; and in each bedroll must go a mosquito net and special Chinese punk to keep away the hordes of insects and to supplement the constant anointing with citronella or other mosquito repellents. We might find, too, at times when our treks would make it necessary to leave even our mosquito net behind, that the incense punk burning throughout the night could ward off the insistent pests.

Then we must have raincoats, umbrellas, sweaters, for the times when windy storms would blow up from the sea; and there must be rubber boots for walking through the swamps, and extra shoes for times that we might get caught in a heavy rain. These must be regular leather oxfords with leather soles. Flat, crepe-soled shoes had proved impractical because the heat melted them. And we stuffed into the extra shoes a couple of pairs of socks (hose had been discarded as impractical, of course).

And we would have to include medicines—aspirin, soda, malaria prophylactic, medicines for attacks of amoebic dysentery, and a large supply of Atabrine for malaria.

Gradually we completed our minimum list—towels, wash cloths, soap, combs, talcum powder, creams and other essential cosmetics; and we must add a few simple tools, like a pocket knife containing a bottle opener and a can opener (for we remembered to slip in a few cans of chocolate drink for quick energy.)

But the red-letter day in preparations for Mindoro was the one on which we opened the box from home, and first saw the

Minadyk. Think of a complete recording unit only six by six by sixteen inches, and easy to carry, easy to operate too! It was a gift from our own electronics men, Herman Dyk and Al Rethey. We knew the long hours of intensive concentration and toil which this piece of equipment had entailed, and it was so particularly adapted to our own needs that we could not have purchased it anywhere. Yet, as we looked at the little box covered in bright red imitation leather, I could hardly believe that a machine so small could *really* work. Gingerly I plugged in the mike and made a trial recording. The miracle! It played back beautifully! And even when we tested its quality by playing back the tape through the professional speaker in the radio station, it was still *tops!*

And now, with this hand-wind, battery recorder, we would not have to take a generator, electric cords, transformer, booster, volt meter, extra gasoline, and a heavy electrical tape recorder. In contrast to these heavy pieces of equipment, the Minadyk's batteries were enclosed in the recorder, and they would last for one month. Extra sets of batteries could be carried along with us. This new equipment reduced our baggage over *one hundred and fifty pounds.* Without the *Minadyk,* our preparations for recording in Mindoro, Palawan, and Mindanao would have been in vain.

After everything unnecessary was left behind, and all the rest finally packed, we had nine pieces of baggage—the *dearest* piece was that little red miracle, the recorder!

It took us a long time to get away on the day of our setting forth to island-unknown; and this was in spite of everybody's doing all they could to help us. Many interruptions delayed us, and somehow we felt a little loath to leave, too,—the security of friends, a roof, a bed. Several of the girls of Station DZAS took us in the car the seven miles to the bus station. We did not hurry, but stopped on the way to enjoy a treat of ice cream. Upon arriving at the bus station, we learned that buses for the port of Batangas left every fifteen minutes. Of course we could have gotten any one of dozens

of them during the day and this fact was to spring suddenly upon us later on with a most startling significance.

Now one of the buses parked on the street was ready to go. The whole crowd of us, each with a piece or two of luggage, appeared at the entrance of the bus, and our stuff was chucked in here and there in every empty nook of the crowded transit. And then we heard,

"It's too full! No room for you here, you must take the next bus!"

With automatic obedience, work was begun to pull out our baggage again. "Here comes rattan number six, canvas number two, a bedroll,"—but the job was just begun!

At that moment, the very genial ticket man spoke up, "Now wait; I think I can make room, if one of you can sit in the baggage seat."

"I will!" Ann answered instantly in her usual sunshiny manner.

Ann slipped in and almost out of sight in her little perch at the back of the bus, and I was wedged rather precariously into a front seat next to the ticket man, except that a quiet little woman was squeezed in between us, so that we practically sat on the edge of nothing at the open side of the bus.

And then we were off, drinking in a last look at our American friends waving us out of sight. Although no tangible angel had come to take us, we were on our way, knowing very little else about the journey before us. But we were equipped with the promise of angel guides, with a miracle-recorder, and with eight other items of substantial impedimenta. And we were on the bus to the port of Batangas. It was midafternoon now, and perhaps our boat would leave the port tomorrow morning.

I watched our conductor swing from post to post along the open side of the bus. Fortunately tickets were gathered up before we gained much speed, and presently he was in his seat again and beginning to chat with me in a polite and friendly manner.

"Where are you going, Mum? Do you know a place to stay in Batangas? Tourists do not often go there. What boat do you take in Batangas?"

These were the sort of questions which a ticket man might expect to be easily answered by American travelers; but he must have noticed that I did not find them easy to answer without an astonishing degree of vagueness. Trying desperately not to appear too ignorant, I talked to him about the large goals we had set before us in Mindoro. "We are not tourists, you know. We have come to the Philippines to work among the people themselves." It was a relief, however, to find this man quite easy to talk to in English. This made attempts at conversation interesting and rewarding. If only he would steer away from the questions that revealed our *ignorance abroad!*

"May I know your family, Mum?" Now, I thought, what could that one mean?—"Oh, yes, my family is *Ridderhof.*" (That was a hard one.) "My name is Miss Joy Ridderhof; I am a missionary."

"Where will you stay tonight, Mum?"

And I parried, "Do you know of any hotel?"

Our conversation ceased for a bit, and I noticed that the ticket man began to whisper to the little woman squeezed in between us, and at that moment I realized that she must be his wife—a conductor and his wife on the bus—such a situation seemed quite a coincidence. I had to concentrate on holding on now, as our wooden vehicle gained speed and my position was a bit edgy to begin with. Then suddenly I was startled by a little voice that spoke meekly, right into my ear, in curious little bits of staccato English that sounded at first like Tagalog. The little woman beside me, looking timidly into my too-light American eyes, was trying to tell me something.

"We poor. We have very small house. You come our house, Batangas? You eat rice? We *like* you come our house."

What were these words I was hearing? I felt choked with a desire to weep, something welled up within my heart, and

made it hard for me to answer right away. I sensed the intricate pattern of this precious denouement—of an *angel* with us *now*.

"We like very much to come your house, Batangas." I managed at last to utter the words quietly, although I felt like screaming with delight. I attempted to convey the news to Ann in Spanish so as not to be understood, perhaps, by our English-speaking passengers. "Ann, God has sent an *angel*—and his wife! We are to stay at their house tonight!"

Then was my tongue loosed to tell a new story to our Batangas angels. "Do you know that you are fulfilling a promise God gave to us before we left Manila? He told us, 'Behold, I send an angel before thee . . . to bring thee into the place that I have prepared.' You and your husband are that *angel* sent by God to lead us to the port." And now it was their turn to feel a bit of fog in their throats. What a joyous token of the Mindoro trip! This was to be a journeying with angels. What carefree children we were, to be able to drop all our responsibilities for this day and night into the laps of these new and dear friends.

After reaching the port town, the bus stopped at a street lined with Filipino houses. Mr. Escalona said, "You get off here with my wife, and I will bring the baggage up to you later."

What a relief this was! You see, he was the conductor and by this offer, our major problem was solved.

Taking only our handbags, we left everything else and followed Mrs. Escalona down the street and into a lane. Back and back we walked, squeezing in and out between little basket-houses, weaving our way between the stilts of many bamboo huts, stooping and dodging as we went, until we came to the foot of the bamboo stairs which led up to a tiny clean-swept nipa house as small as a medium-sized room. It was straw-partitioned into miniature rooms, and in the parlor there were two chairs and a table where soon a plate of apples, two paring

knives, and two glasses of water were set before us. Little children stood near us and squirmed shyly, looking at us—strange Americans. We sang to them. It was fun to teach them English choruses which they were soon singing lustily, "Jesus Never *P*ales (Fails)" and "Jesus Love Me *and Me* (Even Me)."

"My boy is a good singer," commented Mr. Escalona when he heard the children later in the evening, "but my three girls have monotonous voices."

Soon Mr. Escalona returned with our baggage, brought on a *calesa* (cart) from the bus terminal; and now the house was very full. We had been confused at first, for they introduced us to *eight* people altogether.

"This is my daughter, Helen. That is my cousin, Caridad. She lives in Mindoro. And Nora is my nephew."

"Is this your sister, Mrs. Escalona?"

"No, my uncle!" And so we began to get acquainted, and presently our hostess asked, "Are you dying to wash your face?" This idiomatic language of ours! we thought, and consented happily not to die since we *could* wash our faces.

After awhile we were invited into a wee breakfast nook where another table was set for two, and on it a delicious meal,—rice, fried egg, fish soup, chicken, and banana.

It was a happy evening; we played the Tagalog records on the phonograph, and later left them for the family to use until we should return from Mindoro. Though they were not Protestants, the Escalonas and their surrounding neighbors listened eagerly to the clear Tagalog messages on the records. Our conversation in English had to be directed to Mr. Escalona who understood it well; and he did not refuse to listen, because, as he explained,

"Some of my own relatives speak of this also, and I know it is good!"

Before we retired that evening, Mr. Escalona said to us, "My cousin Caridad (Charity), she lives in Mindoro; she will

go there in the morning. You like she go with you?"

"Yes," thanksgiving upon our faces, and deep-welled from our hearts almost too full, "we like!" This very house was the one which sheltered our second angel. Charity was the right name for an angel. We thought again of those words so *exactly* matching our experience now, "My angel . . . to keep . . . to bring thee to the place which I have prepared." What careful planning! What unerring arrangement!

When it was bedtime, it was yet light, and inside our partially partitioned nook we found ourselves retiring before the curious eyes of many onlookers. To them, this habit of peeling off clothes before going to bed was quite a circus; and we promptly realized our mistake. In fact, we could not blame them for being curious about us; we really did wonder how the eight of them were going to manage in their tiny space. Ann caught a glimpse of them—the whole family was stretched out on the floor, side by side, under one mosquito net. They had a nice time visiting with each other—perhaps recounting the strange happenings of this day that had brought new American friends to their home in such an unusual way. This friendly chatter gradually died down, and all that could be heard was the remains of talk in the straw huts nearby, the distant sound of frogs and crickets, then the final settling down of domestic animals under the stilts in the *barrio,* and at last all that was left was the different "feel" of our new environment—then sleep overtook us also.

"Joy!" I heard my name uttered and I awakened, startled, wondering who knew me so well; then I realized that our little hostess had learned to say my name and, liking the sound of it, I would hear her often during the morning call out in a jovial, clear-ringing, confident voice, "Joy!" With a start, I would look up to see her standing at my elbow—with nothing more to say.

This morning we had the help of many little and big Escalonas (Escalona means stair-steps) to help us carry our bag-

gage to the Filipino buggy which drew up to the gate. We thanked our gracious hosts.

"Good-by, Ann; Good-by, Joy!" Mrs. Escalona could say now as we were leaving. We looked again toward the little house thinking of those words spoken in the bus, "We have little house," but,—"big heart" we added in profoundest gratitude. Dear friends—they would not take any pay; we were their guests.

Our baggage was packed into the rickety little cartella, and we climbed into the precarious seat which lurched back, giving us the sensation of a rocking chair that doesn't stop when it goes backward. The little horse looked as though this would be his last trip, and as he strained forward, the buggy followed on his heels, lilting and rocking. Glad to crawl out of this portable cage, we set foot again on firm ground at the wharf, and here our Caridad took over. With her knowledge of the Tagalog language, she could hold at bay the avalanche of stevedores—the dozen men with badges which meant they were authorized to carry baggage. We had dreaded this stampede wherein each man would grab a piece or two of baggage and confuse us by a half dozen demands for tips. This had never been a simple matter to us, but of course Filipinos themselves knew how to handle the situation. And at the port in Batangas we could feel carefree with our angel Charity in charge of things. We watched a little boy selling peanuts and sweet rice cakes baked in a banana leaf. He sang out his wares in rhythmic Tagalog, "Ay mani; ay bibinka; ay mani; ay bibinka!"

* * *

On the boat to Mindoro, Caridad asked, "Where you go, Mindoro?"

"Oh, we go . . . " I hesitated, and thought it best to say something, so I named the port I had noticed on the map. "We go, Calapan."

"Why not you go, Nauhan?" she asked.

"That's all right; we'll go to Nauhan." And so it was that

when the boat docked at Calapan, we corralled ourselves and baggage into a bus and were presently jogging down the road toward Nauhan. It was an hour's trip through thick groves of tall coconuts and ever-changing combinations of interest; here and there the little "bird-nest" nipa huts peeked out of the gracefully curving trunks of the palms, and often we caught an azure sparkle of the ocean to the east.

"You come," Caridad instructed us, having signaled to the driver to stop.

"Leave our baggage?" we asked, a bit bewildered.

"Yes," she nodded. "I show you—come!"

We followed Charity to a little gate, and through it we walked down a path to a wooden house, low off the ground. Here Caridad introduced us to an attractive Filipino couple, Mr. and Mrs. Elpidio Adalia. They were Protestants and we realized that our angel had planned this carefully for our advantage. Evidently she had told them (we were a little on the outside of these Tagalog conversations!) that we were to lodge in their house, because in a moment the Adalias had sent boys out to the bus to pick up our baggage. Now they were assuring us of a hearty welcome. Their floor also was adaptable for the mats of American guests.

"I just got home myself two hours ago!" Mr. Adalia told us, explaining that he was to have a two-weeks' inter-semester vacation from the university. Here we had come to the home of a Filipino Presbyterian ministerial student! Immediately we told him of our purpose in coming to Mindoro.

"But Americans will not understand these dialects, will they?" he asked, a little puzzled. And when he realized that the records were to be sent back to Mindoro's mountain people, he exclaimed, "Oh, then the natives on our island can hear about Christ! That is the very best way of reaching them. It is the only way!"

This was to be our home in Mindoro, and our headquarters for a month.

EIGHTEEN

CARIDAD AND SERIO

Must here the burden fall from off my back?
Must here the strings that bound it to me crack?
Blest cross! blest sepulchre! blest-rather-be
The Man that there was put to shame for me!
—John Bunyan

WE FELT a special warmth and gratitude for Caridad who had so deftly steered us to our Mindoro home. There was ever in our hearts a desire to do something for her.

"Meet my wife, Serio," she had said in introducing us to her husband that afternoon when he had been among the large audience in an out-of-doors vesper service in the town plaza at Nauhan. We had liked Serio right away, and had detected in both of them an expression which seemed to say to us, "We would love to hear more of that story you are telling, and making our languages tell!"

But it was not until the eve of our leaving Mindoro that we had opportunity to tell Caridad and Serio more of this story they were "interested to hear."

We were seated in their little tailor shop which was just an open wooden shack like an exhibit booth; it looked out upon the wide, busy plaza. Right at the entrance was a shallow gutter where the water from the last rain carried away, or left lodged, the refuse of many little shops and stalls. Here we talked until night overtook us and a kerosene lamp was brought out and set on the sewing machine.

Three people were listening as we began to tell the story;

and the third was an intelligent young man visiting Serio and Caridad. His searching questions led me into a careful explanation of the way of salvation. To picture it somewhat, I took the straw through which I had been sipping soft drinks. Breaking it into one long piece and two short ones, I took the latter two and placed them side by side, saving the long piece to later complete the symbol of the cross. The only other prop would be the piece of black cloth representing sin coming in between God and man. The story unfolded very simply:—I let the little straws represent God—man.

"First let us think of God—eternal, Creator, loving, all-wise and with man beside Him, enjoying His friendship, made like Himself, enjoying God's best gifts—the whole earth was for man to dominate, to enjoy and to possess, and God was his Friend. Together they would walk; together they would work in perfect fellowship and happiness. Nothing could spoil it but the sin of disobedience; and Adam, warned about this, knew that it would mean death, spiritual separation from God.

"Yet in spite of this warning, the first man allowed himself to believe the lie, 'You shall be as God, knowing good and evil. You shall *not* surely die.' Sin entered in between, separating God and man and driving away the bliss that had been Eden.

"Tears, darkness, storms, pain and sorrow entered into the garden; sin had brought death—unhappiness for today and eternal remorse for tomorrow.

"But even then, there was a way of escape through faith in the symbolism of the lamb offered on the altar.

"So now we know the way out most clearly in terms of a Saviour dying upon a cross.

"You see (and I placed the longer straw over and covering the gap made by the black scrap of cloth representing sin), there before us is a representation of the cross. Yes, Jesus came to earth, took upon Himself our own flesh and blood, suffered for our sins, and died in our stead; shedding His blood for us.

"Now, therefore, it is through Him that we are brought back to God. One arm of the Crucified One reaches out to God, and the other touches man, bringing him out of separation into union with God; out of death into life.

"Look at the cross. Receive the life that God reaches out and offers you, and having responded by believing this, you become a part of all that Christ has done for you—a part of His dying as your sins are judged in His body and put away, forgiven—a part of His rising again as His own life within you works to quicken you and give you strength to live a new life. Remember, Christ is *risen*. Think of Him no longer as on a cross, but living at God's right hand with the sole authority to be our Mediator and our Priest. . . . "

The outside noises had given way to silence; the plaza was deserted; the people had gone to their places of rest, but in the dim light of that little stall, three heads, and ours too, were bowed to say, "Lord Jesus, living now, I thank Thee for dying in my place!"

Faces were lifted up afterward and it could be seen that the old burden had been taken away, and a new life begun. As Serio walked down the road with us to our Nauhan home, his eyes were shining and he kept saying to us, "Oh, it is such a wonderful story—a wonderful story!"

NINETEEN

MANGYANS

With God nothing shall be impossible.
Luke 1:37

IT HAD RAINED all night, and yet the clouds seemed just as full and just as dark when the day came. I opened a devotional book on the morning of June twenty-first and read, "He that considereth the clouds shall not sow."

It was still raining when we found ourselves on a bucking-bronco bus, racing toward the little town of Bongabong on the island of Mindoro. Bongabong was the town nearest those mountains where our maps told us that uncounted primitives were hiding themselves away from the strange and terrifying world outside.

"Lord Jesus, let us prepare them portions of the Bread of Life! Let us find them. God, send them to us!"

We realized that the One whom we addressed is truly alive and One whose Omnipotence has never yet been checked by any impossibilities.

Impossible!

The thing we were setting out to accomplish, did *seem* impossible—yet no other word can display the glory of the compassionate Jesus.

Impossible—to find a pagan Mangyan who could understand the trade language and translate the story of Jesus for his own people?

Finally, our bus jolted into the little town of Bongabong,

and the friendly Filipino driver took his American passengers to the house we wished to find. It was a nipa house of Filipino Christians, Mr. and Mrs. Sulit.

Warm Filipino hospitality tried to encourage us, their surprise guests from America, but when we announced,

"We have come to find Mangyans," the Sulits could only answer,

"We are so very sorry, but it cannot be. We rarely see Mangyans. They are afraid of the village people. Now it is the rainy season, and they never come into the village at this time."

Nevertheless, nine little Sulits got the idea that they were to watch for Mangyans. And Ann proceeded to set up equipment—the little red Minadyk (battery tape-recorder) and microphone. I began to explain very simple scripts to our Filipino host who spoke English well.

"This is how we go about recording. The interpreter puts an English sentence into Tagalog (he may have to explain it or re-word it entirely), and when the thought is clear, the Mangyan will say it in his own dialect. When he can say one sentence or phrase, we will record that, and then go on to the next. It will be piece by piece—one precious morsel at a time. We will always check these afterward by reverse interpretation."

But I was wondering, will they really come—the Mangyans who are seldom seen at this season? We have prayed to God. He has never failed to do wondrous things.

"It is Thy concern, O Lord. It is Thy will also that these children of the mountain forests may hear of Thee. Send them to us!"

Would God do it? The impossible!

The night before, as we were praying about the trip to Bongabong, we could not have known it, but later we found it to be true that the Buid Mangyans whom we sought were sleeping around their campfire. Having no houses or shelter of any kind, they sat up as they slept. The light of the fire pro-

tected them from wild animals and disease-laden insects, and so they would be careful to keep it ablaze until the dawn.

On this particular morning, two young men were chosen to leave the protection of their people and to set out for the town of Bongabong. They must buy lime for their betel nut. So they carried wild orchids to sell to the villagers. They would then buy the lime and return immediately, before another of the monsoon storms overtook them. One boy had been chosen for this mission because he understood the trade language, which was Tagalog; the other boy must go along with him for company.

To them it was a dangerous mission, and all along the mountain trails, the word was carried back to their own people informing them of their safety thus far. But once out on the open road to the town, they could only lean upon each other for courage to face the strange people of the village.

But, who directed them to go to Bongabong on this particular morning? And who but God alone could have led them to stop first at the Sulit home?

"Mangyans! Mangyans!" the Sulit children announced the electrifying news! Instantly, Mr. Sulit was down the front door ladder, and outside to "psychologize" them. He must be careful not to frighten them away. Casually he bought their airplants, and said, "How would you like to see two ladies that have white skin? They are bigger than we are, and they are very happy, very kind."

Would they come in? Would they understand? We, peeking through the nipa thatch, got our first glimpse of "game"—more thrilling than any big game a hunter every snared. Tears of praise and gladness, mingled with deep pity and compassion, filled our eyes. God had worked so quickly—only an hour after we ourselves had arrived at the house! And yes, one boy spoke and understood Tagalog! He seemed unusually alert and intelligent! They were two young men, but their faces were like those of teen-age girls, mild, timid, winsome and childlike.

Their faces were bloated and bodies emaciated by malnutrition. Their long hair was tied back with strings. One of them wore a dirty undershirt in addition to his G-string (or loin cloth).

"Oh-h-h!"—They were coming in!

* * *

Hours went by; in fact, all that day and until noon of the following day, this nipa studio at Sulit's home was engaged in intense work of eternal import for the Mangyans in the jungle hills. The little box that "talked back and mimicked you," was a continual source of fascination and delight. Mr. Sulit put his whole heart into his work as interpreter, and often acted out the thoughts in order to emphasize the meaning.

Holding the mike, I sat on the floor beside Sajung, the boy who was spokesman for his people. I found it hard to teach him to say "Jesus Christ." But at last the precious Name was learned. Ann kept the recorder ready to go, and it faithfully captured in good clear Mangyan, the story that his people had never heard even *once* before. It took four hours to do one side of a record, but at last we succeeded in getting four complete recordings telling of the Saviour Jesus and of the new life that is Christian.

The companion of Sajung sat through those tedious hours in utter perplexity. "How can it be?" he would ask. (We understood this through interpretation.) "How can it be that my friend can be in the box and outside of it at the same time!"

And "How can it be?" we would ask ourselves, "that Sajung, who has never heard this message, may be counted on to do it accurately?" Hence, there had to be reverse interpretation. After a recording was made, Ann played back the tape from the very beginning, and again, sentence by sentence, Sajung listened, then told Mr. Sulit in Tagalog what he had heard himself say; and Sulit spoke it back in English as we carefully followed our scripts.

Could it be possible?—A Buid Mangyan preaching the gospel to himself!

Marveling that such a thing could be, we checked on and on until we came to the end of the last message. Suddenly Sajung was silent. A troubled look puckered his brow. It was evident that he could not think of the Tagalog words to express what he heard in his own language. Then gradually a radiant smile spread across his face (and in it was a look of understanding we had not noticed before!) Sajung jumped up and went over to Mr. Sulit, took his right hand and held it tightly—a glint of triumph in his eyes; it was just at the place where we were to expect the sentence, "Jesus will take you by the hand and walk with you!"

* * *

Eventually the Mangyans had to leave, yet it was not until noon the second day that they insisted, "We must go now. Our people will be very anxious about us." And two timid sheep, for whom a safe fold has long been prepared, turned away from the village and started toward their mountains already half-covered by menacing storm clouds. How frail the Mangyans seemed as they walked away into the storm!

We glimpsed them again from our bus bound for Nauhan and our cozy, nipa home there.

"Oh, God, hold back this storm for them. Give them a safe journey back to their people!" And God heard and shepherded them. The dark clouds lifted and the rain that seemed so imminent did not come that day. "And there are storms of another kind that seem imminent. Hold them back until these and countless tribes like them can have one chance to hear of those safe folds prepared for all who put their trust in Jesus Christ."

* * *

Months have passed since those two days in June. The Mangyan recordings have been carefully edited with all pauses deleted; and the tape has been copied onto master discs for

records. These people may now hear the story of love and forgiveness of sins. Small, hand-operated phonographs (in addition to our regular kind) have been made *especially for the use of primitive peoples.* The Sulits will "catch" Mangyans again, and along with their lime, the Mangyans will carry to their shelterless people a very strange package—records that serve as platters for the Bread of Life—and small boxes that will talk to hungry hearts.

TWENTY

MORE ANGELS AND MANGYANS

I will not be afraid, I will not be afraid,
Will travel onward, still pressing forward
And not be afraid . . . —Chinese hymn

NO CARNIVAL "thriller" that has ever been devised could compare with this! Holding on for dear life in our almost empty bus, Ann and I realized that our driver was bent on winning a grim race with the empty bus speeding ahead of us. These tremendous, lumbering things—speeding—and on such a road! The drivers, passing one another, and yelling! Nor did they consider any possibility of traffic confronting us on the narrow dirt road. They seemed obsessed! Nothing could give more meaning to the word *h-a-r-d,* than a wooden Philippine bus on an unpaved road, but this mad race was worse than terrible! The world outside seemed shaken out of its wild wits as its strange beauties careened and shimmied past us. Sometimes we were ahead, crashing through gulleys and swinging outside of curves in a din of wooden protest, and the racket of the other bus close upon us. Then again, we were neck and neck with slim and shrieking inches between us. Some madness had cast a spell upon the drivers.

"Ann, pray!"

"Joy, pray!"

How could human bodies hold together through such a test? But somehow they did, and finally, the drivers called a truce and quieted down for the rest of the trip to Bongabong.

There are practically no roads on the Island of Mindoro; and the narrow fringe of Tagalog towns along its coasts depend almost entirely on boats for transportation. The one road from Nauhan to Bongabong was a rare exception, and since it must skirt the western end of Lake Nauhan, the road had been cut several kilometers inland all the way to Pinamalayan. From there, through an aisle of coconut groves, it resumed the contour of the coast as far south as Bongabong where it came to a dead end. In order to go to towns south of Bongabong we would have to depend entirely upon boat transportation; but since this was a rainy season, torrential storms made boat travel unpredictable.

Inland from the southeast port of Mansalay there lived more Mangyans, that is, out in the hills beyond it. They were of another language group whose homeland extended deep into the interior. Thus far we had been able to make records in three Mangyan languages—each distinctively different.

Recounting to each other the happenings of recent days in Mindoro brought the thrill of knowing that God was mightily working on behalf of these ill, forgotten, afflicted children of the wilds. For we had no clue as to one person who might be able to give the help we needed or to interpret for us. This started songs of praise in our hearts, and the hours of travel were filled with declaring the mighty acts of the Lord. It was an exercise that strengthened our faith, encouraging us to lay hold upon new conquests. We had often read Isaiah forty-nine, and had found its promises vital in other circumstances, but at this time, a modern version of the very familiar passage became a pledge of mercy to the forgotten men of the mountains in Mindoro. Our faith must see God and reckon upon Him alone. We must enter into this prophecy now, with great gladness and rejoicing, for it applied to the yet unreached tribes of Mindoro also.

After a six-hour bus ride on July 4, 1950, we were nearing Bongabong again. Just before we reached the town, Felicidad

Sulit entered the bus! Angels always appeared at the most significant junctures; and she was one whom we knew already. At her insistent invitation, the Sulit's nipa house again became our night's lodging, and tomorrow must most certainly bring the boat for Mansalay.

From the little porch of Sulit's house, we could hear the roar of angry breakers lashing the shores. There had been a storm at sea.

"You cannot go anywhere by boat tomorrow! Small boats are not safe on seas like this!"

"But Felicidad, God can make the ocean calm for tomorrow! We believe He will."

And sure enough, July 5 dawned upon a meek and placid sea. At 8:20 A.M. after a two-hour wait, we cat-walked the steep, narrow gangplank onto a small motor boat and soon moved out toward Mansalay, following the shoreline of southeastern Mindoro. Our boat slipped in and out of the picturesque tropical beach landings, and we did not have to dream it; we were actually in the South Seas! Here and there passengers were lifted from the boat, carried to shore and deposited in their front yards. Three hours had passed when our boat docked at the little town called Rojas. There was the drab gray beach, and a few feet beyond it a sprawling village of wooden shacks. Many brown-skinned boys were diving in and out of the water as our boat drew near to the wharf.

"It looks as though everybody else is getting off here," we commented, but five minutes later we found that we were getting off too!

"Not going to Mansalay! Not this boat!" The captain said it; the case could not be argued; and that was that. With baggage already removed, we slid down the treacherous plank and fairly fell upon the beach!

So this was Rojas. What a surprise to become stranded here; and what a perfect moment to have an angel appear! It was all arranged ahead of time by the One whom angels love

to obey. Our feet had scarcely touched the sand, when a hand was outstretched to catch us. We looked up into the face of a young Filipino preacher.

"Welcome, sisters in Christ. I am your brother Frank Mabunga!"

"But how? Why? You could not have known we were coming because we didn't know it ourselves!"

And he replied, "I was working on my church about one kilometer from this place, and I suddenly felt impelled to go immediately to the Rojas landing. Not knowing of any boats scheduled, I wondered, but came on. Then, when I saw you getting off the boat, I understood that God had sent me to help you."

And "Brother Frank" was destined to be our "angel" guide unto more Mangyans. He himself recorded some excellent records for us in the language of Ramblon Islands. Nevertheless, our goal was Mangyans, the unreached pagans, back in the hills.

Attempts to get a boat to Mansalay proved unsuccessful. Much earnest prayer was made—there could be no turning back: "Lord, show us a token for good."

Thursday morning Frank Mabunga laid his plan before us. "We could hike up to Panulung halfway into the nearest Mangyan hills. I believe my friend Carlos Gamo could help us. He is the lieutenant of the Mangyan *barrio* there, and only three months ago, he became a believer in Christ. He understands the Mangyan language, and speaks it pretty well and would be a great help with interpretation."

"Shall we go, Ann? It is nine kilometers—much of it over a narrow path cut right into the tall jungle grasses. We will need high-top boots!"

Baggage for the trek could be cut down to the Minadyk (its microphone packed inside), and this was carried on the little horse which Frank Mabunga managed, riding it part of the time. We carried our purses in which we had put some tea,

crackers, and sardines, to supplement the rice at Panulung; and trudged along single file with Frank Mabunga leading the way. A little dog (with a missionary heart too, I suppose) went along for the fun of it, or perhaps his mission was to frighten away snakes and lizards. If so, he did an excellent job of it, because none were seen. It was a rugged trip through thick mud and slush, and tropical heat, although large cumulus clouds overhead shielded us somewhat.

"Can we possibly go on?" Sometimes our little army would call a halt, and there were intense duels between determination and physical exhaustion.

"Almost there," our angel was ever encouraging, and at last, we did come out into the little hilltop clearing fringed by tall grass and trees that hid nearby Mangyan huts from our sight. But there, in plain view, was the house of Carlos Gamo, and another a few yards beyond it. We had arrived at Panulung. Under the little homes on stilts, and most anywhere else in the *barrio,* were the usual accessories of uninhibited pigs and chickens. Whether they could be seen or not, the atmosphere made us cognizant of them. For some reason, this place was also known as Aroma!

The first house we entered was that of Carlos Gamo. With great effort, we managed the wide-runged ladder which led up to the porch-on-stilts. As we looked into the dark room inside, we saw it was filled with little children gathered around a pot of rice and garlic which was cooking on the stove in the center of the room. Since the house was so full, and the out-of-doors so attractive here at Aroma, we chose a log outside for our first conference with the lieutenant of Panulung, and talked with him about getting Mangyan records.

"I will help you all I can," he said. "Tonight you can stay over there in my son's new house. He will have room."

Bless their hearts; there was always more room on the bamboo floors where the whole family slept!

We climbed up the ladder to the son's hut. Ann went inside to set up the Minadyk—for this also was to be the studio of Panulung. I stood on the porch outside and looked down the hill in time to see them coming—Mangyans—two strange-looking creatures headed in the direction of this *barrio!*

"Oh, Ann, look, quick! Here they come!"

The man appeared to be naked, bending over because of the large load of sticks he carried on his back as he came plodding up the hill. He was close enough now so that we could see his face and shaggy black beard with bristly side-whiskers. A woman, scrawny and pathetic, was following him.

We had been contemplating a late lunch, but now, hunger was forgotten because here they were—two Hanunoo Mangyans of the Mansalay highlands. The man, whose name was Bognut, had long hair wrapped around with a red cloth for a ribbon, and done up in a pug in back. He was naked except for a clout or loincloth. The woman was Simeona, a benighted little thing with monkey-like features. She had a short Mangyan style wrap-around skirt, and a blue midriff affair for a blouse. Around her naked waist she wore a bark belt and cords which held her knife. Her neck was bedecked with beads. The little box she carried for her betel-nut was carved with Mangyan writing of a bygone day. She could not read it. Her legs were caked with dirt up to her knees, and she kept stuffing betel-nut into her mouth and spitting out the blood-colored slime.

No time was wasted in getting the nipa studio set up for business. Simeona proved to be the one most capable of speaking the words. There she sat at the edge of the room near the door. At her right, friend Carlos Gamo was ready to encourage and to explain the thought in his own Mangyan. (Simeona did understand the trade language pretty well.) Brother Frank sat near, holding the microphone, and explaining the simple English script in simple Visayan. Some feet away from them, Ann controlled the recorder. She must be quick to start the

tape moving in time to catch every phrase as soon as Simeona was ready to say it.

I sat where I could see the whole procedure and pray. I could also smile reassuringly at the little strangers in captivity, and visit with the dumbfounded audience. Most of Aroma was present! Simeona was beginning with the message:

"Fear not . . . ! Are you afraid at night when it is dark? Do you fear evil spirits? Are you afraid of storms? You need not be afraid. Jesus Christ is more powerful than evil spirits. He loves you. . . "

It took Simeona nearly two hours to complete this first four-minute message. She must do more. The crumbs prepared for the hungry were so vital!

Yes, she nodded her head. She would stay. She liked the talk-back box!

All went well until presently the little room became even darker; a sultry stillness settled upon us and it was difficult to breathe; then there was a sudden violent gust, and thunder crashed overhead in a deafening roar. Simeona was rigid with fear. Bognut—would he run away to hide from evil spirits? This was an emergency and I prayed fervently, "Oh Lord, don't let them leave us. Don't let the storm continue. They will run away!"

Then there was a sudden gush of rain. We could never forget the dumb terror in the poor little wild face of Simeona. Oh, that God would let us make it plain to them—His peace, His safe arms of salvation! As suddenly at it had come, the storm ceased. The cloud turned over on its sunny side, and folks at Panulung could breathe again.

Simeona continued with another, and yet another message; and now she was speaking the words, "Jesus Wants To Save You."

How intently the Mangyan audience listened as Simeona

said the words, and then repeated them in that unbelievable catch-voice box! Line after line until the day was over; and at last, the fourth recording was finished. Simeona and Bognut slipped away to their little shack hidden behind the trees, and all of the Mangyans left. Tomorrow they would come back. They had promised!

Ann said, "If I could just give them a song to follow that message on 'Fear Not'—a song with simple words, and with a simple melody that will sing peace into their frightened souls!" Then she thought of the melody, "I Will Not Be Afraid!"

"Carlos Gamo, how would you say in Mangyan, 'I am not afraid'?" As he spoke them, Ann wrote down the sounds phonetically; careful to note the exact accent.

"Bukón akó madála." Yes, this line fits the chosen melody perfectly; then it is repeated.

"And how do you say, 'I belong to Jesus, I know'?"

"Akó ay sakáng Jesús alamńiko."

"Now, this line fits nicely into the third and fourth lines of the melody, with accents adjusting the tune only a little bit!"

And so it was that Ann and Carlos composed a song in Mangyan, and its message was "Fear Not."

After writing it out carefully, Ann read it for corrections, and then she sang it several times, having Carlos check her pronunciation.

When she could sing it in perfect Mangyan form, by mimicry, Ann went to the little catch-voice box and sang it there, where it became immortalized—the first song of Jesus in the tongue of Hanunoo Mangyans.

"Dear Lord, let it sing its way into the far reaches of this scattered people. Let it bring the name of Jesus into every place of terror, that their spirits may be set free." What a thrill it would be tomorrow to sing them this new song in their own language!

But would they come back? Tomorrow dawned inauspiciously; it was raining, equipment was not working, and no Mangyans! However, God worked, and before the morning had gone, rains had stopped, equipment had taken a turn for the better, and Mangyans had come—a number of them. How pathetic they were—obviously dressed in their gladdest rags, but still only partially clothed, dirty, sickly! There were frightened half-grown children, torn between curiosity and fear; there were naked little children and their mothers, whose faces were lined with wretchedness. There were men—not old, but toothless; and darkness, like a mask, characterized all of their faces.

"Would you like to hear the little box sing?" Carlos asked them. And as Ann placed the Minadyk on the ground, it became the center of an eager circle of creatures most precious to the Christ who was even at this hour drawing them, as does a magnet, unto Himself.

Then the box began to sing to them in their own language. It had a clear soprano voice, and the thrilling assurance of those words affected them with the quality of awe that one would feel if he should suddenly hear an angel singing.

Bukón akó madála
Bukón akó madála
Akó ay sakáng, Jesús alamńiko
Sia mag bántay so kangkó

The English thoughts were:

I am not afraid;
I am not afraid;
I belong to Jesus, I know;
He cares for me.

A hush fell upon them as they listened to more of their own words singing the new song of a believer in Jesus. The thoughts came to them as follows:

My sins were put away;
Now I am free;
Jesus died to save me;
When He arose, He went to Heaven.

The melody was filled with glad words about a God who was good. A great God who would be *for* them, and in whose love they need fear no evil power—not even the demons of lightning and thunder or any evil which had the power to kill.

I am not afraid,
I am not afraid
Of night and spirits; Jesus all-powerful,
He cares for me.

The impression must have been tremendous. After playing the song from the box several times, a hush lingered upon the little group until it was time to say goody-by to Panulung.

"Oh Thou who art their merciful Friend, help them to understand."

Our trek home seemed shorter, and it was the beginning of our return trip to home base at Manila. We would get one more Mindoro pagan language, but that must wait until we should approach the west of Mindoro after our recording in Palawan which was to be our third missionary journey.

Can you imagine what news awaited us in Manila? Some days after our arrival at DZAS on July eleventh, we opened a letter from Frank Mabunga and read, "Join us in praising our God for the four Mangyans who became believers in Jesus five days after your visit with us."

Yes, this was the beginning of the pledge of love. It would be fulfilled in great measure for Mindoro's primitive people.

For very soon Frank Mabunga would make another trip to the place called Aroma in Panulung, and he would bring to the *barrio* of Carlos Gamo, phonographs and records in the language of hundreds who live far back in the highland jungles.

These will go out bearing the message of God through the language of Simeona and Bognut.[1]

Fear not, "for the Lord has comforted his people,
And has had pity upon his afflicted ones" (Isa. 49:13).

1. Note: Frank Mabunga has already taken the records to the *barrio* of Panulung, and has reported to us that now in that place, twenty believers are meeting regularly for worship.

PALAWAN

The long slender island of Palawan is surprisingly impenetrable, and perhaps for this reason has kept distinct its variety of ethnic groups. It has an area of four thousand square miles, most of which is covered with mountains and jungles. Two-thirds of the island is inhabited by the three Tagbanua groups, which are predominantly Indonesian, although most of the women show a strong mixture of short Mongol. There are also quite a number of the Malay blend and a few mixed Papuan types. Those of the north are very primitive, while those of central Palawan wear clothing, build houses, and practice a little dry agriculture. They are the only tribe, other than the Mangyans, to have one of the old Philippine syllabic alphabets. It is still in use to a small extent.

The Palawanos of the south are considered to be another of the Tagbanua tribes, and resemble the central group in general culture.

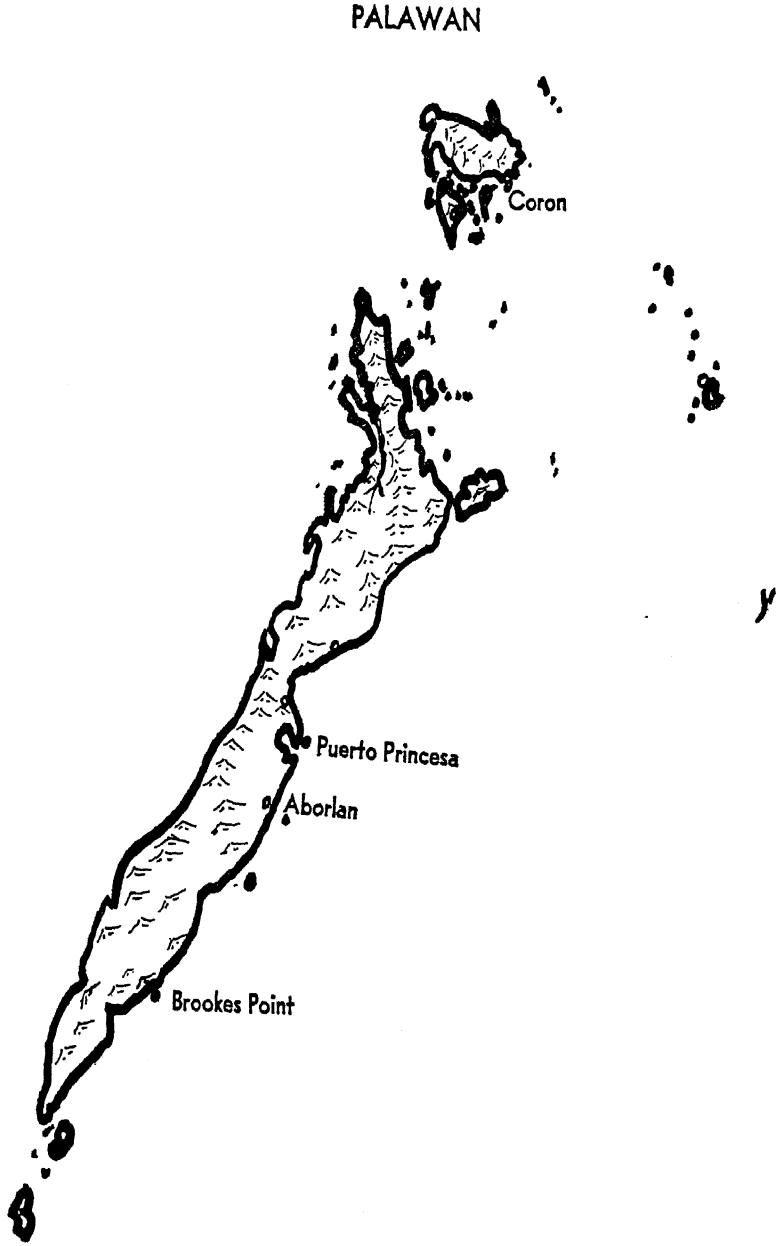
The Bataks of central Palawan are an interesting tribe of short dark people with kinky hair, and although sometimes erroneously thought to be Negritos, are of almost pure Papuan type with a little admixture of short Mongol. The general culture and type reminds one of the Semang and Sakai of the Malay Peninsula, though the others suggest northern Australia.

These tribes mentioned are all pagan. At the southern tip of Palawan along the coast, there has been an infiltration of Moros, who have drifted over from the Sulu Archipelago. They seem to be a complicated Malay blend with a culture of mixed Mohammedan, Malay, and Chinese.

Gathered from H. Otley Beyer's, "Population of the Philippine Islands in 1916."

LANGUAGES RECORDED IN PALAWAN

Agutainon	Calamiano	Palawano
Batak	Cuyonon	Tagbanua (3 dialects)
Cagayano		


PALAWAN
Coron
Puerto Princesa
Aborlan
Brookes Point

TWENTY-ONE

WE FOLLOWED THE FISHERMEN

> Who can stay the bottles of heaven? . . .
> Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go,
> and say to thee, Here we are?—Job 38:37, 35

BUMP-BUMP, bump-bump, bump-bump—the pendulum rocking of the Sosa's fishing launch hitched to the back porch stoop, awakened me with the memory that we were in the guest room of the Filipino family, a fisherman-pastor's home. It was a five-room cottage, anchoring firmly to a bank at the front, and at the back on slender legs, wading into the sea at high tide. Ann was still sleeping. Remembering that today was to be the trip to find our first Palawan language, I got up from my army cot and tiptoed across the mahogany floor boards to push open a nipa shutter (using a long bamboo pole to hold it open). We expected the weather to turn fair and become an escort for us, else we could not go. The wind blew rain-wet into my face, like a prankster awakening me with a dash of cold water. I let the pole down quickly and closed the shutter. It was almost morning and the rain was still falling steadily, although muted by the soft thatch of our Filipino roof. It had rained continually since our arrival at Coron three days ago. And for the fifth or sixth time the salt tide was swishing in to visit us; I could see it now between the wide cracks of the floor. When I opened the window, I had caught a glimpse of a grey sea beyond the eaves of our next-door neighbor's house, and the sky, as much as I could see of it, was a mass of alpine cloud-ranges light-outlined by the coming day, but folding

within their billows great chasms full of night and unleashed floods!

July 23 had marked the beginning of our third major recording venture; and we knew that though it was the season of torrential rains in the province of Palawan, our trip would still necessitate much boat travel in and out of the island group as well as along the slender three hundred mile coast of the main island itself. Around the island of Busuanga of which Coron was a port, there were many other small islands of the Calamianos group, inhabited not only by Tagalog Filipino villagers, but by large numbers of native Tagbanuas—almost entirely pagan—with no word of the gospel in their own Calamiano language. We had seen many of them already, plying their crude narrow log rafts, each with his fishing bucket tied to his raft of balsa logs twelve feet long. The Tagbanua fisherman was dark-skinned except the tips of his toes and the bottoms of his feet; and his kinky close-cropped hair was bronzed by the sea and sun. He was no mean athlete. Clothed mainly in the moss-green sea that surged over his floating tied-together logs, he dared to row out into the open ocean to fill his bucket with rainbow-colored fish and come in again, darting between the big boats at the wharves where he tried to sell his catch.

Could we not rightfully expect God to accomplish His work on behalf of these people, even if He must order the clouds about, and their lightning and thunder, and their hindering rains? Was this presumption? I thought of the One so often portrayed against a fisherman's setting of the sea and storm, the little boats with nets let down into the deep; of Him, sitting in the ship at harbor, its sails down and nets dragged out to sun, drawing its fishermen to obey His words, "Come, follow me." It was a thrill to think that we, following the fishing boats around the islands, could go in the splendid company of the Master of the sky and sea as we sought a way of intro-

ducing the little log-raft natives to their first knowledge Jesus.

Just last night we had visited in the sala (parlor) of Sosa home and discussed with them the possibilities of g out to get languages. They had so cordially planned for coming, inviting us weeks before, and receiving us with ea ness to do all they could to help. Mrs. Sosa had met us a boy to handle baggage, as soon as our boat, the Mash had docked at the rain-soaked pier downtown. As we c to her house, she had pointed out the nice-looking school wl she was a teacher, also the church nearby where her husb was a lay pastor. The Sosas, educated, English-speaking, orous, and warmly hospitable, were typical of the Filij friends that continued to enrich our journeys in the isl of Palawan Province.

Mr. Sosa had said in the midst of our discussions evening, "If it were not stormy, we could go tomorrow could take you to Culion to find a Calamiano spokesman, Baknan. Now would be the time to go, since my own bo available and I am free to take you because, even if the should stop, this is not quite the time for fishing. And boats will not be depending upon the motor launch to tow t out to sea until a day or so later when the moon wanes."

"Oh," we had answered, "if you can furnish the boat take us, I am sure that God will arrange the weather. *always* does."

He had looked at us a little indulgently, and answered, ' we haven't seen the sun in weeks, and we couldn't go in like this." He had gone to the window and looked out a storm.

Had I spoken too quickly? Knowing there were some i room who were not believers, I felt even more challen "Let us pray now and ask God to do it. I am sure He w

And the night had answered our prayer with rain and unceasing. What would the outcome be? Mr. Sosa would

be too busy to help us. A few days earlier, although he was free, his hand which he had cut severely, would not have been sufficiently healed to have enabled him to man the launch for us. From every standpoint, the time was ripe *now* to go.

> Also by watering he wearieth the thick cloud:
> He scattereth his bright cloud:
> And it is turned round about by his counsels:
> That they may do *whatsoever he commandeth them*
> Upon the face of the world, in the earth.
>
> —Job 37:11, 12

* * *

By nine o'clock in the morning the day was clear and shining! The fishing launch bobbed jubilantly to the level of the porch platform and quivered as we stepped aboard—Mr. Sosa, a nephew, Ann, and I. The men unhitched the prow, heading it out into the blue bay where all around us were deep green tropical islets and promontories. We expected a pleasant but uneventful voyage to the island of Culion where we hoped to find Mr. Baknan, an ideal spokesman for the Calamianos language; and also at Culion we were looking forward to seeing the government leprosarium which, in prewar days, was the largest colony of its kind in the world.[1]

Weaving in and out between the palm-shaded isles and coral atolls, we were followed by a wake of jeweled foam churning up from the propellers of Sosa's motor launch. (He was insisting on paying for all the fuel for this trip.) A gentle breeze lightly chased us, pushing us playfully as though it were a joyous party to this day. And then we suddenly stopped at the edge of a coral shoal outlying a tiny islet where we could see through the thick palm grove one or two paths inland which must lead to its handful of native dwellings.

"I'd like to go ashore here," Mr. Sosa announced, "to get a piece of wood that can be found at this place. It is very

1. Established by General Gordon in 1906.

good for bait." And with that, he jumped from the boat and began to swim. We watched him make the shore and then turned happily to look over the bow of the launch and down into the green water where we could see the most fascinating subterranean gardens of coral—white, black, brown, green, and all faery! Tiny aquamarine fish darted hither and thither among the coral stalagmites, and they glowed as though they were neon-lighted! The ocean bottom was a wonder-world! But we did not notice when the prow stuck softly to the sticky-rough coral; and we were not aware of the tide receding so swiftly that already the front part of the boat was clear of the sea.

Presently Mr. Sosa returned, too soon for Ann and me who were still enraptured with the treasures under the sea. He managed to divert us however, with a gift of an armful of rare South Sea island shells!

Then, all at once, we were conscious of Mr. Sosa and his nephew shouting to one another; diving under the boat to see how extensively grounded it was; pushing and struggling with top-effort maneuvering to launch us. At first Ann and I did not realize the gravity of the situation and cheerily offered our two-ounce worth of effort to the good cause. But we soon noticed by the expression on Mr. Sosa's face that this was serious, although we did not know then that the next high tide would lap several feet short of this place; and should we be stranded here, it would be for twenty-four hours with mosquitos swarming at nightfall to make the vigil and the fasting here extremely unpleasant, to say the least. The fishermen considered this a real emergency.

"Will you pray for us, Miss Ridderhof?" Mr. Sosa, usually reserved, was not wasting words. He felt desperately responsible for our welfare. We turned our eyes away from the coral fairyland and prayed for help in our unexpected plight.

"Push off the oil drums!" shouted Sosa, and together the men struggled and pushed and lifted, and at last heaved them

off. Sosa jumped into the cabin and raced the motor again, and one of the infrequent higher swells came full-speed to the help of the lightened boat. There was a creaking and a splash and the boat lunged into the sea, clear of the clutches of the coral anchorage. With a mighty effort, the men poled hard against the reef as the boat rocked dangerously near, and pushed it away to a safe depth. Ann and I were both surprised and more deeply impressed with the crisis-nature of this episode when we saw Mr. Sosa raise both arms in a gesture of exultant relief as he shouted, "Praise the Lord!"

Now with the boat adrift once more, the men had to swim the oil drums to the reef, and by syphoning half of the contents of the full drum into the empty one, they managed to hoist them aboard, and we were on our way again.

Ours was not the only boat at sea. Beside the beautiful *vintas,* the motor barges, and outrigger *bancas,* there were the dozens of log rafts each with its native fisherman rowing swiftly, skimming across the languid tropical sea. We were glad our launch, lightened of its weights and liberated from treacherous grounding on the reef, was free to follow hard after the Tagbanua fishermen moving toward Culion. Little did they dream as they happily waved to us, that we were casting on their behalf. However, on this beautiful day, we did not anticipate the struggle we would have before we should fill our nets for the Calamiano dialect.

We sat on top of the boat watching green-tufted hills float by, disappearing behind us while we rounded promontories, gaining ever new views of islands set like emeralds in the blue sea.

* * *

O such a dome as arches o'er God's temple!
What handiwork skilled craftsman ne'er produced!
The architect, the artist, the designer
Is God Himself, our God, with Master touch.

In colour, curve and contour,
By breeze and wafted fragrance
He speaks to us of love;
He speaks of His own love, so infinite, so tender.

'Twas never in the heart of man to understand its meaning,
To comprehend the warmth and depth of longing in His heart;
With outstretched arms He ever seeks our fellowship, our worship,
And in response, creation in magnificence, replies!

His fingers touch the morning
And glad answer paints the sky!
His whisper stills the noon with holy hush;
The stars together sing in exultation;
The surging waves arise to heed His word.

How blest are we who dwell within His temple!
Oh, that man—the man He made—would PRAISE the Lord!

Ann Sherwood

* * *

A leper sat on the edge of his bed in the convalescent ward and sang for us. The evangelists, our hosts at Culion, knowing the cheering effect of small attentions, had introduced this Christian patient to us, and his song was a glad response to their request. "Would you like to sing for them in English, your favorite hymn?"

And our eyes dimmed with tears to see his face, so disfigured by disease that his features seemed eaten out from the inside. He was not old, but thin and weak from recent diosin treatment; he was blind and his mouth had been slit open by surgery. But his sightless brown eyes were shining with a heavenly light as in a clear, tenor voice, he was singing—

Rejoice, rejoice, O Christian,
Lift up your heart and sing
Eternal alleluias
To Jesus Christ the King!

.....

I see His hand of mercy,
I hear His voice of cheer,
And just the time I need Him
He's always near.
He lives, He lives . . .

I recalled those phrases at the end of a long-ago miracle about a man who "rose up before them, and *took up that whereon he lay* . . . glorifying God!" Even the torn, disfigured leprous tent he dwelt in now, could not hide the "man made whole," standing undefeated and radiant within. The sacred beauty of a leper's praise! We would not soon forget it.

We had been led through the colony by Mr. and Mrs. Evangelista who had met us at the dock in Culion. We had first seen the town at about two o'clock in the afternoon when our barge rounded the bend. Its terraced, tile-roofed buildings came into view; all the houses were of stucco; snuggled into the steep slopes amid tropical trees and banks of flowers, it could have been a seaside cliff in California! Then, in no time at all, we had found ourselves encircled in the hearty welcome of Mr. and Mrs. Ulpiano Evangelista, who took us to their beautiful "stateside" home on the bluff above the town of Culion. From the porch bedroom that was ours for the night, we could look out beyond the banks of maidenhair ferns to the blue harbor studded with islands.

Then we had been taken to see the leprosarium, entering it by driving down a long, narrow road between trees almost pressing against us. Mr. Evangelista presented his pass at the gate, and we drove into a little town inhabited exclusively by lepers. All teachers, policemen, merchants, yardmen—all in the colony were lepers, excellently cared for but pathetic victims of a vicious disease that left them crippled and terribly disfigured. There were sights that wrung our hearts, yet as we visited in the Christian wards, there was a radiance on their faces that covered up everything else.

The next morning at seven o'clock, I was to speak to them

at their regular missionary prayer meeting (which was held each day from seven to eight). But they had already spoken so much to my own heart. What could I say to them?

When I stood before the large group gathered in the chapel, I could not resist speaking back to them the theme of the blind leper's song. "Rejoice, rejoice, O Christian!" And I found myself, incongruous as it seemed, talking to *them* of the privilege which is ours of presenting to God the precious gift of praise, of rejoicing, that sings like a nightingale in the darkest hours.

Knowing something of the severe persecutions these Christians were grieved by, even at this time, I cited cases of Christians I had known in Honduras, who were victorious in the midst of deep trial. I never had more spontaneous response. This was a message they already knew and lived; and I felt their eagerness literally whisk it from my lips to their own souls.

And how they loved to sing! We learned easy little choruses that set the chapel pealing out into

Joy, joy, joy, with joy my heart is ringing.

And another which they picked up quickly and sang with the buoyant energy of a boy who loves to pull the bell-rope announcing Sunday school in the country.

Joy, joy, my heart is full of joy,
Joy, joy, my heart is full of joy,
My Saviour dear is ever near—
That's the reason why my heart is full of joy.

It was the kind of a song that would harmonize in rounds with groups singing different lines at different times. This was the sound of lepers singing joy songs; and I left them with my own soul stirred to the depths. Also I was startled to realize that there can be no absence of beauty except when a soul does not respond to its Creator in continual adoration and praise.

Surely, if these dear ones *can,* I *must* keep the bells of gratitude ringing out through every circumstance with purposeful praise.

* * *

> Away up in the old church tower I have heard the wild winds that swept about the hollow chambers sighing and moaning, within the massive bells the faintest of faint sounds, but who should call that anything? It is only when the sturdy ringers grip the ropes and pull, in turn, with might and main that the glad peal goes crashing with music. The bells of Mansoul need a like set purpose and vigor to wake the melody of praise.[2]

* * *

Indeed, this was rejoicing when lepers could sing not only of comfort but of gladness. And as I placed before them the cry of unreached places inaccessible for the feet of the evangel, where records in the tribal languages could go; they, with a "leisure from themselves" that freed their hearts, were eager to embrace this new opportunity. And they pledged themselves to accompany, through prayer, these records in hundreds of languages to the dwellings of darkness throughout the earth.

Not finding Mr. Baknan at Culion, we embarked again by our "private" launch to try to find him at the port of Concepcion on the other side of Busuanga Island. After picking our way over the coral reefs to the shore, we walked interior by a path which was a majestic colonnade of tall coconut palms, and then to a perfect gem of a village looking as though it had been designed by a landscape artist. Its lanes were natural avenues of palm trees and hedged about by tropical vegetation. Its two or three neat, unpaved streets were lined with nipa houses, flowers in the yards, and here and there a shop or place of trade.

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2. "Praise" by Mark Guy Pearse from series "Little Books on Devotion."

"Mr. Baknan is not on the island," they told us. Our hearts sank. Mr. Sosa was disconcerted. "At least, we don't think he is," they added uncertainly.

"He is the only informant I know of who can help you," Sosa spoke decidedly, "I believe I'll send a runner to his rice fields eight kilometers from here anyway. We *must* find him."

As the runner went, we occupied ourselves with such things as: a siesta on rattan woven beds of Philippine mahogany; a cool refreshing drink from the shells of young coconuts; a walk along the shore. These silent moments opened out into a sea of thoughts, prayer thoughts, pouring out in the serious urgency of this beginning of our search for languages in Palawan.

It was nearly evening when our runner returned, and with him were Mr. Baknan and his wife who had consented to go with us to Coron! We straightway started back to the launch. The tide was so low now that we must wade out the distance of a city block to reach a depth suitable to float the *banca.* In the *banca* we rowed toward the setting sun edging the fantastically shaped mountain islands, and spreading a covering of liquid rose and gold on sky and sea. We were enveloped in its glow and there beyond us stood a black specter-like boat—still and stolid, awaiting our arrival. But best of all, *with* us was our mediator, Mr. Restituto Baknan, through whom the gospel could be prepared and given to many who were inhabiting those island places which even now were enveloped in darkness.

The night was clear and still, and a full moon began to draw a wide luminous avenue across the smooth sea.

"How wonderful our God is!" I talked to the young man (nephew of Mr. Sosa) who had helped us so faithfully on this trip. He listened eagerly. The night seemed to bring us to touch the garments of the One who had made it.

"Fishermen brought their boatsful to shore at the word of His power," I thought aloud. "And the disciples who had

wanted to catch fish, found that their nets were breaking. Yet immediately, they forsook them—boats, nets, fish, they left it all. Why? No wonder, they had found the *Source* of the miracle. If they had Jesus, He could do that again any time that there was need, and so much more besides. Just think what it means to have Him, the Master, the Creator! Without Him nothing was made that is made. How foolish for us to fret or worry with such a One by our side!"

The lad seemed eager to relinquish his claims upon himself and to follow Christ, but he chose instead to remain just "almost persuaded." Too soon, we were winding between the shoals and back into Coron. Since the tide was out too far now to tether our launch at our own back porch, we glided into the town dock and anchored there.

* * *

Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday morning, Calamiano and Cuyonon recordings were accomplished, but not without equipment troubles. My diary suffered its pages to carry the words: "Now that we have started at last, to make records, we are having a time with the recorder. It sounds wavy at times, then clears up again. So far away from technicians! We can't go back to Manila. While Ann works on a song translation, I fiddle with the machine. The trouble may be in the large battery. It gets chills and fever or something."

All of this was a foreshadowing of the severest trials we were yet to encounter underscoring the *crisis* factor in our Palawan experience which would culminate in an S.O.S. sent out to our entire intercessory-prayer list in the States.

It alerted them with the message:

"In November our visitor's permit expires and we will be returning to the States. . . . We still have scores of languages to record, scores of tribes to reach. . . . At the present rate of working we cannot finish, and it breaks our hearts. Through your prayers, we believe the Lord will do a miracle and en-

able us to do the impossible. Maybe workers here in the Philippines will be raised up to help us so that we can work simultaneously, or perhaps missionary technicians from the States will come out to carry on the task. The need is desperate. Hundreds and thousands of souls are involved. We must work fast while the way is yet open. Let us stand together on the words of Psalm 56:9: 'When I cry unto thee, then shall mine enemies turn back: this I know; for God is for me.'"

Sunday evening was to be (so we thought then) our last night at Coron. Tomorrow we would finish our work and catch the boat for Puerto Princesa. We knew it was scheduled to leave at 11:00 A.M. We were already packed with little more to do. But, confident that we could not sleep, Ann and I talked about the future. There were the pressing calls to us from the islands of Indonesia; from the tribal frontiers of Malaya, Indochina, Siam; the need of tribes of New Guinea, of aboriginal Australia; to say nothing of the cry of the larger continents—Africa, South American Amazonia, and India. We talked of a recording team to go out on our next field trip so that one or two could go ahead or tarry behind, according to the circumstances. We talked of the possibility of branching out into more planned field recording by missionaries as their boards could direct them in co-operation with us. This would mean working together on a larger scale to get the original recordings for records which would be processed through our facilities. We thought of *simultaneous* field recording around the world. We thought of the speed required *now* to push the good news into the last pagan frontiers. This would be a race with time, and with the fast receding areas of possible missionary endeavor in a world darkening into new and bigger political perplexities. Yet, even so, we could expect the triumphant fulfillment of Matthew 24:14: "This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness to all nations [peoples]; and then shall the end come."

We felt excited—too excited to sleep in the taking hold of this great prophecy. It *can* be done. Within a *decade* if we *will,* every last tribe on earth can hear this gospel of the kingdom!

* * *

We did not see it then; but here at Coron, our first Palawan endeavor, threads were beginning which would be woven throughout the whole pattern that was Palawan. There was weather and the miracle of diverted storms; equipment trials and the miracle of retrieve; of time and talent at the last minute (God's unhurried, last minute being sometimes days beyond ours). And the uninteresting threads of sitting still, doing nothing; these were to be present throughout the whole cloth. Also the bright threads of missionary and Filipino hospitality and uttermost co-operation. The exotic beauty, lavish, around us, of sea and jungle mountains, of palm strands and fishing fleets, of voyages to many ports of call. All of these threads began the warp and woof that would finish with striking consistency the yardage of our third missionary journey.

There was to be one dominant thread of a color I cannot tell exactly because on one side it always seemed the picture of calamity, while on the other it inevitably wore the aspect of Divine Wisdom and so markedly that it was this thread which most prominently betrayed the Designer of the entire weaving which was the Palawan recording trip.

This particular thread first appeared crazy to us when we saw its underside in the following incident of Monday morning.

We were waiting for the "jeepney" to take us to the dock ahead of time when we looked up to see *our ship passing,* heading out toward the open sea. It was the boat we should have been on, and it had left ahead of schedule! Our work at Coron was finished; we were ready to go! Shocked with disappointment, we watched it out of sight. And it seemed that we saw Time slipping by, escaping us with all its precious cargo of opportunities, and wealth of hours and days; leaving us stand-

ing on an empty shore under a greying sky. Just standing, with nothing to do. But sing—yes, sing we must, although the song would lift itself on leaden wings in sheer unfeeling faith that above the floods gathering in the thunderheads above us, a sun was still shining. We could not have known at this time that it would be the fate of this ship that we had missed to be struck by lightning in a storm at sea.

At Coron we were to watch the tides go and come about twenty more times, and the rains were continual except for brief, intermittent sunshine when we could open the shutters and let light pour into our little room; or walk out on to the streets to see giant clam shells, some of them three feet high. Sometimes from next door we would hear above the rhetorical cadence of Tagalog speaking, an exquisite bit of classical music like Beethoven's *Emperor Concerto*. Incredibly *"stateside,"* it was a sweet breath of home in a faraway bamboo cottage by the sea. We felt that the tide was far out and we should be hurrying, yet we must wait and let our hearts be still.

If in these days we may not serve, we may yet worship; we may offer "sacrifice of praise" that is rejoicing evermore. Is service pre-eminently important? If so, why should it be so often hindered? We have observed the cutting short of a life when it seemed ready for its fullest service; we have seen a talented young life laid upon a couch of helpless invalidism; and also in very minor affairs we have seen the allowance of delays upon the very brink of urgency. It must be that *praise*—glad and free and wholly unto God—is more important to Him than anything else we could offer Him. What He wants *most* is the worship and adoration of our hearts.

> Fairest Lord Jesus! Ruler of all nature!
> O Thou of God and man the Son!
> Thee will I cherish, Thee will I honor,
> Thou, my soul's glory, joy, and crown!

The hymn of the Crusaders had to become the atmosphere of our waiting days at Coron.

When the moon waned, we could watch the fishing fleets go out at sunset. Tugged in single file, each graceful prow bearing its own color and insignia, the sails down to the mast and tied by ropes, the oars, eight on each side of the long canoe, dipping up and down in perfect rhythm, flashing in the glow of the setting sun. At the head of each flotilla of a dozen boats there would be a motor launch, like that of Mr. Sosa's, to tug them out between the two island promontories which were like a doorway into the bay, or out to the fishing fields upon the open sea. And there the slender boats cut themselves adrift and unfurled their sails for fishing all night under the stars until next morning when again they would link on to one another to be towed back into their harbors.

And at last the evening of Saturday, August 5, came when we were aboard the interisland steamer. Dotting the waters around us at the docks were many Tagbanua rafts with their small bucket cargoes of purple and blue, red, plaid, and spotted fish. Some of their slim rafts were crowded beside our boat, and the native fishermen were standing straight up, balancing themselves like acrobats on the bobbing logs, to offer some of their biggest fish for sale to the ship's commissary. Many fish were bought right out of the weathered brown hands of the Tagbanuas. We felt like calling out to them the good news that we had prepared something for them; but knowing that they could not understand us, we had to keep this happy secret to ourselves until the records would be sent back to tell them the gospel in their own language. And now as we came slowly out into the bay, we were following the evening fishing fleets going out to sea. There were several flotillas of them, converging at the gateway to the ocean. Fascinated with watching these beautiful *proas* with their S-shaped prows and the look of pirate boats in the old Moro tradition, we presently gained upon them, having ourselves passed between the island pillars and out into the Pacific, ploughing our way toward Puerto Princesa.

TWENTY-TWO

DESOLATE VILLAGE

Yea, though he live a thousand years
twice told, yet he hath seen no good.
—Ecclesiastes 6:6

WE CAME upon it unexpectedly right out in a wide-open field close by the jungle, but there it was—a primitive Batak village in the bare dusty center of a *caingyan* (clearing) of tough *cogon* grass. The whole circle of short-legged, low, tattered huts was in plain view. In the center was the larger communal house standing in the same ragged mood of dilapidation.

Mr. Alvior, our vivacious Filipino guide and would-be interpreter, adjusted his sun helmet and stamped off the drying mud from his army leggings. He looked like a boy scout on a field trip. Ann and I wore high-top rubber boots that were muddy too, but we were bareheaded and wearing nylon seersucker skirts and cotton blouses. The three of us had taken a bus from Puerto Princesa to the end of the road, getting off at Babuyan which proved to be nothing but a tiny Filipino inn called a rest house. From there we had followed our guide into the jungle, down slippery banks, across streams, and through tangled paths until we had come out upon this view of the Batak village which we had been hoping to find.

And here it was! But as we came close to it, we found that nobody was there. Could everyone be out working? But no signs of life anywhere! Not a chicken, or a dog; not a single

rice basket or an earthen jar for water or beer. The communal house was empty except for a swarm of flies buzzing around a spot of grease where only the odor of refuse was left. There was not a sound except now and then the peculiar hiccoughing croak of a *gehko* (large lizard). The village was deserted, an empty shell that mutely described the desolate life that once inhabited it.

"They have moved away," Mr. Alvior said in dismay. We knew that this was a habit of the fast-dwindling tribe who were the aborigines of Palawan. Numbering now only about eight hundred, Negrito in origin, they were nomadic people. With strong tribal instinct that made them cling pathetically to one another, they would move the entire village from planting to planting as the time suited them. The jungle forest with its uses ready to their hands, made their construction of grass-roofed shacks a matter of two days' work. We noticed that the huts in the empty village were only half-finished; platforms with one or two walls, and roofs heaped with nipa and grass that made them likely nests for chickens or rats and other creatures that we did not like to think about. We saw three bats fly out of the top of the communal house, and making a swift, dizzy circle, they disappeared behind one of the farthest hovels.

"Here is an overgrown path!" our guide shouted from the far edge of the village. "Let's follow it. Maybe they did not go very far. I doubt it, but we might be able to find them."

We followed Mr. Alvior across the field and began to climb a barren hill. We were hoping to locate the *barrio* lieutenant who would be the one to secure the likeliest native interpreter for Batak records we planned to make; we had left our recording equipment at the farm house back on the gravel road. There was no shade on the hill, and the forenoon heat took the starch out of us. I sat down on a rock to rest. Just halfway up the hill! Would they have gone miles away, I wondered. But surely we must find them.

"There it is!" Mr. Alvior shouted from the hilltop, and pointed as he looked down the opposite slope. "Right down there is the village on the bare slope of the hill," he announced as we came panting to the crest to look over.

Sure enough it was another group of huts near the bottom of the hillside. We could see no communal house in this one however, and the haphazard, short-pegged huts were scattered here and there without any symmetrical pattern. There were no trees for shade anywhere, but instead a wilderness of tall grass and rampant weeds. We waited for Mr. Alvior to make way for our visit among the timid little folk he might find at home in the tattered *barrio*. And at his signal we descended the hill and came into the Batak village. A skinny pig was rooting around a clump of tough grass, and three small chickens pecked at bits of rubbish on the ground between a clutter of poor huts. As we passed one of these squalid dwellings, we noticed a listless dog that stared at us, too inert to wag his tail or bark. We walked close to an open shack where a woman, naked to the waist, sat stooped over, husking rice. She stopped often to scratch her flabby arms that were covered with scaling skin. "Bataks have double skin" was a statement that we now understood. So many of them were afflicted with ringworm due to the filth in which they lived. Somehow the sadness that had touched our hearts with our first sight of the empty village deepened now with the desolation we felt as we came into this one. The woman's face haunted us. The youth that should have been there (for she was not really an old woman) had grown old and weary before its time. Her hair from her forehead to the crown of her head had been shaved off and her expression was like that of one who has been too long in a prison cell. Was it just the odd effect of the hair style? But no, the young girl without this shaved-off coiffure, who was weaving a basket in the same little straw-like hovel, wore that dull forlorn look also.

What must be the life of this people? I thought of the color

and warmth and comfort of my own life; and the pleasant times in the missionary home of the Walter Binneys where we were staying in Puerto Princesa. And here, so close to us out in the fields yet untaken for God, there were these people who were the children of desolation. "They are minished and brought low through oppression, affliction, and sorrow . . . to wander in a wilderness, where there is no way" (Ps. 107:39, 40).

We did not find many people in the village; only a few women seemed to be around. They were not unfriendly but very shy and undemonstrative. Some of them allowed us to take their pictures, and we made one of three of them standing side-by-side dressed in their costume of a skirt, heavy bronze anklets, and crude necklaces. Around their naked waists were coils of highly glossed rattan which they could tighten during the famine days. Two of these women also wore their hair shaved to the crown. This, we learned, was to indicate that they were unmarried. One of them, the youngest, had thick hair that fell in a disheveled mass about her face that could have been pretty but for that lack-luster expression of unspoken famine of spirit. We tried to get them to smile, but when a hint of laughter showed around their mouths, their eyes were still dark-veiled like a lost soul looking dimly out upon hopelessness. We learned that the youngest woman of the three, the one whose head had not been shorn, had been stolen from her first husband; but he had been quickly pacified by the ransom for her—the total sum of one crockery plate. How would it feel to be valued at the price of a plate?

Someone managed to call a young man in from a nearby rice planting; and he consented to guide us to the home of the *barrio* lieutenant, some distance from the native village. His house was built more like those of the lowland villagers. And we found him at home. Could he suggest anyone from the Batak *barrio* who could help us?

We waited in the little yard while our native guide went

away to contact a possible Batak spokesman for us. Dubious about the outcome of this, we were not in a talkative mood as we sat on a log bench; we were thinking of the shocking destitution of these unwanted, unloved people—shorn, disconsolate.

What was that ornate little bamboo shrine at the front of the official's house? We asked someone and they told us that it was a spirit altar. Then we knew why it was covered with garlands of flowers. These were peace offerings to the evil spirits. "But this is a people robbed and spoiled; they are all of them snared in holes, and they are hid in prison houses: they are for a prey, and *none delivereth;* for a spoil, and none saith, *Restore*" (Isa. 42:22).

* * *

An hour later we were a raftload—the three of us, plus the *barrio* lieutenant, the Batak guide, and a native spokesman he had been able to bring to us, floating slowly downstream on a wide river; the tall trees and jungle shoots on either side were like high green cliffs sometimes arching out the blue sky above us. Families of monkeys chattered in the trees or swung noiselessly from limb to limb along the banks. The scene was full and extravagant with such abundant beauty it seemed unreal. What a contrast this was to the desolate village of the Bataks! Yet the contrast pressed the image of the unloved people even more heavily upon our hearts.

In a short time the raft was tied to a stump on the river bank. We scrambled up to the steep path, made our way out of the underbrush into the field skirting the rest house, miles down the dusty country road until at last we were situated for work on the farmhouse porch. Underneath us was literally the barn, which added prosperous sounding interest and local color to the background of our first Batak recordings.

When the day was spent we had not finished, but our Batak spokesman (wearing shorts instead of a more native attire) promised to bring another helper in the morning; and we

agreed to meet them halfway by going down to the rest house.

The next morning early we watched for them from the tiny wooden porch of the Rest House. We had almost missed this appointment ourselves because our only possible bus had rumbled by while we were still at the breakfast table. It had done no good to rush out with our impedimenta and run down the wide fenced-in field of the Filipino farm to watch the last dust of the bus disappear far away down the road. But presently a truck had come along on this usually deserted road, and we had reached the place agreed upon in plenty of time.

But would they really come? Monkeys were chattering in the nearby woods and once in a while they jumped out into plain view, blinking beady little eyes in our direction. We had not watched long in the direction of the river before we saw the Bataks emerging from the jungle hedge into the clear field.

There was our friend wearing shorts, and following him out of the jungle we were astonished to see a Batak in his native attire. Coming toward us was this dark brown kinky-haired little person of wonderful physique, wearing the usual bark G-string and carrying a native bow and arrow. His stiff-bark G-string knotted at the back gave the effect of a tail trimmed in the proud fashion of a show horse on parade.

At two o'clock the last bus arrived at this road's end place and we must leave, although the kindly bus driver waited thirty minutes for us to finish up the last Batak recording.

> *God wants Batak people. His ransom for them is great. His ransom is Jesus. Jesus delivers anyone calling upon Him.*

We watched our little dark-brown friends leave. They were apparently satisfied with the gifts they carried away—sugar, salt, medicines; and with the few yards of red cloth for which they had traded the bow and arrow. But they did not realize they would yet be receiving another gift which we had owed to their desolate village too long.

Mr. Alvior said to us, as he watched them leave, "I feel that I *must not fail* to hike out regularly to these people. They must have help."

And we were to discover later that these were not just words. Mr. Alvior would be the one to leave the phonograph among these Batak people, and the message of a heritage for the desolate ones.

> God looketh upon men,
> And if any say, I have sinned, . . .
> He will deliver his soul from going into the pit,
> And his life shall see the light.
>
> —Job 33:27, 28

TWENTY-THREE

LINES STRETCHED OUT TO BREAKING

Rejoice, rejoice when it all goes wrong.

THE CHAPEL at Aborlan had no shutters or doors, but above the low walls there was a frieze of tropical village landscape which was the out-of-doors. But as the evening service progressed, the soft curtains of the night enclosed us in a warm circle of new friends, a congregation of Filipino Christians. They had seemed on tiptoe to receive us when we had arrived yesterday in Aborlan, and they had made every arrangement for our comfort and for the recording of dialects spoken in this area. The pastor had seen to it that the Tagbanua spokesmen (with their translations prepared in advance) were brought to us at the church's expense until our work here should be completed. Thursday evening we had begun the recordings, getting a few messages in one language. And then, without warning, our equipment had turned to stone. All day today with its sweltering hours packed with intense and thorough cajoling, struggling and laboring over the little red box, it had refused to respond. There was no more life in it—not a flicker. Yet as we listened now to the Filipino pastor, Mr. Caspe, there was no hint of pessimism in his public introduction of us. Instead, his words drew out our souls in even more rigid perseverance to hold on to hope "against hope" in this crucial technical dilemma. Later when I spoke to the congregation I reminded them and ourselves of the miracles in the Bible record of blind eyes opened, lame made to walk, and dead raised to life. (Although there was no case to cite of dead equipment being brought to life! we were at our

rope's-end as far as this was concerned, and it did seem hopeless.) Mr. Caspe was a small man with smooth, even features, and shiny black hair cut in modern style. He was always neatly dressed, looking like a gentleman just stepped out of a bandbox. Now his words were like a sudden rousing cheer heard in that split-second before retrieve or loss when the ball is fumbled one yard off the goal line.

"After our work here for twenty years, the Lord has brought us a new weapon, through the work of these two ladies from America. I call it the gospel atom bomb. Now there will be no town or hillside *barrio* that may not hear the message."

Aborlan was the hub of a large Tagbanua area where heathen witchcraft prevailed in a form so treacherous that the Christian who went out among the tribes must be careful lest he have his food poisoned at the command of the spiritual guardian of the *barrio*. But among the Christians here in Aborlan, there was nothing lacking in their vision for the use of native language records among these pagan people. They knew of their responsibility also. "Thou shalt open thy hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy, in thy land" (Deut. 15:11).

Yesterday we had taken the only other road out of Puerto Princesa. It had skirted about thirty kilometers of the Iwahig Penal Colony where we had seen the convicts dressed in their orange pajama uniforms (like a species of tropical bird). Some were tilling fields or planting rice; others were climbing coconut trees or building houses. Here was a large acreage of fishing fields for language records in many dialects!

In a bus constructed for petite Filipinos, we had sat hunched in a new fashion of knots per hour as we trundled along, till we reached Aborlan at last, after four hours' sitting jackknifed on the little wooden bench. We had waited until the bus was nearly emptied of its passengers, and before we had gotten off, Mr. Caspe had jumped into the bus and greeted us, taking charge of baggage and directing us to the nice, roomy frame house of the Filipino family where the church had made arrangements for us to stay.

"Oh, I didn't think you would be so old," Mr. Caspe had said to me; and turning to Ann who looked a bit pale herself, he queried, "Isn't she too old to be traveling so much?" Ann, trying to come to my rescue and feeling the shock a bit herself, (for we are about the same age) answered light-heartedly, "Oh, you mean Joy? She isn't so old. You know many Americans get grey quite young.'" But to our dismay his answer was,

"Yes, I know about the hair, but the face, you cannot miss the face. You cannot fool me on the face."

Perhaps "the face" of us betrayed something of the physical harrying that had become a tactical part of the over-all conflict so characteristic of Palawan—the recurrent tropical illnesses, the rugged travel, the languid burden of high-humidity in the equatorial heat. But these were merely nuisance attacks, and faded into nothing when we felt the keen pain of vital warfare. The recording machine was our vulnerable spot. If it could be killed, we were adrift and completely frustrated.

Aborlan had swiftly become the very peak of desperate struggle to the breaking point, with the strain we had experienced in the days that had stretched out from the first hard-taken languages at Coron. There we had finally gotten each message, but only piece by piece at the capricious witchery of the recorder that was intermittently dead and then alive again.

"Ann, let's try these tubes again!" and we would replace tube after tube with new ones from our reserve supply.

"And I always test the connections," Ann argued with the rigid unexplainable, from which we were struggling, twisting, feinting to discover a way of escape. "I thought I had spotted the trouble there last time!" And then it would be, "Now, try again."

I would turn the knob to its record position and speak into the mike—no volume light flicker—turning the knob to *playback,* releasing the tape again, and listening. But not a sound

would come out of the amplifier. We worked doggedly at it together, or separately, and for a long while with the help of a third technician from Aborlan. But the time came when we knew that there was nothing more that could be done about it.

We had been praying unceasingly, of course; and often finding recourse in the promises, our faith clinched on to them resolutely as it grew harder and harder to hang on. Late Friday evening, and some time after the service at the chapel had ended, we had finally faced the reasonable necessity that we must leave Aborlan tomorrow when the bus should come at noon. Our chief informant, Mr. Padpad, could not stay longer than Sunday anyway. The Aborlan church was insisting upon bearing the expense of our visit, and they refused to allow us to pay. We could not remain longer to inconvenience our hospitable hosts, the Penegras, for the total result of almost nothing!

"Leaving tomorrow? Well, you must go for a drive just so that you may see our town," our kindly sympathetic friends had said. But when tomorrow came, to be our last day at Aborlan (for we knew we could not return, nor would there be any possibility of our getting these languages at any other time than this), we knew that we would not take the drive around town.

Saturday morning came dragging its feet and breathing heavily. We were softly humming the tune of "Rejoice Evermore":

> Rejoice, rejoice when it all goes wrong;
> Rejoice, rejoice when it's all day long;
> Put faith in God's promise, lift high the song,
> Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice![1]

Encouraging each other with Bible promises and with choruses as we started to pack our suitcases to leave, we both suddenly spoke as with one breath,

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1. By Ann Sherwood

"I can't feel free to go. It looks so hopeless, nevertheless God is able!" This was a time we were not to rejoice and at the same time feel at peace about leaving with the task undone.

"Everyone in this town realizes we are leaving, defeated. Yet we have spoken to them publicly and told them of God's power to work miracles. And now, when the souls of thousands of pagans are at stake, we must not let go short of victory. It would be dishonoring to God." We could not relax and give it up at this point. Feeling the pull on the lines stretched taut, and the tugging of opportunities that were within a hairsbreadth of capture, we went out of the house; and with three others joining us, we entered the wide-open chapel and knelt in earnest prayer. It was our purpose not to take No for an answer. We spent two hours there, one after another praying, not eloquent prayers but simply crying out from our hearts to our heavenly Father to help us; yet there was a persistence that would not be reconciled with a denial of the petition. The issues of battle were plain. We claimed the victory for the last round and the final conquest because here we felt it could not be otherwise. Flooding our hearts with new hope and impetus were the words: "O Lord, thou art my God; I will exalt thee, I will praise thy name; for thou has done wonderful things; thy counsels of old are faithfulness and truth. Thou hast been strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall" (Isa. 25:1, 4).

One by one we prayed, placing our strong reasons before God and seeking wisdom, until we were satisfied. There was no more to be said. We rose from our knees and started back once more to the would-be studio in the *sala* (parlor) of the Penegras home. It was almost bus time by now.

The thought of a particular thing to do had come to me, but I was waylaid, and Ann reached the Minadyk first. She tried what she had also suddenly felt directed to do. Opening up the

recorder she removed a certain new tube and discovered that it was cracked. Quickly replacing it with another (which fortunately we had brought) she tested the recorder once more.

I came into the room breathless from the high ladder steps. "Joy, listen!" Speaking out clear and strong was the voice of Thursday evening's recordings! Miracle!

We carried the Minadyk in triumph to the chapel, the village of Aborlan singing with us! And immediately we set to work recording. The bus came at noon, only about ten minutes later, but it went away without us. Message after message was captured by the tape as we worked steadily all afternoon and evening. Up at six-thirty the next morning, we recorded more Tagbanua scripts, one after another. We must leave at noon today. We could barely finish if we hurried.

"What time is the bus due?"

"Oh, this afternoon, or noon!" Our last record was being made while friends watched down the road for the bus. The race against time became breathless now and, adding to the suspense was an occasional fade-out symptom in the recorder. Every now and then our tension was also teased a little, and then relaxed by the words,

"The arrival of the bus—is not yet!" What a relief when we had finished and it was still "not yet"!

When the bus did come and stand at our corner, it had to wait a few minutes until we had closed up the recorder and hastily snatched up our things. Waving good-bys to the friends that stood by watching with happy smiles, we sank back on the bench seats with a sentence which was both a sigh and a shout in one utterance—"So tired, but wasn't it *wonderful!*"

As we joggled along our way back to Puerto Princesa, a friendly Filipino companion commented about the ride, "This is like a *fairy* wheel," and then, "Now you can write that in your *dairy.*"

I did have my little blue diary open, and when there was a

chance as the bus would stop, I confided in it these few lines under the word, Aborlan:

> My faith has been stretched these days, but it did not snap. There were many times when we thought things should be different. By faith we knew that all was right; but just by faith. We lived in the Word.
>
> The let-up yesterday and today for a few hours was like relief from pain. No matter how we grow in faith and experience, God is careful to see that we don't slip back or settle down. He is interested in pushing us off every nice, downy nest so that our faith and praise wings might grow strong.

Later, we sent an SOS to prayer helpers at home, and we felt that it was as urgent as the shrilling of a ship's alarm to summon the entire combat crew to man their stations and stand by for concerted fire upon an enemy. In Palawan, the prize was continually in danger of slipping away to the opposition when we were on the verge of securing it.

> Dear Praying Friends:
>
> Everyone is aware that the time for missionary effort here is very short, and with world conditions as they are, it may only be a matter of months. Even now the hearts of missionaries are sickened by the calls from many directions which they cannot answer. They welcome us with open arms as we come with a new means of speeding up their work. One native pastor who is the only preacher going out to do evangelistic work among a large pagan tribe, said to his local congregation, "We have labored alone these many years, and have prayed that help might come. Now God has been good to us and has sent these women to bring us a new weapon of warfare, the atomic bomb of the gospel, in the form of records in the dialects of the people." He went on to say that when he was able to get to the heathen Tagbanua people, which was seldom, the Seed he had sown on his previous visit had already been snatched away by the enemy. They cannot read, but through the

records they can keep on listening, and people from far and near will come in to hear. Ten phonographs will be sent soon to this area, and the records we made will be completed in a short time.

We cannot cable each of you and request special prayer in times of terrific conflict, but we are hoping this letter will convey our need with the same urgency. We out here in the Philippines feel the need of prayer reinforcement in order to complete the work before us; so we are appealing to you to join with us. Some of you may feel led to give a day to this, either alone or in groups; but we trust you will all personally accept this plea as your own responsibility, in behalf of the unreached millions on these islands.

TWENTY-FOUR

BROOKES POINT

I was clothed with an armor of proof, ay, and yet . . . I found it hard work to quit myself like a man.—*Pilgrim's Progress*

THE NIGHT was close about us with the brilliance of polished stars in a sky where there were no clouds. Yet we were off the northeast coast of Palawan and the date was August 17. Everything seemed to bid us *Bon Voyage.* Good cheer and laughter ricocheted among the passengers crowding the decks of our interisland steamer. We had been graciously ushered to the choicest place to set up our canvas cots despite protesting that we were traveling third class. (This amounted to little more than foregoing the privilege of meals on the boat, and the Binneys had packed delightful lunches for us.) Someone brought us pillows too, and here we were riding high on the third deck at the front of the boat near the officers' cabin. The phenomenon of fair weather in August was the subject of all exclamatory conversation on the "Fortuna II" due to arrive at Brookes Point in the morning, on the day after tomorrow.

The next day brought us into blue-green iridescent seas where we could watch many sailboats and graceful *bancas;* to the right at times we would get glimpses of the long, flat beach paralleled by royal forests of lofty palms.

"I don't ever remember seeing weather like this in August." An officer at the deck rail spoke pleasantly to Ann and me as we stood at the prow drinking in the beauty around us. The

officer continued as though the subject of the weather were headline news, and perhaps it was.

"I'm what you might call a veteran when it comes to sea travel along this coast, and I know that August is our worst month. Often ships do not run at all, to say nothing of keeping to a regular schedule. You know Palawan is so narrow that each coast is swept by its two seasonal monsoons. Small boats can't expect to travel safely for more than two months of the year."

There was a world of meaning contingent upon the old familiar subject of the weather, in this case; and our conversation soon turned to look where ways other than our own and thoughts higher than ours were working things together for good. We marveled also that the steps of ordinary folk on earth, where today's imprint on the sands is gone tomorrow—even these steps of ours could be ordered of the Lord.

"You need not be a preacher or a missionary to experience this," I said to the officer. "Any believer, any true child of God has the privilege of walking day by day in God's will. He has a plan for each day, and often a layman like you can find opportunities that a pastor or missionary would never encounter in the catching of men for God. A man like you, for instance, or a businessman, or anyone in so-called secular occupation, may be *primarily* walking in the path of direct and fruitful Christian service.

"Yes," the officer commented, "that reminds me, there is a man at Brookes Point—his name is Edwards—who is a business man and he is just the kind of person you are speaking of."

"Mr. Edwards? Why, yes, I know of him. In fact we have correspondence from him about the preparing of native language records for the Palawanos in the mountains." But at this time my scant knowledge of Mr. Edwards did not include the story of the song of Macagwa Gorge and the dream of Bert Edwards, his son.

We did know that the Scottish Brethren missionaries at Brookes Point had been preparing thoroughly for our coming for many weeks. Their telegram received in Manila in answer to our first letter about tentative plans in Palawan had warmed our hearts. It had said,

WELCOME STOP LARGE OPPORTUNITY FOR RECORDS HERE STOP

And now we were on our way with great anticipation, without even the usual qualms about our recording equipment, because on the very day our boat was to sail in the evening, we had discovered that on the Malvar steamship in harbor there was a fine technician. We had brought the recorder to him to see if he could detect the trouble that we had noticed off and on, but never had been able to locate exactly. He found one bad tube and a condenser out. After replacing these, he tested the recorder and found it to be perfect. This knowledge had added greatly to our sense of joyous expectation as we watched for the southern end of the long island to appear. And at last, early in the morning of our third day aboard the "Fortuna II," we drew near to the wide beach at Brookes Point.

We were coming into the midst of a busy scene. A bevy of little rafts and boats were being loaded with large gunny sacks of export materials. This must be the almaciga gum. The "Fortuna" anchored safely out in the deeper water, and a small boat came to take us further in as far as the shallow beach would permit. As we skimmed swiftly toward the shore and closer to the men shouting, tugging, working fast, loading the bags on the rafts, we saw a tall American waving a hearty welcome to us from the midst of the workmen whom he was helping as well as directing in the lifting of the freight. This was our first sight of Mr. Edwards.

Now our *boaty* was almost to the beach, but we were stopping where the water would have been knee deep. We looked toward the shore and there standing in the early morning light was a sturdily built man in khaki knee-pants and sport shirt, his

iron-gray hair glistening, his muscular body descriptive of rugged strength. As he saw us approaching, a broad smile spread over his ruddy face and waving to us he called, "Here at last!"

For the moment our attention was diverted by the acrobatics of stepping from the wobbling little boat to be lifted up in the strong brown arms of the native boatmen and carried ashore and set upright on the dry land. But the moment we landed "we were introduced to all the warmth of friendliness and all the strength of character and all the courage and conviction of the mighty little nation of Scotland, in Sandy Sutherland, a true son of the bonnie braes!"[1]

In no time at all, Sandy arranged for our baggage to be picked up by *carabao* cart to follow us to his home on the white beach. Here the shore curved back under the eaves of the great peaks that flanked the tiny town's northwest like giant sentinels keeping close guard. Sandy Sutherland's wife Maisie saw us coming and ran into the yard to greet us. And the children also, Alastair, Heather, Glen, and Craigie were shiny-eyed and quiet as they shook hands with the only white women besides their own mother that the two youngest ones had ever seen. We were the first visitors since the war to this isolated mission post on the southeast edge of Palawan. We hated to think of leaving in three days when our boat would return en route back to Puerto Princesa.

If only we could prolong the happy time of visiting these new and noble friends! But before our work began we saw the hours immediately following our arrival filled to the brim with joyous fellowship together. And in the afternoon we had spent an hour walking along the beach with Heather, Glen and Craigie. (Twelve-year-old Alastair had to refrain from too much exercise on account of a recent siege of malaria.) We had enjoyed our little hike around the contour of the shore.

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1. Quoted from Ann Sherwood's letter home to some who also boasted of Scottish ancestry.

We took off our shoes and waded along the edge of the surf and scampered here and there to pick up shells and bits of coral which we left in little piles to be picked up on our return. We stopped to take a picture of Moros dressed in gay colors and perched on the bamboo ladder of their little house. In front of us were the steep mountains at the curve of the beach; to the left the blue sea, and on the right the picturesque village planted among the palms.

In the meantime, Sandy was going around informing the people who were to record that we had arrived, and making last-minute preparations.

We had told Sandy and Maisie of the battles and conflicts we had met with in getting each language. "And each time," I had said, "we always thought the next one might not be so hard, but then it was." Secretly Ann and I had been thinking that this would be one place where the task would be easier.

From the very first moment we landed on the sand of Brookes Point, we had sensed something unusual about the excitement over our coming to make records for the Palawanos. What was it?

"I don't suppose," spoke our host as though answering my inaudible interrogation, "that you have ever gone to a place where they have anticipated your coming with such pleasure and careful preparation as have the people of our little church, ay?"

We nodded. It was a luxury to hear any of the Sutherland family utter a single word, much more a sentence in their beautiful, modified Scottish accent. We had just heard Alastair say, "Motherr, my burrrd got out."

"Well, you see," Sandy continued, "there is a background to this." And he began to tell us the story behind our correspondence with Mr. Edwards about the making of native gospel records at Brookes Point.

"Mr. Edwards came to the Philippines in 1901 with the first shipload of young men who were to teach school in the Islands.

While teaching here, he married a lovely Filipina woman and has lived in Palawan ever since. He later turned to the business of raising coconut trees for copra, and the gathering of almaciga gum. He and his whole family are staunch members of our Brookes Point Church. During the war Mr. Edwards lost his son Albert, but the boy's dying wish had been to evangelize with recorded sermons the uncivilized tribe living back in the inaccessible mountains. These are the natives who gather the almaciga gum from the tops of trees eighty to one hundred feet above the ground. Bert thought, and indeed it is very true, that the phonograph and records would be the only way of reaching the majority of their villages. Mr. Edwards, of course, realized himself that these sermons to the Palawanos would have to be in their own language, and he has been working since the war to somehow get this done. Then he heard you were coming to the Philippines. We waited expectantly until finally we knew you must have returned to the States. We realized how isolated we are here, and how very rare it is to have suitable sailing weather in this part of the Philippines. So Edwards began again to see about what he might do, when at last we heard the guid news that you were still in the Islands and that you were coming to Palawan. Ever since that time the whole town has been waiting for you. Often groups of us would sit together on the beach in the evenings and talk about it, wondering how soon you would come. Right away Maisie began to work with an interpreter to get songs translated; and we have been practicing with a selected quartet of guid voices till now we are ready for you. This is a big moment for our church people, ay!"

Fairly tingling with excitement, Maisie and I walked briskly down one of the palm lanes of the Eden-like little village toward the chapel. Passing rows of nipa houses framed in the soft greens of tropical ferns and flora, now and then we caught a glimpse of the sea through the graceful fronds of the tall palms. Ann had gone ahead of us to the chapel where she

would have the recorder ready for the evening's work. Sandy had left with her, eager to see the first Palawano recordings begun at last. It was not quite dusk, and we could see the beauty of the little church that had been erected by the hands of its Brookes Point members. It would have adorned any street corner in Los Angeles. We walked into it full of unalloyed anticipation, not having the slightest bit of anxiety this time about the outcome of the evening of recordings. The girls were singing. Their voices blended so that the syllables could be heard clearly. It was so good. I squeezed Maisie's hand in appreciation for the wonderful piece of work she had done to prepare them so well. Our Palawano spokesman was still working on his scripts, finding them more difficult to translate than he had expected, but tonight we could easily use all the time with the number of songs to be recorded.

But what was Ann doing with the Minadyk torn open again? Did she really need to fiddle with those tubes and batteries? My heart sank, and desperately I began to harness my thoughts for another bout of conflict. "Whatever it is, we must rejoice," was my first thought of counterattack. And then I walked toward Ann and the center of operations.

"Is something wrong?"

"Oh!" Ann shrugged, trying to be cheery. "It's just that—well, I can't believe I'm not just forgetting to do some simple little thing, but, so far, the machine acts dead." And then she told me in detail just what had transpired in the past few minutes.

"I opened the machine and turned it on. No response. I snapped it off and on again; looked at everything to see what obvious thing I was forgetting, but still no response. I was a bit nonplussed, so I took out the two sets of batteries and changed them, and then checked all the tubes, and wiggled all the wires, but still there was not a flicker of life." Ann reported all this, but there was no hint of despair in her

voice. She would find the trouble surely, her expression spoke with silent encouraging optimism.

I took the cue and left her to work out the mystery, both of us—all of us—praying of course. And noting the profound shock of consternation in Maisie's face for a brief instant, I went with her to the front of the chapel where the girls were rehearsing. We had a very enjoyable time listening, placing them before the microphone for best recording effect, listing the titles and timing each number. Twice during the evening we stopped for prayer, and several lifted their voices in supplication. And each time I had said, "We usually have a test like this to begin with, but it *always* works eventually so that we get the records. Let's just keep *rejoicing!*" Now and then I would look back in Ann's direction. She would shake her head, "Not yet," and we would work on expecting to record in the next minute perhaps—until Ann's "not yets" lengthened on and on into the evening, and it was late. We made plans to record tomorrow in the afternoon; and after an evening that had not been void of pleasure, we said good night to the girls and made our way home.

Here with the Sutherlands who always did things so thoroughly and well, how humiliating it would be if—but we dared not let our thoughts go further. We must hold our ground by unflinchingly trusting, not with sickening anxiety but even if disappointment should grow to resemble anguish, we *must* believe that God *is* working out His purpose. There would be a reason in the end.

I had enjoyed visiting with Maisie during this evening. Truly she was the woman one would have expected a man like Sandy Sutherland to have chosen. Along with her inborn stamina, deep resources of character, and whole-hearted, genuine faith, she also had a gift of creative humor that, like Sandy's, could make small incidents come alive to sparkle and gladden the hearts at home where love and joy were an inseparable heritage, given to their three precious lads and

lassie. But to all who entered the little cottage, their doors were always open, and there was a particular warmth upon the cockles of the hearth for their own people in Palawan.

"We may possibly come to California on our fur-r-lough," Maisie had said, just before our visiting had come to an end.

"Oh, then you will come to see us, by all means," I had replied, glad to think we would be able to introduce the Sutherlands some day to our family on the hill at Witmer Street.

But Saturday night Ann and I slept well, leaving the outcome of the next two days at Brookes Point in the hands of One who had never yet failed us; for up to this time, no matter what the trials, we had never left a place without *finally* getting the records.

I awakened early Sunday morning to see the sun rising over the Sulu Sea, and to hear the waves dashing on the beaches at Brookes Point. There were a few clouds today to make the sunrise even more dramatic in its rose and gold. The mountains hovered close and gigantic and in the early morning they stood almost black upon the rincon of the white shoreline. Later Sandy told us more of the tribes hidden in these same mountains; and when we had asked him especially about his own experiences in the Palawano villages where he had pioneered, he told us of early days in the *barrio* of Saligon.

"I remember one time," he had told us, "there was in the *barrio* of Saligon, a young man who went out into a little clearing where he had some vegetables growing. And as he entered into the clearing he was unwittingly and involuntarily taken suddenly and thrown to the ground violently in demon possession. A companion of his went in to bring the man out, and he was thrown down violently also in demon possession. We were beginning our work in that place and one of the men in Saligon, whose name was Damsani (he is one of the leading Christians there today) had just recently trusted in Christ; and he knew that he could go into the clearing and help these men. He lifted up his heart and called on the name of the

Lord Jesus, claiming victory over the powers of evil, and went in and was able to help these two unfortunate men back to the *barrio*. Because of this triumph through the name of Christ, Damsani was a great influence on the people there and is really the outstanding Christian among many Christians in that place today. Saligon is an entirely different place now, utterly transformed by the power of the gospel which lifts up and penetrates into even the physical and material aspects of living; so *that* too is all very different now."

We had found it hard to get Sandy to tell us these things because he never liked to talk about himself in any way, or even of work in which he had had a part. But our questions had prevailed and led him into a few of the stories we were eager to hear.

"You ask how the Palawanos dress?" he would meet our queries with a gentle deference; "Well, their clothing is a simple matter of beaten bark cloth which the men wear in the form of a G-string. The women call their bark skirts *patadiongs*. Also the men wear their long hair in a bundle or roll at the back, and the women wear their hair in a bundle at the side of the head. Many of them bore their ears, not for ornaments, but for boory-palm cigarettes in which the tobacco is wrapped in the pith of a palm leaf. They light them with tinder called *lublub* which ignites from flint. Palawanos will often chew *buyo* (betel nut) rather than eat because its narcotic effect is comforting to them. This becomes almost a necessity during their famine months each year before the first harvesting of rice, when all of them are hungry.

I looked out of the windows of our spacious guest bedroom to see Moro *vintas* with bright-colored rectangular sails full to the southeast breeze on the calm Sulu sea. There were two or three Palawano boats also with triangular sails which had a deep curve along the hypotenuse. This was the beginning of our second day at Brookes Point. My heart had been a suppliant every conscious moment before sleep had come and as

soon as the day wakened. For the shadow of those mountain fastnesses of twenty-five thousand and more Palawanos had fallen upon the present as upon a sun dial, with the insistent indication of quickly passing time. Surely today would yield a good beginning of recordings for the Palawanos.

We would not know until Sunday afternoon that this was not to be.

From this time on, our experiences at Brookes Point were a weaving back and forth from the delightful parentheses of "until the recorder is fixed" into the increasingly staggering, bewildering, disappointment of "not yet, not yet, NOT YET."

One of those parentheses was a visit to the home of Mr. Edwards where we met his attractive family; looked at his vast collection of fascinating curios in his large, sprawling, livable house; and talked in concrete terms of placing phonographs in the remote mountain *barrios.* He ordered ten of these immediately.

Then it was back to the Minadyk to find no response; working over it with a young technician, and still no response.

I remember another parenthesis when we gathered with the children of the town under a very large shade tree and had a happy time of telling them stories and singing songs and choruses.

And often Ann and I walked along the beach picking up bits of coral and cowrie shells that looked like museum pieces. Once we found a chambered nautilus! All the time our puzzled thoughts turned prayerfully to God who would not fail. That He *could* revive the recording equipment we had no doubt since the experience at Aborlan. Therefore, if He did *not,* despite the disappointments involved (and we were thinking too of our hosts at Brookes Point), then there *must* be a reason.

Speaking in the chapel at the Sunday school hour, I mentioned this, and the challenge was again the promise of resurrection, "Said I not unto thee, If thou shouldst believe thou shouldst *see* the glory of God?" The background of this

promise had been the reasonable bewilderment, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." And He had tarried awhile before He came to Bethany. By that time the case was hopeless. "Lord, he hath been dead four days."

Monday we still had hope, and worked for some time with the young man who was to translate scripts; but we discovered that he was not a Palawano himself and had learned the language enough to be conversant in it, but was finding the translation of gospel messages to be quite difficult.

Returning again to check the recorder we noticed a little stall where bananas were for sale. "Please hold a bunch for me, I'll be back," Maisie said cheerily, and then to us, "You know, we have no grocery store here and our nearest market is five hundred sea miles away in Manila." This we realized was true of other things besides grocery stores, of hospitals and doctors for instance. "It takes an air mail letter from the States four or five weeks to reach us," she told us. We thought of the deep masterful sermon Sandy had preached the day before and knew that this couple could have been supplying a large popular church in Scotland, or anywhere. But they had chosen to be out here at the end of the earth where their lives were given in gladdest service among people who loved them, and whom they dearly loved; for they had many congregations, in numberless *barrios* of Moros and Palawanos, "spoking" out from the central hub at Brookes Point where the church members themselves were ready to make up teams to these places—the women with Maisie and the men with Sandy, to lengthen the stakes of the church in southern Palawan.

Monday began to wear away and still the recorder refused to work, and we knew that we must leave Brookes Point without accomplishing anything. How could we? Yet we must. There was nothing else to do.

This time the "Fortuna" stopped offshore at another place, not far from the Sutherland home, and we said good-by with

heavy hearts (but expecting something wonderful to happen around some corner in the near future), smiling almost through tears. Just before leaving, I had asked.

"Is the Palawano informant here the only one you know of?" And Sandy had answered,

"Why, no. In fact, you know, he is not the one we had hoped to use at all, but the boy, Lastani, from the *barrio* of Saligon; he had to leave before you came in order to go to the Farm School near Aborlan."

And Sandy added, to give us encouragement,

"Lastani would be very good for translating. He has traveled with me and interpreted for me on many trips to the more accessible Palawano villages."

I listened with something like a faint hope registering as I wrote, "Lastani—Farm School, Aborlan" in my notebook.

"And too," Sandy was saying, "there are three of our girls at school in Puerto Princesa. If they have not forgotten the songs by now, they may be able to sing them." Then Maisie, reserving some tears for later, I suspected, handed me a little notebook of Palawano songs carefully written out as translated, along with the music for each one.

And we had to turn away from Brookes Point to board the ship waiting offshore. It was almost night and dark clouds were gathering. After boarding the ship we found it would be hovering around Brookes Point for a few more hours. Someone told us of a technician in the village. "Had we contacted him?" And the faint hope tugged desperately, "If that technician could fix the recorder . . . ?" Ann found out that the boat would dock again just around the curve of the beach at the place of our first entrance to the town. And picking up the recorder, she took a *boaty* and returned to the village to inquire about the technician. I was too ill with tropical "bugs" to venture out again. Ann was gone several hours, and our boat slipped around to the other approach to the *barrio;* and presently the tarpaulins were thrown down over us and the

rains descended in torrents. Several hours later Ann came back dripping wet; the trip had been in vain.

Ringing in our ears were Sandy's closing words: "*If* your machine works; *if* you can find Lastani; *if* he can be released, you might get the Palawano messages, and *if* your machine works; *if* the trio still remember; *if* they can come, you might get the Palawano songs for the records"—not exactly hopeful, but. . . . I could only write a bit wearily under the date of Monday, August 21—"Left Brookes Point without any recordings—stormy. He (the Lord) teaches our hands to war. We are learning more about spiritual warfare, and have many opportunities to *rejoice.*"

Yet in a few minutes later I could add the words,

"A friend from Aborlan is on our boat. He is a judge there, and assures us that he will go to the Farm School to request that Lastani be allowed to go to Puerto Princesa to help us for a few days! Light begins to dawn!"

And the next day, I wrote the one sentence,

"Arrived in Puerto Princesa Tuesday evening."

Then Wednesday:

"The recorder has been at the shop all day. The trouble seems to be a broken wire which goes into the plug of one of the B batteries. The technician says the machine was working even before he found this. We are puzzled. It is working now, but we still do not have the mystery solved."

And Thursday:

"Lastani is here! He is translating the scripts one after another, writing them beautifully, reading them with fluency and much expression. The recorder is working off and on. But gradually we are getting the records!"

And Friday, Saturday, Monday saw the completing of records in Palawano. The trio was located and brought to us by Mr. Alvior. They *did* remember, and sang the songs beautifully although there were some we had to try a dozen times

before the recorder would come through with its part of the task.

"Thank you, Lastani," we had said as the good-looking, likable young man had finished excellent recordings. "And we want you to let us pay . . . " And interrupting us courteously he looked up with his habitual bright smile to say simply, "It was for Jesus."

We had not known that after Sandy Sutherland had put Ann on the *boaty* that last time in the rain squall at midnight, he had turned back homeward with a weight of disappointment in his soul. If we could only have provided them with a guid technician, he thought; if . . . , if . . . , and with rain-drenched clothes dripping into the rushing pools along the paths, Sandy Sutherland approached his home again from the back entrance. He was almost there when suddenly the rain stopped, and he looked up toward the east where the glow of a large moon poured through the thin transparency of the mists that had held the recent shower.

And all at once he saw a lunar rainbow in that midnight cloud. Calling to Maisie to come and look at it, both of them stood gazing at it—a perfect bow of all the colors of the spectrum. Was it a symbol, perhaps? They thought then of the words,

"But I would that ye should understand, brethren, that the things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the gospel" (Phil. 1:12).

TWENTY-FIVE

NETS FILLED

Rejoice, rejoice when it's all day long.

KILOMETER 28 out of Puerto Princesa seemed to be nothing except the speedometer indication at which our driver stopped the bus and motioned to us to get off. "This is where you go, Mum," he said. But it was merely an empty country road.

"Is this Kilometer 28?" thinking it must surely be something besides a road. "Do we get off here?" We were incredulous.

"It's up to you, Mum," which meant a combination of "yes" and "As you like it." We alighted from the bus and watched it pull away leaving us—Ann, Miss Casidsid our Tagalog interpreter, and me—contemplating the wilderness about us. Heavy underbrush and thickets of banana trees bordered the road on each side, and we could see no signs of a residence anywhere.

This was to be our last language hunt on Palawan. From the time we had telegraphed Brookes Point about the great news of the Palawano records, we had been rapidly drawing in nets full of recordings for many needy areas, until at last we could see the important counties of the Province taken care of—the *barrios* of the jurisdiction of Cuyo, of Coron, and of Puerto Princesa. It was thrilling now to total the catch for Palawan.

Agutainon; . . . Batak; . . . Cagayano; . . . Calamiano; . . . Cuyonon; . . . Palawano; . . . and Tagbanua.

As we were preparing to leave, we checked off the languages recorded and noted those yet remaining to be done. There were only three: one of a ferocious tribe in the south (we could get no clue to this one), and two types of Tagbanua distinctly different from any that we had recorded. Both of these were spoken by people on the west coast of the long island. We had made many inquiries only to feel rebuffed each time. Nobody could tell us about them. We were ready to leave whenever the boat should come now, and of course we must go; but my spirit could not rest with the thought of the hundreds of this western area for whom no provision had been made.

"But, Joy, think of all we have yet to do in the large island of Mindanao. How can we risk staying longer in Palawan?"

Of course it was true, as Ann reminded me of the shortness of the time; we both knew that we would have to go on.

"I can't bear to turn away without those languages; but we may have to do so."

Any day now we would take the interisland steamer north and back to Manila, stopping by the west coast of Mindoro on the way, hoping to get the Mangyan of its southwest hinterland. Certainly it was impossible to consider going to the other side of Palawan now.

But just the day before a thought had come to Mr. Binney and he had said, "You know, there is a doctor in Puerto who has recently moved his sawmill from the west coast of Palawan to this vicinity. There is just a chance that he may have brought over workmen from that place. If so, they might know someone who speaks the Tagbanua you want. It is just possible." In following through on this clue, I had discovered the good news that the doctor had imported workmen along with his mill. "Yes," the word came via his secretary, "he says there are two men from western Palawan. One of them, at least, speaks Tagbanua."

"And where could we find him?" Then I had carefully writ-

ten down the directions we were trying to follow at this moment.

"You take a bus to Kilometer 28, and then look for a path on the right side of the road as you get off the bus. This should lead you to the house of Mr. Limebao." So now we must whack the bushes along this place in search of a trail.

"Here is the path!" Miss Casidsid shouted in a few minutes, and the three of us filed down through the brush until we came presently to a newly built nipa house, its walls beautifully woven in basket-like patterns of golden bronze nipa fiber. Everybody was home, and Miss Casidsid's bubbling-over Tagalog made way quite readily for us, and for another studio-in-a-basket. (Without her our trip would have been in vain; and she had joined us just as we boarded the bus—in the nick of time!)

Our Tagbanua, Mr. Limebao, dressed in cool sport shirt and blue denim trousers, was quite intelligent. He wore glasses, the horn-rimmed kind. And although this was all a bewilderingly new stunt to him, he would listen thoughtfully to the Tagalog sentences, commenting at times, or asking questions in Miss Casidsid's language to be sure he understood, and then he would speak the Tangdulanon dialect (his own Tagbanua) into the microphone. As his translations developed and came back to him, not piecemeal, but in a whole logically presented message, our spokesman found himself preaching to himself sermons that moved him deeply.

> If is trusting Jesus, the heart of you, be told to God by you these thoughts: "I am one who sins. But believe I that died for the sins of me, Jesus Christ. Am turning I from evil ways. Will worship I only to Jesus. Is Saviour He to me!

It was fascinating to watch his response to the gospel which he had never heard before—like a waking up without any apparent resistance, only an eagerness to come alive to the vital

truths of salvation through Jesus Christ. And he heard himself saying back to himself,

> Is the answer of God to you: Be happy because become your sacrifice, Jesus for sin.

Mr. Limebao was his own audience; and friends and relatives sitting around on the bamboo floors, or leaning against the basket-weave partitions were also reflecting his wholehearted acceptance of the good news that his own voice and his own tongue were speaking to his own heart.

After about the second script translation, our Tagbanua looked up earnestly and said to Miss Casidsid, *"If this is true, my Fatima god will do me no good.* I bought her just last week for ten pesos."

Stroking his chin in a characteristic gesture, his forehead showing intense concentration by the vertical furrows between his eyes, Mr. Limebao went on to speak his third message, then a fourth. As the day wore on and heat and weariness struggled to persuade us to let down, we were more and more put to it to tighten our hold upon the hours and keep going steadily. It was slow and we would have only this one day to work.

Sitting on the edge of a narrow bench, I held the microphone, and Miss Casidsid worked faithfully at her most important end of the task. Ann monitored the tape and handled the recording itself. Part of the time it was my lot to act as general noise deflector and when I wasn't handling the microphone, I sat at the bottom of the ladder leading to our porch studio. From here I tried to keep the dogs away from the upstairs and became busily occupied with defense maneuvers against fleas and flies as well as the four or five underfed, diseased dogs.

It was a day when all of us could be singing, "Rejoice when it's all day long." We had stopped a little while for lunch (black rice and sardines), and once in the afternoon for *marienda* (coffee time). But Ann and I, in lieu of our not

drinking coffee (and this was a very thick kind too), had a drink of canned chocolate which brought a new lift of energy that was a lifesaver to us. At my watch on the lowest rung of the ladder, I had also worked with a Tagbanua who helped me to get several short songs translated for Mr. Limebao to sing and record later. This saved a little more precious time; but the poor young man I was working with was shaking with malaria chills. How glad I was to have at least one Atabrine tablet with me! He took it as though it had dropped mercifully from Heaven.

But it was eight o'clock in the evening before we were finishing the next to the last Tagbanua recording. And as he heard it played back, Mr. Limebao's face relaxed, and a slow steady smile of assurance crept across his features and stayed there. He listened:

> Know you are true these words because tells them to us, the message of God, the Bible. Tells us this, the Bible: Gives the honor, God, to become the children of God, to all people receiving Jesus.

And then Mr. Limebao said something that swept us all out of the dust, the flies, and weariness. What a gladness filled us when we heard by interpretation what he had said,

> *I will worship Jesus alone.* I believe in Him. I shall throw my Fatima god away. She cannot help me.

There was one more message to be recorded. "I'm so tired, I could die, but just how is that done?" I whispered to Ann, and we laughed. We had long ago been ready to say "Enough," and our backs ached. But just then into our midst walked a second lumberman.

"He speaks Tagbanua, too," Mr. Limebao told us. Knowing our spokesman must be very tired also, we suggested that the newcomer do this last recording for us. But no, his language turned out to be a different Tagbanua, and marvel of marvels,

it was the other one we had wanted to get, the *Silanganon* of western Palawan!

And the man was willing to work with us this evening. Two more hours! We had to gird our lagging last reserve of energy with a tight deliberate twist of willpower to keep at it until nearly midnight when we at last closed the Minadyk, and thought of a chance to rest.

But not yet—these dear folk (for we had quite an audience all day) had the chance of their lifetime now to hear this good news. It was their first exposure to it, so they kept asking questions. By now the children had dropped off to sleep and also one of the old women, but our Mr. Limebao was alert. In fact several were eagerly listening while I answered them through our patient interpreter. Sometimes Miss Casidsid herself would give the explanations directly in Tagalog. But only their avid interest enabled us to keep on until they were satisfied.

Now at length when it was past midnight, our friends pointed out a place in the inner room where we could roll out our paper-thin mats and go to bed. The three of us at last could stretch out on the welcome floor and think only of rest after the ten hours of solid work at Kilometer 28. The Chinese punk protected us fairly well from the mosquitos and as the fragrant fumes curled up into our tiny room, Miss Casidsid, Ann, and I talked of this wonderful day. All of the rest of the people in the house were breathing heavily before we at last succumbed to sleep also.

> "But Lord, what is believing?" And I heard him say,
> "He that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst."
> And I saw that believing and coming was all one, and that he that ran out in his heart and affections, after salvation by Christ, he indeed, believed in Christ.
>
> —*Pilgrim's Progress*

TWENTY-SIX

OUR LITTLEST ANGEL

Sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation—Hebrews 1:14

"DO YOU KNOW anyone in San Jose, Mindoro?" For the previous two months in Palawan, we had not received a positive answer to this question. San Jose was our last port of call on Mindoro, and the last hunting ground for Mangyans, the Mangyans of the southwest jungle mountains. We *must* get their language!

And now, on the slow, crowded, interisland steamer, packed with dirty canvas cots a quarter-inch apart; filled to capacity with cargo and passengers, and reeking with smoke of native cigars and other unpleasant odors, Ann and I had been traveling for three days along the coast of Palawan. We were on our way to San Jose without one tiny bridge to span the chasm of the unknown. I should say, not one visible bridge, for there was always God—never late, never failing, assuringly near. He had held back the rain time after time, even though in this season of torrential rains, storms could be expected momentarily. And since we must travel with baggage under our cots, a mild shower would have destroyed equipment and damaged precious reels of recorded tape. But the "Ruler of all nature" guarded the life bound up in magnetized molecules which could speak it back into the hearts of Tagbanua cave-dwellers up in the limestone hills of Palawan.

"Whenever one steps out, there are trials of health, discour-

agement, forebodings. Be especially happy when things pile up that make the way look hard. Be assured then that you will see the glory of God." I had written these words in a recent letter to a friend at home and at this time I thought of them—it was like finding the answer to a lesson problem in the back of the textbook! Indeed, these days of incommodious travel were days of happiness that fairly sparkled against the background of physical hardship and illness, of discouragement. (We knew that our equipment wasn't working, and that Mangyans were as improbable in San Jose as they had been in Bongabong during the rainy season.) And there was foreboding too, because we did not have the name of anyone in San Jose and would be arriving at the wharf at nightfall.

Nevertheless, we made good use of our time writing letters home.

> We enjoyed stopping to see friends at each port (Cuyo, Culion, and Coron) as we stopped at different islands. Yesterday, we got off into a Duck! You slide down the side of the ship and drop into a flat boat made of metal. It is soon crowded with people, baskets, animals, plants, bedrolls. And as you start toward shore, it floats along like a barge, but when it gets to the beach, you roll on wheels instead of float! It is then a big truck! Ann and I learn Bible verses, have much time for meditation; and much time is given to explaining the gospel to one person and another. A Spanish-speaking Filipino woman has been here listening by the hour; and a young Chinese, head purser of the ship, spent much time talking to us yesterday, and hearing the story. We had him read many passages from the Bible itself and he liked it.

The fourth day of boat travel found us docked at Coron, with San Jose now only six hours away. And here occurred the first miracle toward finding the West Mindoro Mangyans. A friend in Coron, Mr. Sosa, gave us the name of a Christian high school teacher and lay preacher in San Jose!

It was almost noon before our boat was ready to leave Coron. Oh, for an open deck or a drawing room—a place to draw our breath! Now the boat was so crowded that we had to step over baggage or cots or feet in order to move in any direction. Our one spot was our cots, and there we stayed on top of them. The longshoremen had just loaded on some bulls and *carabao*. In some places they hoisted them up by the horns, but here they put them in a big rope bag. We noticed the Tagbanua natives working at the wharf; and many of them came by the boat, plying their narrow rafts laden with a basket of fish. There were as usual all kinds of fish, and every color: blue, blue-green, speckled, plaid, changeable silver, pink, and some with bright red stripes.

The time came at last when our steamer pushed away from the palm-lined beaches of Coron, and headed toward Mindoro. This very boat would eventually reach Luzon, and Manila. And thinking of Manila and home base at DZAS, an alternative decision presented itself to us.

Should we not go on to Manila? The temptation was more beguiling because it wore the look of "reason" through and through, for illness had become an insistent factor after four days of boat travel; the equipment was in very bad repair, and we knew it was virtually impossible to get Mangyans even if we should find the host and Tagalog interpreter that Mr. Sosa recommended.

What should we do? As the hours passed and at last our boat moved into the dock at San Jose's port, nine kilometers from the town, we realized that it would be dark before we could arrive at the address of Mr. de la Serna.

Should we disembark here, or stay in our secure places on this boat and go on to Manila? There was much to do in preparation for other trips and the time was so short. We were docking now, and must decide—if we do not go, who will? Even though the chances that we will be able to find the Mangyans seem so slim, it would be terrible not even to try.

Now our boat was anchored and, still without knowing whether to try it or not, we found ourselves indicating what baggage was to be taken off.

We only knew that we could *not* fail to try it!

There was much bustle about managing our fifteen pieces of luggage. Some of it could be stored at the dock, but the important equipment was put into the jeepney, which after many delays was finally ready to take us into San Jose.

We turned westward into the town, and found ourselves facing the full splendor of a tropical sunset—clouds were alight in a flame of indescribable beauty spreading over half the sky. Deep red through the palm fronds, and casting a rose-glow upon the dimming objects of earth, Heaven stooped to place a cloak of glory around them. Brilliant colors outlined the peaks of purpling mountains. The earth grew dark to become silhouetted against the dramatic, fast-changing panorama in the skies.

"See that glory cast over the sky as the sun is sinking behind the horizon! It tells of the promise, 'Said I not unto thee, that if thou shalt believe, thou shalt see the glory of God?'" I spoke the words audibly as to my own heart.

There were clouds that had made that sunset a thing of dramatic beauty, and the few days in San Jose were destined to be full of clouds and storms which from the start made the quest for Mangyans seem utterly impossible. "Be assured then that you will see the glory of God!" How often this refrain was to come to my mind in the days we spent in San Jose!

It was dark by the time our jeepney had arrived at the door of friends-to-be; and in this country, as in Bible times, travelers go to a house and say, "Here we are, dear people, blessed of the Lord!" They expect to be received with open arms, and they are!

I posted a letter to Los Angeles the next morning to tell them the good news:

Help us thank God for His graciousness in bringing us to this place. We were welcomed into the home of Mr. Celso de la Serna. It is a Navy Quonset, attractive and clean—a haven for us!

Saturday, Ann found that Mr. de la Serna knew the Caluya Visayan language, and together they made some recordings while I spent some time inquiring about possible ways of locating Mangyans; but principally it was a day of prayer. There were also hours of fellowship with these new friends at Quonset-place, and as guests, we shared with them the hopes we could rightfully expect to be fulfilled by the "God who only doeth wondrous things."

Saturday passed without a trace of Mangyans. There would be yet one more day, and perhaps another, depending upon the unpredictable boat whistle that would be our signal for departure to Manila. Could we hike out to the Mangyans? To search for them would be costly and in vain because of the disease-laden swamps and insects in the jungle, as well as the timidity of the people.

Mr. de la Serna had said, "It is the rainy season. Mangyans never come to town during these storms." Then noting our disappointment, he had tactfully added, "But, sometimes on Sundays—they have been seen, at times."

The next day was Sunday. It came and went. No Mangyans had appeared. But though barren of Mangyans, it had been a day of rest and meditation, a fair day, too; but at evening a storm began to threaten.

What would tomorrow bring—the boat whistle, or Mangyans? The storm broke in fury that evening. All night long the rain poured in torrents upon the tin roof of the Quonset. As the pelting rain seemed to personify the missiles of offense, battering against the shield of dogged faith, the warfare grew fierce.

"O God, bring them, bring them. Thou canst! Only Thou

canst! Bring them to us. Hold back the boat. Help us, O God, that these people may have the words of Thy salvation. Bring them, O God."

I could not afford to sleep much, for here would be a place of conflict, before it could become one of conquest. All through the stormy night, I felt burdened to pray, "Bring them to us."

Finally the heavy storm spent itself until there was only a quiet patter, practically silent before the dawn of Monday morning.

At six o'clock we were up and dressed for breakfast, and walked out of the house to cross the yard to the kitchen annex where breakfast was about to be served.

Ann, still inside the house, heard a scream of delight—"Ann, Ann!!" She ran out. And there trudging down the road came the Mangyans!

It was almost unbelievable! Mr. de la Serna, clad in rain togs, was walking briskly toward the house, and following close on his heels in single file were *three* Mangyans! Their identity was unmistakable—their costumes of rags, their long hair and girlish faces, pathetic sores, and betel-nut-reddened lips.

"Mr. de la Serna, how did you find them?" and this was the story he told in which our "littlest" angel played a role:

"Very early this morning," he said, "a little child came to the door to sell bread. As I explained that we didn't need bread today, she looked up and murmured casually, 'Mangyans are eating bread down in the village.' Immediately I hurried away to the village where I found them. They had wandered in this morning to get treatment for the one who has such painful sores."

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow." The measures of the Doxology seemed to reach a crescendo at this moment with a burst of sunshine upon the wet foliage sparkling after rain; and we felt as though Someone had spoken again the an-

cient words, "The place whereon thou standest is holy ground—Emmanuel—God is with us!"

As the day lengthened, always the *"Praise God from whom all blessings flow"* undergirded our group at work in this Quonset studio. One of the three Mangyans proved to be quite intelligent; and he understood the trade language. Mr. de la Serna understood the trade language and some Mangyan; and being a preacher and a high school teacher, he required and got good translations. Of course, he understood English too.

It was a day of conquests. The rains had stopped. The Mangyans had come. The equipment would work, though not consistently; and there were many tense moments when it failed. Each word, each phrase, was a conquest. Precious sentences were finally formed, the words clear, full of meaning, readily understood. The Mangyans never ceased to respond with delighted laughter every time the words were played back.

The first script we chose to translate was the very elementary one called, "Jesus Can Heal Your Soul," since it was not a complex analogy to make between the familiar subject of physical sickness and healing, to the idea of healing for a man's soul.

But when we came finally to the word for *Saviour* we found ourselves at an impasse. Minutes ticked by as synonym after synonym in our English was transmitted into de la Serna's Visayan only to meet with the same blank wall. Our Mangyan simply could not imagine what idea we were trying to get him to express. Finally I told a story that I had heard from Africa—of a lion leaping upon a man who, taken by surprise, found himself at its mercy. And then a band of native hunters fell upon the lion so that it relinquished its victim, and the man's life was spared.

Earnestly De la Serna picked up the narrative and told it in Visayan, and as he did, our Mangyan, with a look of understanding began to say, "Mä'nōnōbō's." And as he spoke the word, our interpreter repeated a Visayan word so similar to

it that one or the other must have been a derivative because both words pictured the idea of Saviour. It was a precious word to be able to give to those who await their first introduction to Jesus—"for he shall save them from their sins!"

As the day progressed, I found a few moments in which I could write home to share our experiences while they were fresh.

> What keeps our feet on the ground is that the work is so hard. Our backs ache after eight hours of tense, solid work with people whom we might lose any minute, and with equipment that gives trouble often—every few sentences. Our hearts nearly stop when we see it isn't working, and we know the Mangyans will have to leave soon. This is our only chance, and the work scarcely begun! But His Word sustains us; and on the basis of it, we rejoice and press forward.

Then later, this sentence could be added—

> They finished eight hundred and fifty words, two sides of a record, and have gone back to their homes.

The Mangyans left at the end of the day, but the Doxology lingered upon us, in the glory of God that had been revealed.

Tuesday morning, the boat whistle was a signal of gladness; and although our cargo was not actually heavier, it was weighty treasure—a section of once empty tape now guarding within its unseen mystery of sound, precious words, life-giving words about Jesus in the Mangyan formula for Mangyan hearts "to taste and see that he is good."

MINDANAO

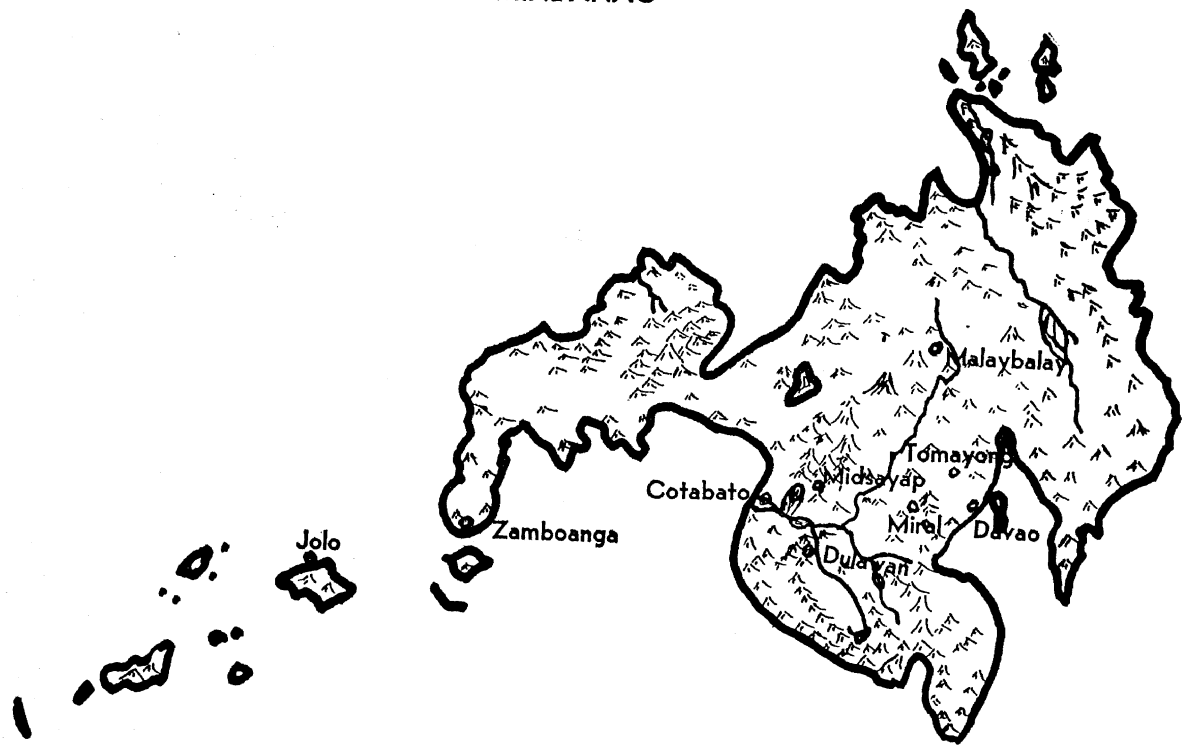
Mindanao is next to Luzon in size, having an area of over 36,000 square miles, but it far exceeds all others in variety and number of tribes. The western part of the island, particularly near the seacoast, embraces nearly a dozen different Mohammedan groups known as Moros, each with its own distinct characteristics, language and culture. Many of them are a Malay blend, sometimes including every social type to be found in southeastern Asia and Oceania.

Many Cebuano Visayans have colonized the north and east coastal areas. The remainder of Mindanao is populated by numerous pagan tribes, small and large. Some are a Malay blend, some strongly Indonesian, some almost pure short Mongol, and some are mixed, with a Caucasic element predominant. Among the Bila 'ans the tall mongoloid types are common. Some of the tribes located deep in the mountains and jungles of Mindanao have only recently been discovered. These facts have been gathered from H. Otley Beyer's "Population of the Philippine Islands in 1916."

LANGUAGES RECORDED IN MINDANAO

Atao
Bila'an (2 dialects)
Binokid
Calagan
Calibugan (2)
Chabakano
Davaweño
Ilanun
Ilianon
Isamal
Joloano
Magindanao
Mandaya
Manobo (5)
Mansaka
Maranao
Matidsaug
Samal (2)
Subanun (3)
Surigueño
Tagabawa
Tagakaolo
Tirurai
Yakan

MINDANAO


Malaybalay
Tomayong
Midsayap
Cotabato
Mirel
Davao
Dulawan
Zamboanga
Jolo

TWENTY-SEVEN

THE CRY OF THE FOREST MAN

The same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him.—Romans 10:12

THE CRY of the Manobo is not a chant, nor does it find words to express nameless prayers. Wild and unrestrained, it is a cry of anguish, gasping, gutteral, and plaintive—the desolate wail of a lost soul writhing under bondage of an evil power. At last, it dies down into the whimpering agony of a stricken animal, and fades away unanswered and unconsoled; it is the cry of the dark forests where primitive men must supplicate demon gods whose tender mercies are cruel caprice. Piercing the night, but not the darkness enveloping him, the cry of the Manobo is terror, chilled through with despair. Fear finds out every hiding place in the depths of his forest home.

Hidden away in the heart of Mindanao's central forests, the Manobos live beyond the fringes of civilization, in the unexplored areas of Bukidnon, Davao, and Agusan provinces. In the swamplands, and along the rivers filled with man-eating crocodiles, the Manobos often build their houses on platforms high up in the trees. Sometimes two families share one tiny house at an elevation as high as sixty feet above the ground. They must enter these tree houses by use of strong rattan ropes, and their babies are carried up on the backs of the mothers. Their dwelling places are ever in twilight because of the dense foliage above, and in these eerie fastnesses the flight

of a bird, or the spell of the belete tree can cast a cursed shadow upon their dim and tangled path. Always the Manobo cowers under the countenance of an angry god and lives in close companionship with alarm and distress. The jungle, sinister, inscrutable, and immense, echoes with the sound of his drums beating to drive away evil spirits. Night comes ever without warning in the tropical forests, and from under its inky pall weighted with foreboding, the suppliant lifts his soul in frenzied petition.

In the same nights that feel the anguish of Manobos crying to their gods of wrath, another cry has silently winged its way to the heart of the Merciful One. From the open porch of his little grass-roofed house on stilts, one of God's stalwarts prays for the Manobo.

"Oh, Lord, find a way that Thy message may be carried into the depths of Manobo country. Oh, Lord, send teachers to them."

For many years Filemino Sinagda's life had been dedicated to reaching the Manobos in the Bukidnon mountains around Kibawe. In his little village several hours south of Malaybalay on Bukidnon's north-south highway, Sinagda's place is at the edge of the jungle wall that separates the rolling tablelands of the Binokids from the vast green tangle where the Manobos live.

Sinagda's trails into the thick Congo-like jungle, had discovered small Manobo *caingins* where a few little huddled huts poorly comforted the forest men by bearing some semblance of a village. The people had received Filemino Sinagda into their huts, and into their hearts, for they soon understood that he was their friend. Carefully he learned their ways and language until he was able to open for them the ancient Book of the God of Heaven. From its pages, Sinagda taught Manobos of the Merciful One in whose company they could dwell and fear no evil; of Jesus-God who had walked into the dark abode of all the gods of anguish; and had suffered through

the death of the cross the torments of their wrath in the place of every forest man; Jesus, God's dear Son, was their nearby Saviour and His name could wither into oblivion all the evil powers of Diabolo (the devil). Jesus, the loving Mighty One, could break the binding cords of evil habit, of guilt, of doing wrong, of a yen for sinning. He could do this for the forest man because He knew the forest man—his thoughts, his life, his very heart. This Jesus was near. He had ears to hear, eyes to see, and His heart, unchanging, opened wide to offer eternal shelter to every Manobo who would call upon Him.

Manobos responded to the gospel and, at last, in the outer fringes of their dark forest, drums sounded a new call, a call to worship in a court of peace. For the sinister shadows had fled away from those outer villages, and had left them standing in the temple of God—a temple pillared by giant trees heavily draped in green. Its vaults were inhabited by singing birds, and on its floors there stood villages of Manobos lighted through and through by hearts that now believed.

"For they shall hear of thy great name, and of thy strong hand, and of thy stretched out arm" (I Kings 8:42).

But notwithstanding the thrill and the new responsibilities which came with the first Manobos who believed in Jesus, there was always the dark voice of the interior echoing the cry of hundreds of villages yet unreached. Sinagda's heart burned to reach these also. From the pathetic little village of Luksad at the mouth of the Tigwa river, he had heard the heart-rending cry of native priests in hopeless supplications to unresponsive gods.

But like a sudden eclipse of the sun at high noon just as his work was beginning to bear fruit he was stricken by tuberculosis and was forced to yield to its stern discipline. By degrees, his trips into the jungle clearing slowed, until the day came that he could no longer drag his feet even to the nearest Manobo village. The burden of his people's need was a heavy

weight upon his heart and his prayers were insistent. "O Lord, find a way to reach them!"

Then, light broke at the outer rim of the eclipse, and again Sinagda could visit his faithful converts. A friend had given him a *carabao* (water buffalo), and he could now be carried to the nearest villages. Even in the areas where there were now Christians, there was much need of teaching and guidance.

Gradually, however, his strength ebbed away and the time came when he made his last trip by *carabao*. The eclipse now seemed total. Leaving the jungle trails for the last time, Sinagda had said to the Manobo Christians,

"I am sick. I will not be able to come to you now. You must send men to me to learn so that they may return and teach you."

"But we fear the village people! They may harm us or chase us away."

"No, they will not hurt you, only you must leave your weapons at the first big house [municipal building] in the village where they will be safely kept. If you carry your weapons, people will fear you and think that you mean harm. Do not carry them, and you will be treated kindly."

At home in Kibawe, the weary days came, and wearily passed—days of increasing weakness until even his voice had gone. No Manobos came through all the weeks that followed, but even if they had, he could not have talked with them above a whisper.

Still, at night, his firm petitions would lift a heavy burden to place it at the feet of God, near at hand—nearer than breathing, closer than hands and feet, and yet still so far from the knowledge of creatures who dimly bore His image, and sought His face. "Oh Lord, Thou wilt hear their cry? Send them the message,—'for the gospel of Christ . . . is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth.' Send teachers for them. In Jesus' name. Amen."

"Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit . . . ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

* * *

Typhoon warnings were out, and a warm, sultry rain soaked the grey decks of the freighter. Stevedores, noisily shouting directions to one another, banged the freight into the hold of the ship. Passengers scurried across the wet decks, seeking a dry spot in which to wedge another canvas cot; and when every space was taken, room was found for yet two more cots in the lower deck corridor between kitchen and bathrooms. Here in our corridor "stateroom," reeking, ovenlike, and vibrating with the roar of the great engines in the depths of the ship, we began our voyage on the "Northern Wanderer."

When eight bells sounded the hour of midnight, the boat finally broke away from the dock, and plowed out of Manila harbor. The warm night was still loud with the roar of engines and the whistle of wind and rain through the ship's rigging, even when crew and passengers had finally succumbed to fitful sleep. It was September 17. The "Northern Wanderer" was bound for the southern island of Mindanao, and we were headed for Cagayan on the coast of the province of Bukidnon.

During the next two days on the way to Bukidnon, many of the hours of heat and discomfort were spent writing letters to those at home whose prayers were depended upon at this time. The next two months would be the last of this year in the Philippines. Mindanao's three hundred fifty thousand Mohammedans, and two hundred thousand pagans stood just behind the large doors that even now were swinging open. Would we have time to enter them? The shortness of the time, and the overwhelming opportunities ahead, brought to us a new sense of intense urgency. The year was nearly over. The calls from different places and the terrific needs in provinces for records pressed much upon me.

Ann too, felt the driving "must needs" that pushed us on

to our fourth journey. As we set out our hearts were comforted in the words, "Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus may be made manifest" (II Cor. 4:10). We could read the Bible for long periods of time as we traveled; and we felt the storing up of fortitude against the future, but we could not now imagine the exigencies of swift-moving, gloriously exciting days that were immediately before us!

At last, Tuesday, September 19, brought us to dock with our baggage piled on the cots, and we rejoiced as prisoners about to be released from a hot, odorous cell. But then, to our dismay, it was announced that this was not the port of Cagayan (where we were to meet our host) but that it would be yet three hours away. I looked up to pronounce our shibboleth that opened the rusty locks of such dilemmas—"Rejoice!"

And there standing before us, tall, rugged, generous, smiling, was the missionary whom we had expected to see at Cagayan. His name was Henry DeVries. The twinkle in his blue eyes said, "Our land of Bukidnon welcomes you, and I will take care of all this baggage."

It seemed like a dream to be riding in a comfortable modern station wagon over a paved highway climbing up beyond the pineapple plantations, and on to the rolling green plateau land of Bukidnon Province. Every now and then, a bend in the road would bring us to the edge of a great canyon where a waterfall on its opposite wall dropped in silver foam to the deep floor many feet below. Almost unnoticeably the sun had slipped out of sight, and the glory of the day had given place to the exotic enchantment of a night that moved beneath a radiant moon. On and on we drove toward the central town of the province and the home of our host at Malaybalay. Twenty years were rolled back as Mr. DeVries talked to us of his country; and we saw this Binokid area of Bukidnon in the days of its paganism. We felt the cries echoing across the hills at night, and the human tragedy of demon-rites which de-

manded that someone be killed for a human sacrifice. We recoiled to see, in imagination, that the victim was torn open and then dragged to the demon altar where his liver was snatched out of his body and offered to the Cruel One. We felt the danger encountered when the missionary first dared invade these unchallenged territories of Satan.

But suddenly we were back again to the present, and driving up the hill where a lighted home beckoned us in, and Mrs. DeVries stood at the door to receive us.

The house was like a palace-beautiful where soft, tropical air was touched with coolness in this altitude. It was delicious. We were taken to our bedroom in the spacious Filipino-American house; and there were comfortable twin-beds, tastefully arranged furniture, and many windows to admit the refreshing breeze. The next morning we awakened to hear bird-songs from an enchanted country, and looked out on a wide park-like lawn bordered with flowers, and shaded by trees of a different species—but this was another land, Mindanao at Malaybalay.

Binokid scripts had been well prepared ahead of time, and a large number of records were made to lengthen the arm of missions through all this area. Here it was usual for villages to call for the missionary or native pastor long before he could come to them.

Our letters home were enthusiastic: "These days at Malaybalay are like Christmas (in California). The climate is so delightful, this house is *so* beautiful, meals so delicious, fellowship so congenial. It is such a lovely experience for us!"

* * *

"Thou shalt call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am" (Isa. 58:9).

In tropical Kibawe, late September brought so little seasonal change that the aging of the year could scarcely be detected. But it was always September when flurries of seed pods blew from the large tree in Sinagda's little yard. With wing-spans of four or five inches, the white pods showered like snow-

flakes, and the breeze carried them long distances before they nose-dived into the soft earth. There the rains would help to cover them, and if buried deep enough so that the pod could die, the embryo of another tree would fulfill its latent destiny in the mystery of life out of death.

At Sinagda's house, it was siesta time on September 25, when the drowsy hush of early afternoon was suddenly broken by the sound of a car crossing the grassy field from the road and heading straight for their place. It was the station wagon of Henry DeVries, and it stopped under the big seed-pod tree. Gospel Recordings Incorporated had come to Kibawe.

Ours was a happy gathering on the open bamboo porch edged all around by a wooden bench and wicker railing. Sinagda sat on the bench, and eagerly his wife and two daughters joined in welcoming the visitors from Malaybalay. So often the station wagon had surprised them with happy things. Three little grandchildren bubbling with excitement almost forgot to be shy for the first few moments.

Presently, our little red Minadyk took a central place among the group on the porch. The full significance of microphone and tape machine did not come to Sinagda all at once. He looked at the English script entitled, "Creation and Redemption." He studied it, looking up now and then to comment, "This is just what my Manobo people need!" And again the observation, "If you ask me to speak two months ago, it took me too hard. My voice was gone. But now, I found good medicine, and it has come back again." After a little while, Ann placed the microphone in front of him. He began to read from the English, translating into Manobo. Picturing himself in the villages so dear to him, Sinagda spoke out of his heart to the people. The script was his sermon pattern, yet he was careful to see that each thought made its appearance in good Manobo idiom. The timing during this practice before recording proved to be just right. Within four minutes, it could be placed on one side of a ten-inch record.

"I know these people well," he said, "so it do not took me hard to explain gospel to them."

Ann spoke first into the mike announcing, "This is *Creation and Redemption* in Bukidnon Manobo by Filemino Sinagda." He noticed that she also kept a notebook and made notations in it from time to time.

They bowed their heads to pray for guidance and blessing in this preparation of seed which could fall fruitfully into Manobo hearts, then Sinagda began recording in a strong clear voice:

CREATION AND REDEMPTION OF MAN

Look about you. Do you see the trees, the hills? God made them. Do you see the *caribao* and the cattle (etc.)? God made them too. The pigs and the chickens and the dogs were all created by God. See the beautiful flowers and listen to the birds sing. These were all made by the God of Heaven. He is the true God who made Heaven and earth and everything in it. Hear the children at play and the little baby cooing in his mother's arms . . . people also were created by God. When God created the world, it was perfect and beautiful, and the first man and woman were good and holy. They obeyed and loved God and were happy.

God told man that he must always obey Him or he would be punished with death. But there was also in the world a wicked one called the devil. He is man's enemy. One day the devil lied to man and got him to disobey God. Man sinned. After this everything was different. Man was not happy any more. He was ashamed and tried to run and hide from God. He felt naked. But God loved man and began to search for him, calling him by name. "Adam, where art thou?"

Ever since that time all men in the world, and women and children too, have listened to the devil and have disobeyed God, therefore everyone who does not repent and

believe in Christ will suffer eternally in Hell. People try to hide from God, but He can see everything. He even knows our thoughts.

But God loved man and wanted him to come back to Him, but he couldn't because of his sin which was like a great black cloud between him and God. So God sent His own Son, Jesus Christ, down from Heaven to this world to take our punishment. Jesus could do this because He had no sin of His own. He suffered on the cross for our sins. He took our punishment so that we could come back to God. He died for your sins, then He rose up from the grave and went back to His Father in Heaven.

Now it is easy for anyone—that means you—to come to God. All you need to do is believe that Jesus Christ took away your sin, and receive Him as your Saviour and Lord. You can't see Him with your physical eyes now, but He is everywhere. (Some day He is coming back to this earth and then you will see Him with your eyes.) He listens to you when you pray. Close your eyes and talk to Him and He will do what you ask. Say, "Dear God, I now receive Jesus Christ as my Saviour. Cleanse my heart from all sin. Thank You for receiving me."

God is calling you saying, "Come. Come and you will not be ashamed any more. When you die, you will go to live forever in Heaven with God."

When he had spoken the last word, Ann spun the tape back to the beginning, turned the playback knob, and the first Manobo message came back to them from the box.

Leaving her supper preparation, Mrs. Sinagda ran out to the porch to hear. Gertrudas, Mrs. Sinagda's sister who had been working out Manobo song translations, and I joined the group on the porch. Even the three little grandchildren and their beautiful mother (also ill with tuberculosis) came to hear the box tell its first Manobo message. The Minadyk had done an excellent piece of work this time! Sinagda's voice and message had been immortalized to multiply seeds wherever the

Spirit of God would carry them in the land of his wild people.

It was in hearing this first recording, that the full significance of the moment dawned upon Sinagda.

"Give thanks to the Lord about all these things!" And he laughed as tears rolled down his cheeks. "Oh, I didn't dream that such thing would ever come! I am the only one who preaches in this dialect. I have been praying that someone else would come to learn it so that when my voice is gone they could still hear the good news."

He interrupted himself to laugh again and his partially paralyzed face wrinkled up in an exultant smile. He could scarcely restrain his laughter to continue.

"I am so happy! I am so glad! This is the answer to my prayers!"

Food and fruits brought along from Malaybalay had made the supper menu easy to plan. Guests and family ate together. And afterward, under the red glow of a sunset flaming through the grass thatch of Sinagda's little porch, the studio became busy again. We worked until bedtime. A large lantern threw light upon his papers, as Sinagda gave the message. "How to Become God's Child," and "The Story of the Passover." This was enough for today.

Tomorrow we would do more. Mr. Sinagda had selected eight scripts. "All of these, every one, I want for my people!" However, with the last recordings our Minadyk had shown signs of trouble. We had tried so hard to diagnose this come-and-go distortion, yet it was still an elusive malady, and one which could develop at any time. But tomorrow the Minadyk *must* be in good form. The cry of the forest men demanded it.

September 26 was charged with excitement mixed well with the ingredients of joy and suspense; of work and forced siestas; of conflict, and of expectation that could not give up until its prize was secured.

God gave strength to Sinagda as he recorded message after message, resting and praying between recordings. While he

rested, Ann and Gertrudas and I sang Manobo songs which would later be edited appropriately into the records. Some of these would become hymn medleys bridged by Scripture passages.

Shortly after noon, the Minadyk declared a strike. Test after test proved that the discouraging plague had set in again. Sinagda prayed at this time. "Dear Lord, keep this machine because we do not know the heart of it." It was siesta time; presently a drowsy quietness settled upon everyone, and the obstinate recorder sat alone in the empty porch.

The spell of midday slumber was still upon us when I slipped out to the porch and started the recorder. Singing into the mike the theme song of our staff at Witmer Street was as automatic as breathing. Written by Lois Dyk, it came fresh out of the life of our Gospel Recordings family.

Our blessed Lord is working out His
purpose (good purpose).
He's teaching us and training us to
trust His guiding Hand.
So let's keep on singing and rejoicing
(in all things).
Through every hour we'll trust His power—
And *know* that He is working out His
plan (good plan).

Quickly, I spun back the tape; turned on the playback and listened. The song came back clear and whole. There was none of the recent distortion. The Minadyk was well again!

But God had a very special packet of glad surprise for His stalwart of Kibawe, and it was to come on this very day. While Mr. Sinagda was recording the script, "Believe in the True God," he looked up in time to see four Manobo men climbing the ladder to his porch! Brown-skinned, kinky-haired, clothed in civilized shirts and short pants, they stood timidly half-fearfully in the doorway—believers from a village newly aware of the outside world.

Ann stopped the tape machine while Sinagda gave warmest welcome to his forest children. They sat down on the bench beside him and listened as he continued the message about Tutúni Diwáta (The True God).

Then as it was played back, their faces were a study of awed delight and understanding tempered by fear of the unaccountable little box. Could they understand it?

"Allín, allín"—"All, every bit."

However, they would say little more than this. Hovering around the box that spoke to their hearts, their interest was silent and intent. After the box stopped talking, the Manobos spoke to Sinagda. From their conversation one could guess that they were asking for a preacher to come to their village. This proved to be true, and now Sinagda could give them promise of help soon—not a preacher, but a sower of words. Someone would come to them, though he could not speak their language, and this one would bring them Sinagda's own voice in a box. Of course, they did not understand about records, but they realized that Pastor Sinagda's answer was full of hope and promise for their people.

Recording continued and the forest men listened to: "How God's Children Should Live," "Jesus Our Best Friend," "One Mediator," "Death and Resurrection," "The Return of Jesus," "The Rich Man and Lazarus." The day was nearly spent before they left the little house and turned toward the jungle mountains.

A very precious final message recorded for the Bukidnon Manobo set was Mr. Sinagda's own testimony which he gave with deep feeling and power.

September 27 brought the completion of work at Kibawe. What hath God wrought!

Just as our bus pulled away, Ann and I looked back to wave good-by. Tears blurred our vision of the group waving to us from the little bamboo porch. A gust of wind rustled the branches of the big shade tree, and a flurry of seed pods fell

like snow over a wide area of the yard. Two tiny, laughing grandchildren ran to catch them up; the bus screeched into high gear and lumbered northward toward Malaybalay. The stalwart of Kibawe had prepared *packets of life* winged for the winds of God to carry to his forest men. Wherever the cry goes up, there will be seed pods—enough for God's planting, and His answer to the cry.

"For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, *that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it*" (Isaiah 55:10, 11).

TWENTY-EIGHT

THE SHEPHERD OF TIRURAY

Lovest thou me? . . . Feed my sheep.

SAMUEL, like the judge of ancient Israel, is also a counselor to his people. His handsome face always wears the radiance of one who knows God, and who has seen His glory in the face of Jesus Christ.

Although he is a cripple, Samuel walks with the indefinable aspect of a person who is free. He *is* free. One day he had taken a journey up a "hill somewhat ascending upon which stood a cross." Until that day, though he had tried to help his people, he too had carried the heavy burdens that every Tiruray hillsman feels along with the weights of fear and perplexity increased by the near noise of strange new civilizations moving into their hills on motor roads, and zooming over their thatched huts—big machine birds that made hot war.

But there, in that place where at last he could understand the cross, Samuel found rest to his soul. The song in his heart had never ceased since that day, and everywhere, everywhere the good news was shared with his people. Samuel was a leader among them. They came to him for help; they sought his counsel; they listened to his words of teaching. The plight of these Tiruray natives was his concern, and his heart was one with theirs.

Out toward the coast and beyond the shelter of his hills, there was the little town of Upi some kilometers south of Cotabato City. And in Upi, the petite bamboo cottage of

Froilan Abad was like the *House of the Interpreter* to this rustic shepherd of Tiruray folk. He loved to go there and sit at the feet of his Filipino friend and elder shepherd, to hear more from the Book of Jesus. For although Samuel knew the Christ, he did not know much about His teachings. English was the only path toward understanding which Mr. Abad and Samuel could walk together; and it was a tedious, slow path because Samuel was also lame in the English language. Each month Samuel came to Upi. And each month he prepared a stock of sermons for the Sundays until he should come back. And Mr. Abad would carefully, simply, thoroughly teach his protégé four sermons, four messages for his people before Samuel could be allowed to return to his village in the western hills.

It was October, and already the tenth; yet for some reason, Samuel had not come back to Upi for several weeks. A runner had been sent for him fifteen hours ago, but Samuel was always slow because of his lameness. Would he come now?

"Yes, I feel certain that he will come." Mr. Abad was assuring his guests.

His pretty cottage was astir with excitement and gaiety. Happy songs floated out from its little flower-bordered windows, and they echoed in the street of Upi, and in the hearts of the deeply hospitable people. Mr. Abad loved Americans, as did all his family, and here in his own home were two American ladies. The days that we were there fairly shouted with happiness; Ann and I were at home in this nipa nest in a village of gladness.

The little red Minadyk "did itself proud" in its mysteriously permanent mimicry of Tiruray songs which Rebecca and Julianna had come over to sing. Recording on tape, and all the fascinating tricks of it, became headline educational news at Upi. Young people flocked into the little church next door to Mr. Abad's own house, and there he shared his services with us. Ann intrigued the congregation by singing songs in Alas-

kan and Mexican dialects, as well as in several Filipino languages.

I told them stories built around the "doctrine of rejoicing"! "Rejoicing is the side of faith that laughs at impossibilities and shouts, 'It shall be done.'" And for our Gospel Recordings corps of workers, the teaching resolves itself into a motto: "No matter what happens—rejoice! Let the melody of your hearts go up to the Lord in unceasing thanksgiving *for all that He sends you!*"

Young evangels of "rejoicing" sprouted up overnight at Upi, and in a few days the doctrine had caught fire in neighboring Visayan villages. They loved it; many of them had eyes to see that even hardships and difficulties could be made opportunities in which to demonstrate the faithfulness of God.

A velvet-textured breeze swung the pot of orchids at the window and gently rattled the bamboo-woven shutters. I looked up, and out beyond the pendulum flowerpot, I saw a lame man and two boys crossing the grassy field toward the house. Could that be Samuel?

"Samuel is coming!" Two little Abad boys had been polishing the bamboo floors and singing as they worked until something hurried them outside just in time to see the Tiruray coming.

And presently, Samuel and his two companions entered the house. This was a signal to punch the time-clock for a long afternoon of work. We had lunch first, in the charming picture-windowed room where Samuel sat at a little table with us, and Mrs. Abad served.

Simplified down to the least common denominators in grammar and semantics, the scripts had been prepared for Samuel. "These are more sermons for your people, Samuel. After you learn them, we will let you preach them here over the microphone. The tape will pick up your words so that we can copy them on to phonograph records later on. Then we will send many, many records to you with phonographs, too."

Samuel's smile spoke appreciation, although at first he did not fully understand these remarks.

Interpreting the messages was a laborious task. Since Samuel spoke only Tiruray and English, there was no middle language close to his own native dialect; and hence no chance of clarifying meanings in a closer relationship to his idiom. His English vocabulary was quite limited, so even simple words and phrases had to be explained many different ways before he could understand.

"What does *every-lasting* mean?"

Patiently each rough place was smoothed. Samuel was tireless. Every new truth he learned was like a discovery of rarest treasure. For instance, there was the Scripture which said, "Pray for them that despitefully use you." Reduced to the level of Samuel's English, it was, "Pray for them that do you no good." This brought forth the ejaculation, "Oh, pray for them anyway?"

Then again, a new thought on prayer. The script had said, "You may pray to God at any time. You may pray at night before you go to bed, and you may pray also in the morning." This simple teaching brought new radiance to the face of a man who loved to find out more ways in which he could please his Master.

Before dawn on the morning following this episode, I was up early and, looking across the room in the gray of slowly-receding darkness, I could see a blanketed figure humped in an attitude of prayer. Samuel was using his new-found privilege "to pray in the morning also!"

October 11 was a wonderful day of work with Samuel. Such a precious experience to teach him! And we translated songs. There were many more discoveries for Samuel on this second day also. He was delighted to hear himself preach out of the box after he had recorded. How plain it was now—in Tiruray! Truth stood up boldly, outlined in the clear light of the language of his heart. How could he contain the joy of it!

For he began to see what this could do for him, as well as for his own people.

"Records which talk exactly like this that you hear in the box—these same records will be sent to you. Many, many of them. They will be played on phonographs. You can leave them in Tiruray villages!"

Although Samuel's English was limited, it was not without some very imposing words. Once he repeated a phrase while recording, and upon hearing it played back, he commented, "That was a redundancy."

Before the day was over, Samuel and Ann worked some simple Tiruray sentence frames into hymn melodies. It was exciting to find ways of making the song in his heart find expression in tunes that could carry Tiruray words!

At last his work was done. Tomorrow he would go back to the hills with a soul lifted up in his God. Tiruray folk had often been endangered by "wolves." Some had even come among them claiming to be Christ. Others had tried more subtle ways to scatter the flocks from the pastures that Samuel had labored so hard to secure for them. So often he had nothing he could say to discomfited sheep except the exhortation of which he was unmovably convinced.

"Believe in Jesus," he would say. "Just believe in Jesus."

His heart rejoiced as his eyes saw beyond his beloved hills to God. They are "his people, and the sheep of his hand." In a few months, Samuel would have the seed wherewith to sow abundant pastures for his people, his flock of Tiruray folk. And there would be enough for all!

TWENTY-NINE

HIS HAND UPON A SWORD

Is anything too hard for the Lord?—Genesis 18:14

THIRTEEN CENTURIES AGO an Arab stood upon the sands and pointed beyond the ten thousand stars and crescent moon to Allah, the uncreated One.

"God is God and there is no God but God." And as he pointed Ishmaelites to "the ramparts of utmost heaven," his other hand caressed the hilt of a curved blade as sharp as the night winds, and as cruel as the unconquerable mood of the desert. Was his sword like a sickle ready to cut down the unbelieving—to reap in blood-red fields a harvest unto Allah? The young man who stood upon the desert was Mahomet.

And like locusts blackening the air and devouring every green thing before them, the hordes of Arabia and the Crescent East responded to the call of the prophet.

I bear witness that Mahomet is the Apostle of God.

Come hither to prayers. Come hither to salvation—This quotation is from the Koran.

A sword was also in the hand of each follower of Mahomet, and in his soul burned the same quality of fire that has made Islam consuming, unquenchable, swift to cover the earth. What millions speak the creed of the sacred Koran! Written in the devoted zeal of a genius that could so deftly touch dark wings with partial truth that they appear as of an angel of light, the scriptures of Mahomet have drawn Moslems to confess: "Islam—to thee our souls we do resign."

"Allah is just," speaks the creed. And its statement is truth, is light itself. But, then a weird shadow plays fitfully upon the God revealed, for Allah may lead or mislead man as he will; consign him to Heaven or Hell; pardon his evil, or not; weigh his good to overbalance the bad, or not; send good or ill. And a man must say "Kismet—it is the will of Allah! And in thy dread hand we rest the scroll of our fate." Suddenly the face of God is grim-lined with the stern caprice that shapes and shifts the dunes at will, that paints picture pools of unreal water on the emptiest lands of earth, to tantalize a thirsting caravan.

Mohammedanism is like the desert where it grew. In some respects, it is a mirage resembling the real pools of living water.

"Allah, pardon me my sins," it begs. And yet the pools are empty and a man must still bear his burden under the setting sun.

It is empty like the desert. There are not only distortions upon the face of Islam's Allah, but there are such large omissions that the likeness of God becomes chaotic and vacant—like an image of sand turned grotesque, twisted by the lawless winds. Hollow chants are hard, austere, like molten skies at noontime on the parched plains.

"God is great. There is no God but God. God is just. There is no God but God."

There is a great empty place between a man and Allah, even though the lesser prophets (Jesus, included in these) and the Lord Prophet (Mahomet) point as witnesses to him. Where does that leave the worshiper but in the terrible mystery of Kismet and the "somehow" of his own merits? By his good deeds, holy pilgrimages, and by his sword, bared to unbelievers, he may (if Allah wills it) win a place in one of the seven spheres of Heaven.

In the desert of Mohammedanism there is no Great Rock, no Fort or Refuge under the unrelenting sun. And when the Djin (demon) of Death calls upon a man, (as Allah has

willed the place and the time when his "soul comes to the neck" in that last breath) he must cross alone Al Sirat, the bridge that is "finer than hair and sharper than a razor." What then is his fate? Allah knows. Al Berzakh, the Barrier of Death, is fixed and its dark doors, when closed, hide from view that slender bridge and its farther shores of hades or of paradise. Islam means "submission to the will of Allah."

From the first, Mahomet dreamed of world conquest. "Embrace Islam, pay tribute, or die."

The desert "Iman" (the faith of Islam) erupting in Arabia, avalanched southwestward through North Africa and Spain, and sweeping northward to the east and west, swallowed up Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, Turkey, Turkistan, Persia, Afghanistan, North India, and twenty-five million souls-worth of China. Then, swinging far out into the Malay Peninsula, the Moslem conquest brought the social pattern of the Koran even to the jungles of Borneo.

From Borneo, in the fourteenth century, the Mohammedan Moros came to settle the southern part of the Philippines and the Sulu Archipelago. Bejeweled and flashing, wearing colorful sarongs, or loose pantaloons and hip-line shirts with Polynesian pareu thrown over their shoulders, the Moros are quite different from other Malayans. Their Chinese and Spanish shoes, their turbans earned by pilgrimage to Mecca; their brass *agongs* playing throughout midnight festivities; their gay markets and savory food; their sailboats, and princess-parasols; their magenta yardage and perfumes of musk and amber—relics of a pirate past; their harems, and their Book of Allah—all of these things make the Moros markedly separate from any other group in the Philippines.

Most of all a Moro is known by his ornate-handled *kris* or sword, necessary to the dress of every man from his youth to old age. The fierce-tempered steel of the curved blade seems to have been forged in those same fanatical fires that spread when the first Arab worshiped Allah with one hand upon an

insatiable weapon of "holy" war. This steel is also in the soul of the Malayan Moros.

Almost until the turn of the century, they were bent upon conquering the Philippines in the name of Mahomet. Their fleets of pirate proas, so swiftly laded with slaves and booty, were the terror of Filipinos and natives all over the islands. Even today the Moro spirit is not broken.

Old fires smolder in dark eyes, now bright, now sullen, sometimes furtive, evasive, full of guile.

At a touch, the flame may start and break loose in the capture of a wilderness school teacher or the hiding of a board full of nails on the road to punish the next bus which refuses to pick up Moro passengers.

Or it may be the hot fire of fanaticism breaking loose in the form of a crazed Moro who with shaved head and staring eyes runs amuck with his wavy-bladed *kris*. He is a *juramentado,* under oath to Allah to die killing Christians. No courage is so horrible as that of a man eager to die—and to die in the act of killing an unbeliever. And the *juramentado* has no doubt about an entry into Heaven. If he fulfills his vow, Allah's milk-white steed with jeweled mane will sweep him up through all the seven spheres to a place of bliss, near the throne of God.

Four hundred thousand Moros live in parts of Palawan and in more than half of the large island of Mindanao, besides the island stepping-stones to Borneo—Basilan, Jolo, Siasi, Tawi-Tawi, Sibutu, and Cagayan.

Lake Lanao in northern Mindanao is the heart of their country, where houses may be decorated with carved or painted wood, and the colorful, alert people play Arabic rosaries of the Koran on their expensive phonographs, and take up offerings to help a searcher who must buy paradise through a voyage to Mecca. "Allah is God and there is no God but Allah, and to thee, Islam (the submission to God's will) our souls we do resign."

The prayer is chanted in lush Malayan Islands, but it is still the cry of the desert, empty of life. The lad Ishmael yet languishes, his water bottle is spent.

"Is anything too hard for the Lord?" The ancient question was asked by the Angel visitor who talked with the doubting father of Ishmael standing at his tent door upon the plains of Mamre. Is *anything* too hard for Him?

A few years later the lad Ishmael and his mother fled away to the desert. Two millenniums before "the sword of Mahomet," the lad Ishmael lay dying on the burning plain; and Hagar wept, holding the empty water skin to his parched lips. What was God's answer then to their mortal thirst? It was "Arise, lift up the lad, and hold him in thine hand." And God opened Hagar's eyes and she saw a well of water; and she went and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad drink" (Gen. 21:18, 19).

Facing the eight tribes of Moslem Moros, their bottles empty, their dry land walled in, the question could be asked again with expectation, with faith—

"Is anything too hard for the Lord?"

In the time of Abraham, the implied answer was an emphatic No. Is God the same today? Will He not prove Himself? Can He not again give Ishmael life—even in the Moro country of the Philippines?

Let us take up "the lad" in our hands, lifting up our eyes to see the God who will reveal pools of water in the desert.

There were the empty water bottles of Magindanaos, and Yakan Moros, of Ilanuns, and Samals, of Subanuns, and Joloanos. All of these were different dialects spoken by the Moros. Could God lead to a spring of water here and there also? Would He be able to find a Christian to record for each of these tribes? We could not expect a Moslem to translate a Christian message! The walls around the dry places seemed so impossible! But faith—could it be ours to wing over the barriers on the song "with God nothing shall be impossible"?

"How will you get the Moro records?" people would ask us. The answer must stand complete and accurate in the one word, "God." For the man standing like a conqueror with his hand upon a *kris* is really that same weak lad Ishmael needing his water bottle filled from the wells of salvation.

THIRTY

"THIS CANNOT BE"

> Is not my Word . . . like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?—Jeremiah 23:29

"MISS SHERWOOD, how would you like to record in Ilanun now?" Pastor Espa asked the question with suppressed excitement. "Do you have that language?"

"No, we don't! That would be wonderful!" Ann greeted his question with enthusiasm and then looked toward Moson, the young Moro who had just finished excellent Magindanao records here in the chapel at Dulawan. Corocoy Moson had come up from Midsayap and had consented to translate Christian messages for his people. Although he was already persuaded toward Christianity, he had not yet openly confessed his new faith.

Pastor Espa continued, "I have talked to a Mohammedan Cagui (priest) and asked him if he would be willing to translate some of your scripts, and he said he would. So if you would like me to go ahead with it, I will."

Appalled at the thought of a Cagui making Christian records, Ann's expression vetoed the suggestion, but Espa reasoned,

"I understand Ilanun well. I can tell whether he speaks the right thoughts!" Mr. Suela Espa (to use his own words with reference to General MacArthur) was "very initiative."

Ann pondered the matter as she, Espa, and Moson gathered up the portable studio and supplies and walked three blocks to

the missionary's home. It was lunch time Saturday, October 12.

At the house, Ann discussed the matter with me. We talked it over with the missionaries at the table. "If the Cagui should slip in teachings of his own, we do not need to use the recordings. We can erase them," we reasoned.

"And if he does it faithfully," Ann submitted, "then, we have records in Ilanun, and otherwise we would have nothing for them!"

The decision was made, but much prayer must follow it through. Forced to stay home because of illness, I spent the afternoon in intercession for Ilanun Moros, the records for them, the Cagui who would record, and Ann and Espa. Their task was not without possible dangers. But it must succeed.

Cagui Abdul's house, built on one of Dulawan's half dozen streets, was an open bamboo restaurant actually, with dirt floors and walls that were rolled up in the daytime so that the out-of-doors could come in. The dusty street and gathering by-standers seemed almost a part of the room. Dishes had stacked up at one end of the long table; and at the far end, they had set up the battery recorder and microphone. Sitting opposite to Cagui Abdul, whose two scripts had been written out in Arabic characters, was another turbaned Cagui. Ann, at the end of the table appeared not to notice the petulant throngs of Moros surrounding them waiting to see what was going to take place. With a disarming air of gaiety and carefree enjoyment, she played with the little red wind-up box. Ann's apparent light-heartedness in approaching this occasion tended to ward off suspicion. She had diverted it with entertainment instead, and as the recording proceeded, a few onlookers could even tolerate the astounding Christian-talking Cagui in their appreciation of his enviable adventure with that American voice-box.

From the start however, the going was difficult. Cagui Abdul was not glib-tongued, and ironically enough, he had to practice reading the script two or three times before recording

it. Even then it was paragraph by paragraph. For the audience, this factor lengthened their exposure to the Christian message and helped to tighten an already tense situation. There were many times when the air was electric with disapproval, when suddenly there would be a crescendo of "tsch-tsch-tsch" from the listening crowd and the other Cagui would speak out—"No, no, we do not believe this!"

Frequently Cagui Abdul hesitated as though he might not go on because the people were taciturn, scowling; and then the perpetual background sounds came in and out with such matter-of-fact contrast to the spiritual conflict that it seemed as though a cat miaowing, or the stiff-broomed sweeping of the dirt floor next door had broken the sullen spell and saved the day. The homey sound of rice-pounding in the back, and the unperturbed clucking of chickens pecking at the ground, the sudden laughter of little children behind the straw wall—these familiar things broke into the silence, and the Cagui sighed, took courage and went on speaking his paragraphs into the mike.

Fortunately the first message of this afternoon was "God Our Creator" and the first part was received with the ejaculatory "Yes, yes, that is right!" or else by a polite nod of approval. Once the Cagui stumbled over a word and Ann stopped the machine and spun the tape back to the end of his previous sentence. The people howled with laughter when they heard the Cagui's words squealing like a flock of geese.

But when he began to speak the last paragraphs, the atmosphere was tense again, and across the table the other Cagui's eyes flashed with anger. The Ilanun words were very plain to the Moros.

> Men and women needed someone who could take away evil and sin from their hearts and bear their punishment. Finally, God came down to this world to do this, Himself. He became a man.
>
> In this form He was called the Son of God. He was

holy. He did no sin. He healed the sick; He fed the people when they were hungry. He did great miracles which only God could do. . . . But wicked people nailed Him to the cross. He gave Himself into their hands so that He could suffer for us. They crucified Him and buried Him. But since He was God as well as man, He rose up after three days and in a little while He ascended back into Heaven. Now by believing in Jesus Christ, God's Son, we are saved from our sins. Receive Him as your Saviour and you will go to Heaven, after you die, to live forever with God. What God says, He will do—

The Cagui read doggedly on even while the crowds sucked in their breath in an ominous undertone of "tsch-tsch-tsch." Faithfully he had spoken every thought clearly. The other Cagui was redfaced, glowering. Cagui Abdul looked up, and as quick as a flash, he added the words (which Espa caught instantly but pretended not to understand!)

"Of course we know that Mahomet is really the one who does all this for us!"

Ann, following the English script, had been able to interpret the peoples' extreme and changing moods up to this point, but she was mystified to hear them laugh and applaud at the end of what she had thought was the last sentence of the script. "We must erase the last sentence of Cagui's first recording," Espa whispered this explanation later on.

The Cagui's second script was the story of Noah, and the audience remained, as though magnetized by the performance. And again, they were in a more tolerant mood as the fascinating old story unfolded; but when its plain-spoken concluding paragraphs were said, the old fires were felt again and the air crackled with opposition. Cagui Abdul spoke the last sentence, "Jesus Christ is the door to salvation. Enter in now." He added, slamming the table with his fist—"And let all Islam enter too!"

The people shouted and laughed at such a huge joke. The

Cagui's face had been saved and he would not be questioned. His added sentences, and a knowing wink had, in their eyes, made this afternoon's business just a funny game with the bewitching little box. Islam feels itself to be impregnable.

Ann and Espa realized that no more records could be made under the very noses of the Moslems; but they *must* get more of these messages.

Just at this point, Ann had an inspiration. Addressing the two Cagui's she said, "Would you like to record some of the Koran?"

Of course they were delighted—glad for another chance to hear the red box speak back their own voices. (Though the Caguis did not know it, this was merely for their own entertainment at the moment.) It was a happy, friendly time, as unhurried as the tropical East, and jovial too. This experience did something for the other Cagui also. His ire seemed to have become permanently blunted.

As the Koran chants were being recorded, the people gradually scattered, and across the street could be heard the bell-like sound of *agongs* beating rhythmic, native melodies. The *agongs* were circular and pan-like with small round knobs in the center. Each had its own pitch and tone, depending upon its size. Starting with the beating of one gong, the girls came in with another, and another. Picking up the light-weight recorder and mike, Ann and Mr. Espa ran across the street and placed the Minadyk in the front yard to catch these new sounds. A group of beautiful girls wearing magenta or pink sarongs were playing the bells upstairs on the porch of the large wooden house on stilts—about ten feet above the ground. The recording played back perfectly, and a large number of colorfully dressed girls and women listened. They were a picture, with hair coiled to loop into a pinless knot standing up inches from their heads, and their faces alive and full of the same sparkle and interest which showed itself in their music and in their dress.

At the end of this brief episode Ann and Mr. Espa said good-by to their new friends; and taking the equipment, walked toward home with a story to tell. However the end was not yet.

"How do you think the Cagui liked the sermons?" Ann asked.

"Oh, I tried to psychologize him and when I gave him another, and another, he didn't say 'No more!'" Pastor Espa was triumphant. "But," he added, "we must correct the Cagui's closing statements on those two recordings he made this afternoon!"

Editing was done promptly—just in time too, because both of the Caguis along with a number of friends had come. Tonight the missionary's home would shield us somewhat from the throngs. But as the recording session progressed, there was an audience outside. Brown noses remained pressed against the window panes, and people well hidden in the darkness peered into the lighted room and listened throughout the recording of each message.

This time it was easier to work, without scripts written out in Ilanun. Carefully, and patiently, they were worked from English to Magindanao and from Magindanao to Ilanun.

The other Cagui grew vociferous at times. Everyone else listened in silence. He would now and again say, "Yes, yes, that is true"; and then, as earnestly, he would scold, "No—do not say this!" but tonight Cagui Abdul seemed impervious, professional, uninvolved. The other Cagui seemed to be arguing with himself, unconscious of affecting or refuting anyone else.

At last, the end was in sight. They were near the close of "God's Plan of Salvation." But when Cagui Abdul translated the words,

> "The only true mediator is Jesus Christ, He is our only Saviour,"

the listening Cagui shouted fiercely, "No, no, no—this cannot

be! If we will be continually hearing this, we will come to believe because—it is the Truth!"

The shock of these words brought everything to a standstill for the moment. And then, Cagui Abdul looked into the eyes of his friend, and said calmly, meaningfully, "Well, that's all right!"

Stunned, we looked at one another. Mr. Moson, who was the Magindanao interpreter visibly rejoiced in the import of that softly spoken "Well, that's all right." And the little group who knew the Truth worshiped, in this lightning glimpse of its great power.

"If we will be continually hearing this, we will believe because—it is the Truth!" Even Islam can crack before the continual repetition of Truth.

THIRTY-ONE

PEARLS BY THE WAY

For his eyes are upon the ways of man,
and he seeth all his goings.—Job 34:21

THE LARGER ISLANDS of the Sulu Archipelago, Basilan, Jolo, and Tawi-Tawi, along with their adjacent land strips, swing southwestward from Zamboanga's spacious harbors in the Basilan Strait; and like an emerald chain they reach as far out as Alice Channel at the shores of Borneo. These islands are peopled by Sulu-Samal-speaking Moros—all of them rather tall and thin with long faces and high cheekbones, sunken lack-luster eyes, and narrow foreheads. But they are colorful from head to toe. The men evidently have to wear something on their heads corresponding to a fez; so they wear many colored kerchiefs and rags, yardage of every shape and hue, or domed hats with designs in them. Women wear veil-like scarves, their long black hair falling at the side. Their blouses have rather long, full sleeves and are often a bright magenta or pastel shade. Their wide skirts are made out of plain yardage with one seam, same width at top and bottom. They use no belt, but drape them around at will, always manipulating them—gracefully, or ungracefully! Many of the better-dressed women wear long Bagdad trousers, with their sarongs looped across one shoulder in Polynesian fashion.

In Sulu, combinations of dress appear like a medley of the Old East with touches of Arabia, India, China, and even of Japan—for parasols are a favorite accessory for the ladies.

I took color film movies of the Moros in their abundant markets at Jolo. Their faces with distinctly Arabic characteristics were often beautiful, even though petulant and full of guile. The markets were filled with varied colors of fruits and vegetables — camotes, squash, string beans, cabbages, coconuts, mangoes, durion, peanuts, cincomas, pomelos, greens,—even the fish were every color of brilliance and pattern. They seemed to be vying with the rainbow to show off the glamour of tropical gardens or tropical seas. There were bazaars filled with all manner of colorful costumery, paisley yardage, and cloth of oriental pattern and design, of perfumes and jewels along lanes of gay canopied shops displaying black corals, caged parrots, silken parasols, and shell-pearl cutlery. The shoppers themselves were just as fascinating as their South Sea Island wares. Everyone and everything made this like a California of the Orient.

But Jolo's largest industry is its pearls. In the channel between the roadstead and the minute isle of Maronyas is a pearl oyster bed which gives employment to a large number of fishing boats. In fact, the town of Jolo is the center of the pearl fisheries in Sulu. And it has extended itself by hundreds of little houseboats tied into the shores and to one another. Floating villages of water-gypsies cluster around the coral beaches and comprise the slums of Jolo. Naked children dive for pennies from the outriggers of small sapits (boats) which are the only homes they ever know. Their front yard is the heavily polluted water in which they play. Along the fronts and sides of their bobbing, filthy homes, these sea-gypsies of Sulu place their bits of white coral for sale. Yet not far from these poor swarms, fishermen lift up shells from the oyster beds in the channel and pearl merchantmen deal in gems which bring them wealth in currency. Some pearls are exceedingly large and of such great value that the owner feels unsafe in the crowded archipelago where even today every man wears a *kris*. To a connoisseur of pearls, often a very small one perfectly

formed and of exquisite luster and tone is the one he may choose to buy, in preference to a larger but less perfect jewel.

From Sulu northward to mainland Mindanao, the Moros also dominate in the provinces of Zamboanga, Lanao, and Cotobato. Cotobato, with only three towns of any size, Midsayup, Cotobato, and Dulawan on the river, is a wilderness province of marsh jungle and cogon grass and scattered one-room schoolhouses built of poles and palm leaves hacked from the jungle with a bolo knife. But Lanao Province, with its narrow land-bridge, to Zamboanga on the West, is the very heart of Moro country in Mindanao. "Spoking" out from its beautiful central Lake Lanao, Moro small-farms and well-built villages show some degree of prosperity. But from the gates of Borneo to Lake Lanao, Moro dialects vary so much that linguistically they represent at least eight different groups. Had God prepared a spokesman for records in each one of these? The stories of how we were able to find and make the records would take us well beyond the limits of this book; but from the Cagui of Dulawan, or the secret believer typified by Mazon, to the rare, openly Christian Moro, the finger of God leafed through the days of October and November underlining diary data which added up the complete list of record sets for Moro tribes! The help of missionaries was a tremendous factor in all of this.

I wrote in my journal of these days: "We see the Lord's hand upon us for good in so many ways. I never can fathom His tenderness and thoughtfulness. He is so unpretentious about what He does. You have to be wide awake to observe all the intricate design in it."

There was an incident of depth-design which occurred in Bukidnon, our first province in Mindanao. Between Maylaybalay and Kibawe we found a young man named Victorio who had come from the area of Lake Lanao. He spoke the language of Maranao of the lake region, and he had been born a Moro. But Victorio had been like the connoisseur of goodly

pearls who searched until he found one gem of "great price." This was the perfect pearl, setting off all others as inadequate and valueless imitations by comparison. Like the merchant of the parable, Victorio had carefully searched, compared, and discerned in Jesus versus Mahomet—the Pearl of pricelessness.

The first Moro records were done by Victorio, a radiant witness himself to the power of the Word of God. Like the Cagui had feared, Victorio proved it to be true that "if we will be continually hearing this, we will believe because it is the Truth."

"Victorio, tell us in English, how did you find Christ?" And we had him record the gist of the following testimony in Maranao also for his own people many miles to the north.

Here is Victorio's testimony in his own words:

> Why do I prefer Jesus Christ as my Saviour rather than Mahomet?
>
> In the beginning, I was the son of a pandita (Moro priest) so I believe all Moro customs. The way we worship God is not through Jesus Christ, but through Mahomet which is believed by all Moros to be the only channel of communication to God.
>
> My grandfather, mother, uncles, and nearly all my relatives were handling the Koran and in it they read and taught me to understand our religion founded by Mahomet. So that when I was eighteen years old, I knew all our Moro worships and to read and write Moro alphabets.
>
> I came to public schools and got a little education, enough to read and write in English. I am educated in two different schools, and I came to study both Koran and Bible, and I began to study the differences between the two religious books.
>
> I got all information from best pandita about Koran, and a missionary to teach me in the Bible. I soon found out that Mahomet is only a man (mere human) but Christ is the begotten Son of God, second person in the Trinity. And all things were made by Him and for Him, and salva-

tion is only through Him—and the forgiveness of sins.

I believed on Jesus Christ in my heart. And all my family came to believe—father, mother, brothers, sisters, and cousins, and we received Jesus Christ as our Saviour and Lord.

Victorio and his believing family are a symbol of the coming inheritance that is most certainly intended for Christ among the Moros. Speak back these promises to God, endorse them with your own faith-filled prayers; and watch the answer appear like living fountains in the famished villages of Mohammedan Philippines.

> Hearken unto me, my people; and O nations give ear unto me! for instruction shall go forth from me, and my truth as a light to the peoples. My deliverance shall draw near in a moment, my salvation is on its way; . . . the coast lands shall wait for me, and on my arm shall they put their trust.
>
> —Isaiah 51:4, 5

THIRTY-TWO

IF YOU HAVE A GUIDE

Peace be with thee; . . . let all thy wants lie upon me.—Judges 19:20

"WHAT, you have no guide?!" Lourdes spoke loudly with an unoriental boldness that set her apart from the demure Filipina girls in her company. With a barrage of words, she addressed Ann and me as we sipped warm cokes in the hot little ferry restaurant. In the shadeless heat outside, a mass of cars and trucks were lined up at the river awaiting their turn for the ferry to take them across. The passenger car in which we were traveling was one of the last in line.

"The chauffeurs, they tell me you look for languages! I don't belif! You are foolin'. Nobody is looking to different languages in dis place. I laff and laff! Why are you talking such a language? I don' know!" She spoke noisily above the hubbub of other travelers crowding into the way-station for a bit of shade.

I looked up at this frank, forward young girl and marveled at her unfilipina bearing.

"Yes," I answered, "we want to find languages. We are looking for Mandaya and other languages in this area."

"But you have no guide! If you have a guide you will not loss! If you are agar (eager) to go in that places, don' be worry, I will help you. Don' be worry, also, I will stay with you even two days!"

Ann looked down, horrified at the thought of such a boister-

ous escort. "Who knows what will happen now!" she thought.

But the girl was saying, "I fin' you languages. Don' be worry, I can fiss you up! My cowsin lives at Campostela. There is a boy at the sawmill. He speak another language. Then, tomorrow, I take you up to a gold mine. I work at mine. Up there I fin' you more languages. You will like up there—American food, ice cream—nice up there!"

I studied the animated face of this girl, Lourdes Alvarado. She was a natural "operator"; strong, vivacious, capable, and with all her incongruous extravertism and ruggedness, she seemed thoroughly sincere. Those words, "I fin' you languages," could not easily be brushed aside. What was the motive behind all this jabber?

"You cannot go alone. You will loss. Don' be worry. I stay with you two days."

We thought ,"No, indeed, you can't do that to us." Obviously, it would be a great honor to guide the Americans, and Lourdes was openly eager to do so. Yet it was more than that, for there was honest concern in her voice—Lourdes had taken upon herself the duty of caring for these friendly aliens and of seeing that we fared well in the backwoods of her country. "I be your guide. I fin' you languages!"

With little chance to discuss Lourdes except in low-whispered Spanish, we gradually allowed ourselves to consider her suggestions. We had not been able to find a guide this morning as we left Davao City, and it was true too, that we had made no other arrangements. Nobody expected us. We were on our own, following a will-o'-the-wisp clue for one language in the vicinity of Kilometer 72. Here at Magupo, Lourdes had thrust herself upon us. Could it be that she was an angel "in wolf's clothing"? In spite of her incredulous tales about a gold mine, and American refrigerators and food, she did appear to know of important language finds.

Three hours later, Ann and I waved good-by to Lourdes, as our car boarded the ferry.

"I meet you at Mawab," she shouted. "Wait for me at the stop house, Kilometer 72!"

Lourdes could not have said it, but behind the coincidence that had brought her to us, there seemed to speak the assurance, "Peace be with thee; let all thy wants lie upon me." This still, small voice was not a strange one to us. "Before the Lord is your way wherein you go." From a viewpoint commanding time and space, our whole way was "before the Lord." But down below, time and space unfolded only by degrees in exciting sequences of events which no humanly planned language hunt could ever have brought to pass.

Our touring car was packed to capacity with its ten passengers. We were among the four in front, then there were four also in the back seat and two on boxes—these plus the baggage. The fare to Mawab was only four pesos each. Now purring along the dusty road, a faint breeze from the moving car was a great relief from the still shimmering lowland heat. We drove through a verdant wilderness shrill with wing-song of cicadas—not entirely muffled by the sound of the smooth-running car.

The unexpected Lourdes Alvarado had perforce taken into her brown hands the reins of two full days. What awaited us in the fast-moving hours?

In no time at all the wilderness road became sparsely bordered with thatched houses and tiny stores; we slowed to a stop at the staff-house on Kilometer 72. This was Mawab.

Bouncing out of the car, bag and baggage, we ascended the porch where we were to wait for Lourdes. Our car, bound for Kilometer 90, started off and soon disappeared in its own dust.

We left our baggage here, and set out now for our one language clue—the Christian family named Jampayas.

We had a lovely visit with them, and we found out that only occasionally did the natives come in, and no one knew where we could find them. It wasn't too promising, but the Jampayas

did have laborers who were from Java, so we planned to get back and record them. (This we did, and were able to get *Talaut* there!)

Back to the staff-house after this brief adventure, we found Lourdes waiting for us. We looked at this robust, efficiency-plus little person with her American style haircut, and Western ways—a garrulous intruder, but *now* we welcomed her as a friend, and not an "enemy."

With audible dispatch, Lourdes succeeded in finding a bus, and the three of us were instantly on our way to the house of "my cowsins." Above the rattle of the wooden vehicle, unquenchable Lourdes chattered on with fabulous tales of a modern house above the gold mine canyons in the mountains.

"What about the road up to the mine, Lourdes?"

"It is a good road, Mum; they fissed the road very nice now." It was this statement that later made her charges thoroughly dubious about Lourdes-superlatives.

Skirting the sawmill at Campostela, we came upon a group of wooden shacks on stilts. Back of the rustic grass-roofed *barrio* was the river almost hidden by the bamboo thickets along its banks.

We got off the bus, and Lourdes, managing the baggage, led us into the little house of her cousin. There an aged woman and three young girls stared at us in dumb amazement, "two white ladies from America, and our cousin Lourdes!" The old lady could understand my Spanish and she responded to my conversation with open delight.

Quickly Lourdes summoned a young man, Marciano; and lo, and behold—he spoke the Surigueño language of the coastal province of Surigao. We were not going to be able to go to Surigao. But here stood Marciano (earnest, pensive, strikingly handsome), and he began to read the first script that was handed to him. He spoke English well.

"Do you have any more of these?"

"Why, yes, we do have lots of them, but we only mean for

you to do a few." Ann answered him cautiously, thinking that he might feel discouraged.

The boy smiled, "I am so glad because this explains just what I have been wanting to know."

A Bible and prayer book had been given to Marciano during the war, and he had read them with a growing hunger to know of the way to God. He recorded the script, "God's Plan of Salvation."

GOD'S PLAN OF SALVATION

My dear friend, it is necessary that we stop to think about spiritual and eternal things. It is, of course, necessary that we think every day about the common necessities of our physical lives. Food and other things must be provided for our homes and families, as well as ourselves. But since we pass through this world but once, the most necessary thing of all is that we find the way of salvation and eternal life.

First of all we notice that according to God's Word the wages of sin is death. Every one of us has sinned. In the whole world there is not one person who has not broken God's law. It is impossible that sin should enter the holy presence of a righteous God. Since we are sinners, the wages of our sin is death and eternal punishment in Hell. On our merit, not one of us could stand before a holy God.

But the good news from God's Word is this: God Himself has provided forgiveness and the way of salvation. Jesus Christ came into this world and lived a perfect life. In Him was no sin, and yet of His own free will He gave His soul a ransom for sin. He Himself became our only sacrifice. He died upon the cross to pay the full price of the ransom. This is the ransom from sin for every one who comes to Him in faith.

The only true Mediator and Intercessor is Jesus Christ. He is our only Saviour. He alone can save us from our sins. In the Bible, God's true Book from Heaven, it is written, "And this is life eternal, that they might know

thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom thou has sent."

Now and then, I interrupted Marciano to explain each new thought. The entire message was to become the first side of a record.

> But there is yet another step in God's plan of salvation. Christ not only gave His life on the cross as a ransom for sinners. He rose from the dead the third day to bring us life and immortality. He lives. With love beyond measure He calls to each one of us, "Come unto me and I will give you salvation and life eternal." He not only forgives our sin, but gives us the power of the Holy Spirit to overcome sin and live a pure life. So we through faith in Jesus Christ may have our sins forgiven and find the gift of God—eternal life. Now each one of us may come personally and directly to God through Jesus Christ. Close your eyes and speak to Him from your heart words like these: "Dear God, I confess my sin to Thee and give Thee thanks for Thy salvation through Jesus Christ. I now accept Him as my Saviour and Lord. Amen."

This one side was not completed until late that night. The morrow would be a work day at the mill. And then, too, Lourdes was insisting on the trip to the mines. The truck would come for its passengers in the afternoon.

"I will not work tomorrow. I will stay and interpret these for you!"

"Oh, that is wonderful, Marciano, but that is a great sacrifice for you!"

"It is a sacrifice, but Jesus sacrificed more than that for us. He gave His life, so I am glad to sacrifice for Him."

Lourdes, who, by the way, had served her guests a tasty supper of rice, fried eggplant, baked beans and eggs, had also prepared our cots and mosquito nets for the night's rest. Yet, while we and the others slept (most of the household on their

mats on the floor) Marciano studied his scripts far into the wee hours of the morning.

With the dawn, a new, long-wished-for sunrise took place in his own soul—the Lord of Light had entered in and it was Day!

"The entrance of thy word bringeth light"—and bringeth Thee.

* * *

Lourdes, ever effectively solicitous of her guests and of their wants, was anxious to serve a breakfast that would please Americans—notwithstanding the limitations of her cousin's larder.

"A hard-boiled egg will be fine." I thought happily that this would be an easy item and most acceptable from many standpoints.

After some delay, breakfast was served, and on a clean-clothed little table there was a plate of rice for each, and besides it, a hard-boiled egg. I broke my egg over the rice, and in dismay I noticed the greenish custard substance that oozed out. Knowing that Filipinos enjoy a delicacy called *balut,* which is the egg matured, cooked and broken to reveal the unborn chick—feathers and all, I exclaimed, "Lourdes, is this—is this *balut!*"

"Oh no, Mom, it is just going to be, Mom." Suddenly Ann's hunger was completely satisfied, and she slowly ate her rice without finding any capacity for the egg unbroken at her plate.

I ate my breakfast rapidly and seasoned it well with a good muster of determination. The eggs had been procured only after a strenuous search throughout the barrio of Campostela!

Before breakfast was over, Marciano came—ready to record his three more scripts. Today the boy's face betrayed the secret gladness of a heart at home in God. The records were easily finished that morning. Afterward I spoke with Marciano about the Saviour. Yes, he understood now, and without reservations

he had received Christ Jesus into his life to be his Saviour and supreme Lord.

A few days later, after whacking the bushes for the native *Mandaya* language which we also found, we passed through Campostela on our way back to Mawab. Here in Campostela we found Marciano again.

"How are things with you now, Marciano!" His smile was radiant, convincing.

"I am happy, because Jesus lives in my heart."

Here was a token sheaf from a planting unto life! A first fruits before the later harvest where Suriguenos shall receive the same words that bore fruit in Marciano's heart.

* * *

"It is nice of us to eat our dinner now." Lourdes had it neatly ready, and her Americans marveled at the way she had it seasoned to our taste. The menu was the same as that of supper last night.

Immediately after lunch Lourdes hailed a truck racing toward Mawab. Screeching to a sudden stop, it backed up to receive us, its only three passengers. In a clatter of wood on wheels, we rattled fiercely and dustily toward our chosen point of departure at Mawab. It seemed that the very loose-jointed boards of it shouted the recommendation, "Honest Weight—No Springs!"

The village of Mawab drooped dazedly in the sweltering hour of half-past three. But siestas on the hard floor were just begun, when news came that the mine truck was waiting. Taking limited baggage and the Minadyk, our energetic guide and her travelers crossed the river raft floating on its big oil barrels. Across the river was the big army truck which was to take us to the mines.

Lourdes was competently "in charge" on this second day. This was to be the trip to the famous gold mine. Acting like a little mother to us in seeing that we were well cared for, she selected seats for Ann and me and herself in the cab of the

truck. The back of it was filled with workers going to the mines, or planning to stop off in lowland abaca plantations. The truck stopped once at a place where the large abaca leaves were being pressed into fibers.

The powerful truck swept us through the lowlands, steaming and green, with the large plantations of abacas glinting in the sun. Then abruptly the hills closed in, and suddenly the huge truck turned into a steep, narrow, rutted road and began to climb at a precarious five miles an hour. The road was too steep, and too rough for a car ever to make it. Imagine the thrill of entering into a tunnel of virgin jungle! It was, every inch of it, through the most gorgeous and most primitive jungle. The road followed, much of the way, a rushing little stream that foamed over rocks and tumbled under bamboo thickets and tree ferns. Part of the time we were above it, and sometimes alongside; then we would lose it for a while as we plunged between high tropical trees positively dripping with vines festooned in most fantastic shapes and looping from tree to tree. Many a time the breath would almost be snatched from us as we looked 'way up above into the starry fronds of a tree-fern silhouetted against the sky—with perhaps several lovely collars of orchids around its trunk. Some of the large trunks were completely feathered with vines of many varieties—like ivy, morning glory leaves, or ferns, and some with elephant-ear leaves two feet long. Here and there large butterflies spread their wings to paint brilliant patterns against the solid greens. A lot of the way we were in a canyon with tall vine-draped trees growing up the sides.

The grandeur of a virgin jungle in Mindanao, plus the delightful coolness of the air as we reached the top of the mountain had already transported us into exciting make-believe of a fairyland. We breathed new air, and it seemed like Heaven! The intolerable heat of the steaming lowlands, and its long-enduring, perspiring, bathless hours had given place to this—a coolness that was soft and clean and fragrant.

With a lunge the big truck rounded the last curve and brought us to a stop at the mines. And sure enough (as we had expected, despite Lourdes) there stood a settlement of dowdy wooden houses. So this was it!

But Lourdes was confident. Her face aglow with excitement, she led us up terraced stone steps, up and up, winding around and still up, until we came to a gateway opening onto a garden walk which led to the arched doorway of a low-sprawling, modern house. It was a veritable American resort cottage here on the brow of the hill which looked out over the tall trees of the canyons. Somewhere below, but close by, we heard the gushing little stream which had played hide-and-seek with us all the way up. "Surely this is a Wonderland—a house of Three Bears, and empty just for us!"

Proudly, Lourdes led us into the porch, screened in, plainly but comfortably furnished. The whole place was like a miniature rustic clubhouse in America. Dusk had come swiftly, and it seemed to hug us in cosily to this welcoming home above the canyon. Here also was the unrealistic glow of electric lights. Lourdes led us next into the wide, cool, low-ceilinged living room, with its comfortable cushioned bamboo furniture, and then into the bathroom—tiled, with running water, hot and cold! We screamed with delight at the prospect of a warm bath! She led us into the bedroom—twin beds! We touched them. "Soft! Inner spring mattresses!" (Soft is a word that groweth ever softer when in contrast with a last night's hard cot or floor!) Then there was the kitchen—completely furnished with stove, refrigerator, sinks—and best of all, a goodly store of delicious American food. And Beting (Bee-Ting), the cook, greeted us with a cordial smile and the assurance that the supper we smelled would soon be ready.

This was the staff-house, and the home where the director of the mines stayed, but he was away and would not be back for several days!—two days for us to be in a tiny walled-in America where the comforts of the West were souvenir dis-

plays of twentieth-century life amid the ageless jungles which stood immune to change. This was luxurious, exciting; and to us, the hot and weary guests who had lived like natives for the past two days, it was delicious rest! We sat down on the cool little porch and immediately Lourdes served us small woven trays loaded with crackers, cheese, jelly, salted peanuts, and cold soft drink.

Presently Beting, beaming with delight over the appreciative Goldilocks guests, served a delicious supper of fried chicken, potatoes and gravy, cabbage salad, hot apricot pie topped with ice cream. Lourdes stood by with an air of triumph. She was hostess here. Suddenly, the enigma of her unfilipina personality was solved. Here, she was in her customary setting, and of course, she had learned her unfilipina manners from *Americans*. All at once we realized why she was so forward! But the realization did not dim our mounting gratitude. Certainly Lourdes had led us into a dream-world of beauty and comfort here at Masara gold mines. There would be gold too—not sample nuggets of tangible gold such as were on display in the house, but messages that the Breath of God could transmute into "most fine gold" for an impoverished people.

We expected to find the Mansaka language here at the mines, but were hardly prepared for the rich mine we were to discover on the very evening of our arrival.

Lourdes pointed to Beting as he carried out the last trayful of dishes from the supper table. "He speak a language. I don' know you have or not."

"What is it, Lourdes?"

"Beting, I hope he can help you. I knew he come from Agusan. He tole me one time about traveling from his home down the river in a barge. He was worry because for crocodiles. Many people travel in barges there, and nearly all of them are missing because the crocodiles bite them. Jus' imadgin!"

"Lourdes, Ann and I had planned to go by ship to Agusan, and then by river-boat to the interior. We must get the language of the Manobo people there."

"Oh," Lourdes shivered, "you'd better not go, it is very delicate!"

"We will not have the time now to go because the trip would take us three whole weeks." And I added the question which trembled with hope, "What language does he speak, Lourdes?"

Just then the English-wise Beting appeared in the doorway, a broad grin on his shining face. "I am a Manobo of Agusan!" he announced.

Manobo words and the message of God breathing them, speaking them, and here would be treasure indeed weighted with incorruptible value. Again God had answered the cry of the forest men, and His message was safely preserved in Beting's excellent Manobo records.

* * *

We still felt the shock of our first sight of the natives of this area, for as we neared the mines, the truck had passed by a group of them crowded around two men who were in deadly combat. In the nick of time, a third man had rushed between the two who fought to kill, and struggling with them to intercept their clenched fists, he separated them.

The people were unforgettably primitive with their ragged clothes, and faces shadowed by a dark look from within. They wore thick, black, mudlike substance on their lips, and were heavily addicted to betel nut. Women wore their hair in bangs and side wisps parted to "drip" long in front of their ears, and at the back their hair was caught up in a tight top-knot. Their dress style featured an awkwardly plunging neckline; and a girl's engagement ring appeared in the form of a large convex brooch of beaten coins which she wore at the V of her neckline. Mansaka children looked sad, anemic, and pathetic, often covered with miserable sores.

To get a Mansaka capable of recording for his people seemed

an almost unattainable task. But in order to make Mansaka records this must be accomplished. We must "dig the gold" out of the deepest, darkest depths.

I will give thee the treasures of darkness
And hidden riches of secret places.

In the providence of God, it was the Mansaka whom we had seen separating the brawlers who was finally secured to interpret the message for his people.

As we worked with him, we discovered the barrenness of his languauge. How could such dry rocks be touched into gold? They had no word to express happiness or joy, home or family, or Saviour. No word for holy, good, love, friend, prayer, Heaven.

We must revamp our simplest script to this poor vocabulary. "Help us to construct in meaningful similes a cup filled with eternal gold, 'To preach the gospel to the poor.' "

We must start with the familiar thing, the known, and use it as a doorway into the unknown. From the thought of healing a man's body we could introduce the new tidings that "Jesus can heal your soul."

Before getting the Mansaka record, we spent hours talking with Masara workers who were eager to hear the gospel. Through them, we discovered thought-paths into the Mansaka's impoverished soul. There would always be a way to lower the gift of Heaven into the emptiness of a waiting heart.

As Mansaka records talk about Jesus, and pure words speak into the sordid camps of these poorest, *may their Saviour visit them in such power that they will never let Him depart from their huts.*

* * *

All too soon the happy days were past. The last Mansaka record was made just before dawn on Monday morning. Then there was time to enjoy Beting's farewell breakfast of grapenuts, bacon and eggs, and hot cakes and syrup, before we left

the protection of the dream house and its hostess. Lourdes' good-by to us was most touching. With trembling lips, she called to us as the truck pulled out.

"What will you do now? Who will go with you? Who will take care of you?" Her plain face was sad and full of consternation. "I 'fraid you will loss!"

With a rough twist around the bend of the road, the big truck snatched us rudely away from an unforgettable little guide and protectoress. What a friend she had been—an angel in disguise! We plunged and skidded down the steep-gullied road and through the tunnel of rampant foliage. Though we dared not move our heads as the truck shook us ferociously from side to side, we let our thoughts look back longingly upon these two days at Masara.

Think of it—records for Agusan Manobos as well as for the local primitives of this Davao mine!

No wonder the three hours down were filled with singing. "Why not put the words of Deuteronomy 33:29 into a song, Ann? That would be a good way to learn it, too."

To Ann the lines sang themselves like an anthem.

> Happy art Thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, oh people saved by the Lord? . . . .
> And thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee
> And thou shalt tread upon their high places.

And the song turned out to be an anthem of praise to the glorious One whose words shall become "more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold."

THIRTY-THREE

A CHICKEN RAN AWAY

God is not willing that any should perish.—II Peter 3:9

A WHOLE PIG, skinned and speared through lengthwise on a long stick, barbecuing over an open fire—this was a *lechon* feast in the heart of the pagan country. At each end of the stick, a man turned the pig over and over. Its sizzling fat dripped over the flames, tempting them to leap hungrily at the browning meat. The odor of pork roasting permeated the woodland clearing at Miral.

Here in the strip of Davao Province, bordering Davao Gulf on the west, the land extends southward, lopping off abruptly into Sarangani Strait not far from two little island "crumbs" called Balut and Sarangani. The *lechon* feast was a special celebration for us, the American visitors, and we looked on with awe. Certainly, this was going to be a case of "whole hog or none." Nothing was absent except the outer hide. There were the ears, and the eyes glowing over the red coals—no disguising the fact that this pork was pig. I almost feared biting into the squeal as I ate it!

Our lunchtime barbecue had interrupted a diverse schedule of recordings, and after a while, Ann was the first to leave the "celebrated roast pig" in order to continue building sets with the tongues of Babel that gathered here—each in his own language. After a time, the whole *lechon* party also gathered again in the porch of the Filipino pastor's home where many could watch and listen through the windows opening into the

studio room just inside the house. This sampling of Babylon had come together from all over the surrounding area. Efforts of the missionaries and Filipino pastors had brought them here to make a library on discs which could teach and instruct them in their own dialects. One hundred and fifty churches throughout the territory stood in clearings just like this one at Miral. Except among the Tagakaolos to the far South, there were none as yet—not even one Christian! Missionaries, planning on a wide use of records and phonographs, had arranged to bear the expenses of these whom they had chosen to interpret scripts. Bila'ans, Manobos, and Kaligans were waiting their turns to speak into the microphone. And there was one Tagakaolo man among those waiting on the porch. He had wandered away from his own tribe and was now married to a woman of another clan. For this reason he, a Christian Tagakaolo, could make records for his own people.

Tagakaolo is a Visayan word which means "chickens." It may be that Visayan villages have named the hills-people Tagakaolos because the "chicken people" of the southward mountains do no cultivating; but rather, just as wild chickens peck here and there for their food, they pick up fruits and vegetables where they happen to grow naturally. Finding fish in a mountain stream, they scoop them up in rattan baskets—enough for "today."

We noticed that Guillermo, our Tagakaolo, showed no flicker of expression as I tried to talk with him about his recording. He understood almost no English, looked half frightened, and said very little to anyone.

I had been able to work with the others ahead of time, so that they were well prepared for recording. But the Tagakaolo would require a Visayan interpreter, and Pastor Martinez would be the one to do this. However, I did work with Guillermo on a short song, and found the few Tagakaolo words it required. The tune was simple too. It was "Into My Heart." But obviously, neither "chickens" nor Tagakaolos are song-

birds. Although Guillermo tried hard, his voice "kept interrupting the tune" as a Filipino once aptly defined such a problem.

A cool gulf breeze lifted the still weight of the hot afternoon, and brought with it a sense of relief and refreshment. The sun had slipped down behind the hills of the Bila'ans where Davao meets Cotabato Province, inland to the West. There was a sudden stir of activity on the Martinez porch. A group of Tagabilis and Kalagans were leaving, having finished their work in the "studio." A truck drove up to take them home to their villages, and one last Manobo was recording in the room inside. On the porch, I looked up from my scripts and papers just in time to see the Tagakaolo about to leave with the rest, in spite of the fact that he had not begun his work as yet. Quickly I ran to him, and with gesticulations and the best Filipino English I could mimic, I explained that he was not to go yet. He was to stay. Fortunately, at that moment, Cornelius, a schoolboy of Miral, appeared and spoke to him in Visayan, persuading him to stay. Guillermo would have a place to sleep; he would have supper—and breakfast tomorrow in time to return to Davao City. Every one of these days was precious to us in these closing hours in Mindanao, and today had been epochal—recording thirty sides already!

Ann looked up, expecting to see the Tagakaolo enter the room as she called, "Guillermo," but there was no answer, and the porch seemed deserted. She went outside and looked for him. Others came presently and joined in the search, but in a few minutes everyone realized that Guillermo had gone. The "wild chicken" had run away!

Ann's notebook was fat with language data, and several reels of tape were full of new recordings, but the Tagakaolo had escaped and there was no one to take the place of this one key to the seven thousands of his tribe.

What could we do now? Mr. Martinez looked crestfallen,

shook his head. "I doubt if you could get him to do anything even if it were possible to find him," he said discouragingly.

Ann closed up the Minadyk and packed away the reels, the mike, editing scissors and splicing tape. There was no more studio. Only the dilemma of how to find the Tagakaolo man faced us like a blank wall. Yet it never entered our minds that we could let the Tagakaolo go. We *must* get those records.

That evening before retiring, I spoke freely of my feelings in the little blue diary. It helped me to evaluate, to get a better perspective.

> We are burdened about Guillermo, our Tagakaolo man who left us today. With that large tribe virtually unreached!

And then I had to add—it was the only alternative, "We *must* go and find him."

Hence the morning of October 26 saw us committed to the chase. Mr. Martinez sent Cornelius to go along with us as we took the bus to Santa Cruz, which was a coastal town, nearest the place where Guillermo lived. Mr. Martinez had told us that perhaps a Chinese merchant in the town could send a runner up into the hills to get our delinquent "chicken," and there would be a chance that he might be brought down to the village.

We went after our Tagakaolo in the true-to-form speed of all Filipino buses on a wilderness road. It took our utmost concentration to brace ourselves for the lurches and continual bouncing; then at last our bus slowed down to roll more quietly into the forenoon sweltering heat of Santa Cruz. But getting out of the bus, we felt a gulf breeze from the east, and the salt air and familiar roar of the breakers startled us, for we had not realized that this town was right on the gulf.

The three of us walked down the little shop-lined street and took note of the quaint signs over the shops. These were shingles labeled:

HOSPITAL SHOE
GOOD MORNING GROCERY STORE
CHEAP JOHN QUALITY GOODS
SALAMAT ART SHOP BRINGS OUT
BEAUTY OF YOUR PICTURE.

Without any difficulty, we found the Chinese merchant in his little store of general merchandise, and Cornelius promptly explained our mission. The little man shook his head sympathetically. "He sometime bring abaca fiber to sell. I buy sometimes. I know him you speak."

In a little while, a runner was sent to seek out Guillermo from his protecting hills, and we waited where time passed very, very slowly. Cornelius did not think the Tagakaolo would come. It seemed very unlikely. Nevertheless, we proceeded to carry on negotiations with the merchant on our behalf.

The Americans have made plans to record. Could they set the machine on the counter of the shop? Yes? Could they work right here, facing the shelves of canned sardines? They could.

"Okay," the Chinaman said, adding a flourish of nods and bows to make up for his brevity in English.

Time yawned by so lazily, so slowly, while we kept looking at our watches and guessing the whereabouts of the runner by now. Prayers were preceding him, following him, reaching out to catch Guillermo with a constraint surpassing his own will, or timidity, or fears.

We shopped around Santa Cruz for a bit of lunch, and found some crackers and fish in one little store and a chocolate drink called Toddy, in another. The latter was especially strengthening. But returning to the Chinese store, we found that the runner had not come back. How long would it be? We felt the tropics pressing us flat, breathless.

In the hot zenith of the day, fatigue swooped over us with almost intolerable weight against our nerves which had been

stretched taut to meet demands that our receding energy had failed to match.

We turned away from the little shop and started toward the beach. It was only a short distance, and walking into the gulf breeze we presently felt carefree, like little children on a wide shore before a vast sea; and it was recreation to watch tiny, delicately colored shells of hermit crabs like a minutest after-service congregation arrayed in fancy Filipina hats. They were scampering about hither and thither on the snow-white sands. We picked up bits of rose and white coral and a new collection of South Sea Island shells!

Forty-five minutes had slipped by unnoticed before we turned back again toward the village. Had Guillermo come perhaps? Or had the runner returned alone?

It was only a five-minute walk back to the corner shop and the sardine studio. And as we crossed the narrow street, directly in front of the store, we saw him—our Tagakaolo "chicken," returned. Guillermo's close-cropped hair was wet with perspiration, and he wore a guilty, apologetic look on his face beaded and damp from exertion. Evidently the message had seemed urgent, and he had run most of the way down.

Tagakaolo proved to be a very brief language, and the sentences clucked on to the tape inches shorter than they had in other languages. Taking advantage of this, I planned double scripts for each side of the Tagakaolo records, and they worked perfectly into the allotted time of three-and-a-half-minutes. Our faithful Cornelius stood patiently by, helping.

All was at last completed—except the little song I had translated at Miral. Now Guillermo would have to sing it. Here we met with a real constriction. How could a "chicken," pronto, become a song-sparrow? We went about this metamorphosis only three notes at a time, but we invariably stalled one place where the Tagakaolo insisted on *do-re flat,* instead of *do-mi.* I sang *do-mi* following his *do-re flat,* to his *do-re,* to his *do-mi flat,* to his *do-mi*—finally! Leaving the whole grueling per-

formance on the tape, we went on with the last line of the chorus. Edited, this bit of Tagakaolo music came out as beautifully as any natural songster would have done it—almost! And we were able to let Guillermo return to his people that afternoon late as the sun set. Cornelius went back to Miral, and we took a bus north along the gulf to Davao City.

The cool, soft air from the tropical waters fanned our faces, etched with dust and weariness; the exotic glory of a full moon silvered the edges of coconut fronds in the deep groves to our right. Peace filled our hearts.

One "chicken" would have been important, but this one had been the opening wedge for the gospel to all in his primitive tribe.

"Joy, what was that cute thing that Manuēl said once about chickens?"

"Oh yes, I believe you wrote it down, Ann, in your little notebook of Filipino classics."

"Here it is: 'Chickings raises head in thanks after drinking, and if chicking can do it, why should we cannot do it?'"

THIRTY-FOUR

ELVES AMONG THE BILA'ANS

"The captive exile shall speedily be loosed."—Isaiah 51:14, A.R.V.

IN THE SOUTH of Cotabato Province, the elfin woods of the Bila'ans are completely around Sarangani Bay, reaching inland to the mountains as far as the Tagakaolos on the east and the Tagabilis on the west. The Bila'ans are a tribe of twenty-four hundred, all of them illiterate and pagan without anything written in their language. The gospel is very new among them but it has touched hundreds of them into a new life, like a powerful magnet upon iron shavings. Bishop Dia[1] wrote to me soon after I had arrived in Manila, urging me to make a large set of records for the Bila'ans who are so much in need of teaching. At the present time they are without trained native pastors to teach them. The tribe is monolingual and scarcely cognizant as yet of the outside world.

Last hours of recording in Mindanao were spent in the language-rich Bible School at Zamboanga, and here a large set of fifteen double-disc records in the two Bila'an dialects were excellently prepared. A young man who looks like an all-American football star (and he *is* half American) was the one who made the Bila'an records. He had lived among the Bila'ans and was now training to return to them as a pastor, able to reach them in the vernacular.

Although Ann and I did not see the fairyland forests of this

1. Bishop of the Visayas United Church of Philippines.

tribe, here at Zamboanga we heard stories about the people and their unique animism which would make some of Grimm's most fanciful tales seem dull history by comparison. And yet, there is an element in these stories told by missionaries and Bila'an Christians that unveils in a different way the unseen hosts of a dark woods where a Beelzebub may enjoy heydays of unrivaled caprice and acknowledged power. These are stories that the Bila'ans in Zamboanga told. Call them fairy stories if you like, unless you are forced to feel a sinister reality lurking in some of the corners of them. But we shall say they are simply tales of elves among the Bila'ans, told objectively without interpretation, just as they came to us.

SAUCER-EYES

The Bila'an man described Saucer-Eyes as an elf with chicken feathers, eyes that bulged and were as big as saucers, a protruding chin which at times served as a ledge that he could chop his meat upon before scooping it into his mouth. The goblin elf had human feet and stirrup-like pockets on his feathered back. He would appear at moments when he could do his Bila'an friend a favor. Did he need a ride across the bay to the other shore to which he planned to go?

"Hop on," said the genial Saucer-Eyes, "put your feet in the pockets on my back; thrust your stick into my feathers to steady yourself. I will take you quickly across."

And so the kind little elf would do such outrageous favors that the man could hardly believe them himself, except that when people marveled at his impossible round trips across the bay, the man assured himself that the Saucer-Eyes was real.

There had been many times when his goblin friend had done him favors. Once he came along and scooped a lot of fish into his basket. The elf demanded, of course, some choice ones to chop on his hatchet chin, and push into his own mouth.

But the time came when the Bila'an man felt aware of an overpowering impulse to do things that he did not want to do. He realized that this force which pressed so insistently upon

him was some evil influence outside of himself and beyond his control.

Finally he became tormented by an insane urge at night that seemed determined to force him to rise up and murder his own family whom he dearly loved. But, since the man was not bereft of his reason, his own mind locked in deadly conflict with this overpowering urge to kill. Dreading the impact of it night after night, he would hide knives and weapons from himself during the day. Always he made sure that they would be out of his reach when the awful seizure came upon him. His wife, feeling something of the sinister nature of her husband's struggle, was deeply saddened because of it. A dark shadow had fallen heavily upon their home. It all seemed to be connected somehow with Saucer-Eyes.

Then one day, this Bila'an man met a young Bible school student on a lane in the Bila'an woodland. His distressed expression arrested the attention of the seminary student, and they began to talk to one another. The victim of Saucer-Eyes confided to him his problem, and the student straightway told him the story of Jesus. The hungry-hearted sufferer responded instantly and, with a faith that ran into the refuge it saw in Christ, he was assured of his salvation.

Immediately, he was set free from the melancholy oppression, and of the shadow upon his home; and never again did he see Saucer-Eyes or feel the slightest pressure of the power that had urged him to kill.

From that time on, the man's face has been wreathed in smiles. He walks a long distance every Sunday to attend a Christian church; and he arrives hours before the others do. His testimony of deliverance is always the same, always exuberant, and known over a wide area in the part of the Bila'an woodland where he lives.

THE HAND

A certain Bila'an family who lived in a small bamboo house on poles deep in the Bila'an woods were sometimes amused,

sometimes frightened, by a rather jovial little elf who lived down under their house. Sometimes he would put up a huge hand outside by the window sill. This meant he wanted something to eat. When they put food into it, he would take it away. Sometimes he would trip them up playfully, as they started up the ladder steps to their little house on sticks. Once in a while he would do small kindnesses for them. But often at night they would hear him crying down below, "I want blood! I want blood! I want blood!"

One day when the mother and father came home their little boy was gone. They searched carefully for him, calling, looking everywhere. They could not find him anywhere. One, two, three days passed, and then finally, the little fellow grabbed his mother's skirt as she went down the ladder from the house.

Afterward, the child told them of how this little elf had taken him down underneath the house. There he had been so hungry; but the dwarf had made him unable to move or to cry out. Every time he would see his mother he would try to run to her, but he could not. He would try to speak, but he was not able to utter a sound. Then finally, he was set free. Weakly he crawled to the ladder and grabbed his mother. The child was wan, emaciated; and for some time he was both physically and emotionally ill.

LET ME DOWN

In the Bila'an woodlands there are many kinds of trees, and some of them grow a hundred feet tall—so high that a person must look straight up to see the tops of them. One time a little boy was seen perched far up in the higher branches of one of these very tall trees. Frantic, the little fellow cried out for someone to take him down. No one could devise a way. They simply cried out to the naughty little elf who placed him there to "Please, please, bring him down!"

They bribed the cruel little sprite with many promises of gifts. After several hours, the elf obliged the desperate people down below, by landing the child safely on the ground.

PLAY WITH US

The Bila'an girl of this story was seemingly a Christian studying in a school at Zamboanga. But she had habitually accepted favors from genial little spirit friends. She had let them put money in her purse and give her advice and guidance. She, in turn, had talked with them and given them her friendship. Often they would go places with her, even to church. But wherever a prayer was offered, or the Bible read, she said that they would run out. However, if there were just a regular program they would stay; if something funny was said, they would laugh along with everyone else. Of course, they were invisible to others.

The Bila'an girl told the story of a strange episode that took place one night when there was a large party to be given in the town. She herself had not planned to go. But after she had gone to bed, her little spirit playmates came, and according to her, they whisked her away. All of them slipped into the kitchen where the feast was to be given, and they gorged themselves in great glee with the chickens cooked and ready to be served. They laughed as the people came in and wondered at what had happened to make large dishes of the supper disappear. Then she was returned to her room, and to her body which was lying there on her bed. As she woke up, people sitting around her began to ask excited questions.

"What happened to you? We were afraid you had died!" Then they told her that she would not wake up when they had tried to rouse her, and that she had seemed unconscious, going through contortions and convulsions. After a while she had seemed to be dead.

THEY FLED AWAY

A most powerful witch doctor who was famous throughout all Bila'an country had often boasted of his ability to do superhuman, supernatural feats. The accounts of the old man's power were long and incredible, yet apparently unchallenged by anyone. He exercised an evil and unbridled power over the

people however, and many hearts quailed at the thought of him.

A day came when the young Bila'an of Zamboanga Bible School felt that he must bring the gospel message to this very same powerful witch doctor. The boy spent days in prayer about this encounter, because he knew that he must challenge the man to do his notable tricks and to display the power that he doubtless had. The appointed hour came. The Christian met the witch doctor at the old man's home. Friends of the sorcerer had gathered to see him perform. And the old man started as though he would do his magic as he had always done. But he felt his arms become weak and helpless, and suddenly he knew himself to be in the presence of a Great Power. His friends urged and coaxed him, knowing the feats he had been able to do before, but he remained utterly helpless.

Then the Christian youth presented to the medicine man the gospel of Jesus Christ. Old shadows seemed to writhe a bit and then wither away entirely, leaving the little group in a wide spot of healthy light.

The witch doctor bowed his head and acknowledged a Power greater and different from any he had ever known. He surrendered to this One even at that hour. Christ had been the consuming fire before whom the evil powers had fled away.

This last story is thoroughly non-fantastic and authentic, an illustration of the promise from Isaiah that "Speedily is he who is bowed down set free." Christ, entering the woodlands of the Bila'ans, His Word enlightening, instructing them, guiding them, will bring this liberation.

Back in the webbed glades where some have seen fairy palaces or feathered gnomes, a little box shall be able to talk about "How to Become God's Child," or "How to Walk the Jesus Road." It can teach them for hours on end, for these natives will have fifteen records which they will be able to understand. There may be hundreds of little boxes speaking aloud in their woodlands.

"It is good to say, 'Have only one wife' because Bila'ans always take several." These words were the comment of a Bila'an Christian after he had heard the recording entitled, "How to Live the Christian Life." Bila'ans can become wholesome, vigorous, sound-minded Christians as they hear words and teachings of the Book of God.

AMONG TRIBES OF THE SOUTH WOODS

O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.—Psalm 65:2

SOMETHING snatched from under us the boon of oblivion and left us aware of the floor beneath our straw mats. Where were we? How long had the soft undertone of voices in the adjoining rooms filtered into our numbed consciousness? A puff of "onionish" breath blew through the two feet of space between roof and woven walls. The pungent whiff was vaguely suggestive of the natural gas plant at San Pedro, but suddenly, I recognized in it the odor of *durion,* the rarest fruit in southern Mindanao!

With the *durion* breeze, memories rushed in upon me like an exciting flock of migrants out of yesterday. My heart thrilled to the color and the singing of them under the wide gladness of this new day. I threw off my green shroud of mosquito netting and jumped up quickly—not only in protest to the hard floor, but in the sheer joy of welcoming our second day among the Bagóbo people of the south woods.

Yesterday an open jeep had brought us from Davao City into the very heart of this *durion* woodland where the great trees, widely spaced, stood full of ripening fruit, cantaloupe-sized and clustered many feet above the base of the trunk. The lofty branches held the mustard-green fruit so far out of reach that it must fall of its own accord. A loud rustle,

and presently a thud on the ground—if it should occur often enough—would mean white, pithy, dumpling-like *durion* for breakfast. Once past the smell of it, Ann and I discovered that it tasted like delicious maple-frosting-plus!

It was barely dawn, but it was the beginning of Wednesday, October 18. Every day now would be precious because we must sail for home from Manila in less than a month. Ann, still down and under, rubbed her eyes and ducked instinctively until she realized that bugs and beetles do not drop as readily from clean bamboo shingles as they do from nipa thatch.

The voices behind the partitions continued, rising and falling in the cadences of earnest supplication. Christian Bagóbos praying for their people—I recognized the voices of Mr. Aragon and Mr. Betil, two of their own pastors. It was not the odd intonation of their language only, but something else that was unforgettable in the way they prayed. Our own hearts were instantly drawn into the circle of their tryst with God. There was a quality in their beseeching that indicated the cost of coming to grips with a real and powerful enemy. But I could sense too, that certainty of God which comes to men who have known both the bondage of Satan and the liberating powers of Christ.

I could picture last night's audience in the brim-full chapel next door. Hillsmen tribes, some of them Christians and delegates to the short-term Bible school, had filled the house. The delegates had seated themselves near the front; and a handful who could now read in their own language had been asked to sit on the very front row. I had noticed four or five of these. Many of the people had been dressed in the colorful native costume of Bagóbo tribesmen—shining abaca cloth, beaded work, and brocade. Some had worn ivory ear discs four inches in diameter. Their faces had remained stoical and unreadable throughout the entire service, during Ann's song and Pastor Betil's sermon. Then, as the service closed, the congregation had sung the invitation hymn, "Just As I Am," and the melody

had poured itself into the molds of their own syllables as easily as it does into the sounds that were meaningful to our English ears. But we had been unprepared for the astounding sight of scores of pagans moving quietly out into the aisles and streaming down to the altar; coming readily, without persuasion, but in open, earnest expression of the new-old song upon their heart, "Jesus, I Come to Thee."

There had been a hush between the closing strains of the hymn, as Pastor Betil lifted his hands to pronounce the benediction. Then suddenly we felt a shock of excitement thrill the audience when all alone another Bagóbo resolutely walked down the center aisle to join the group at the front. Something sturdy and straight-forward about the man challenged our attention; but we would not have guessed that he was a very old man, steeped in the customs and religion of his fathers. We heard Mr. Aragon say to the Bagóbo Christian leaders, "We must pray that this elderly man will make a clean break with paganism. He must do so before all the people. He has responded to the gospel, but there are steps which every Bagóbo must take before he is truly free." Later we were to learn the background of this statement, and I thought of the incident as the prayers next door continued until morning.

Ann and I, along with two other ladies, had occupied this tiny guest bedroom in the parsonage where all the speakers and special visitors were housed. Often from the delegates' dormitory across the lawn, a wisp of a hymn melody floated in. Something of the familiar here—the bubbling chatter, the busy-busy preparation for meals, the hymn singing—it all had in it the feel of a Bible conference in the States. Yet this was different, for here two thousand feet above the level of Davao City and the gulf, and three hours by rutted road, we had rolled right into the pages of a most incredible story book.

Stilted high off the ground and literally framed in bougainvillaea, the latticed porch of the parsonage looked out upon all there was of Tomayang—a park-like woodland where par-

sonage, chapel, and dormitory drew a semicircle facing the grassy clearing in the center. Banana trees, numberless wild flowers and lavish bougainvillaea fitted themselves into the picture just as though an artist had painted them there. Out to the east there was a cornfield and meadows of tough *cogan* grass, but on every other side the *durions* lined wide avenues in the green carpeted grove. The place was unreal, beautiful.

We watched the people coming from the woodlands and fields and dormitory to file into the quaint chapel where classes were begun. Each day's schedule provided for Bible study, classes in personal evangelism, and reading classes where a number of them were making progress in their own language, taught to them from Dr. Laubach's literacy charts.

Ann sat down on the bench in front of the Minadyk and picked up her notebook. Yesterday afternoon she had begun recordings in four dialects. This had marked our sixty-seventh language in the Philippines, and yet our goal was far beyond that—with only three more weeks to work! Pastors Betil and Aragon were doing excellent sets for the two Bagobo tribes, in the languages of Atao and Tagabawa. The Matidsaug boy, the only key to his newly discovered tribe, would need careful coaching, which I must stand by to do. Ann noted also the first recording in Dávao Manobo. We were thrilled to find a spokesman here for the forestmen of Davao Province. He would also need my help in coaching today.

As I sat down at my table to edit and rewrite English scripts, Ann tested the recorder and made an audible diagnosis of the situation which was like a dismal refrain to both of us. "The hazard now is this failing amplifier. I just tested the machine and it sounds terrible."

"On Christ the Solid Rock I Stand"—the joyous melody, lifted by more than three hundred voices, came from the chapel. This meant the first class was closing, and soon Mr. Betil would be free to come to the porch studio to record. Think of being—even for a few days—in the midst of child tribes, just awaking

to the first light of the gospel! What joy to watch it sweep convincingly into their night of paganism, and to witness its power—like that of the day over the night—to banish dark bonds and set free men and women, hundreds of them, whose faces, even now resemble "the children of a King"! We loved to watch them between classes in the rustic commons below us. I could not resist snatching a bit of time here and there to share these happy hours with our staff at home:

> Dear Ones,
>
> I wish you could see what our eyes have seen today. We have all of us looked at pictures of Indians in colonial days, and surely the people up here in these Bagobo tribes look like our picture books, only more so. You would think that some of them were dressed up for a rose tournament, and they are real! Six new tribes have just recently been discovered in this territory. Yesterday Ann and I circled their areas on our map of southern Mindanao. Besides these, there are in the south woods the Bagobos, Bila'ans, Tagakaolos, Mandayas, and Davao Manóbos. These woodlands are full of tribes isolated even from one another by language and by the mandates of their religion which teach them to kill or capture neighboring peoples.

My indulgence in news to the staff was interrupted, however, by the coming of Pastor Betil. A class period before lunch was free for him to record, and he hoped to make real headway on the Atao set. Ann turned to the Minadyk and found no response. It simply chose not to talk, offering no clues as to the reason why.

In this exigency, we were challenged by the presence of the young Bagóbo pastor. Doubtless this had happened, not because God was remiss, but because He had a good purpose in it. Together the three of us brought the matter before Him in prayer, rejoicing in the certainty of ultimate victory. In the midst of and through this test, I felt it was a *must* to explain to Mr. Betil this "doctrine of rejoicing."

"It is just that God is not put to it," I explained, "as we might sometimes judge Him to be. But even in things like this that seem to block us and defeat us, He always has a purpose. It pleases Him for us to trust Him, and if we do, we cannot worry; we can only thank Him that even in this hindrance, this trial or emergency, He can undertake and be glorified."

Mr. Betil responded with eagerness and understanding. He was a small wiry man, alert, courageous and spiritually alive. He began to tell us something of his own life as a Christian when during the recent war he was forced to live without any money at all. Day by day, God sustained him and his family. Sometimes they cooked roots and ate them. But always, the Lord provided as they trusted in Him. Then Mr. Betil told us something of his life as the son of a Bagobo priest.

"I remember taking part in human sacrifice," he said, "for our people believe that every death in the tribe must be matched by the death of an enemy. I have seen many of these substitutional sacrifices performed because my own father was a pagan priest. When I was still a child my little sister died, and we took a child of the same age who was a captive from an enemy tribe. She was killed as a sacrifice to appease the left-hand (or evil) spirit of the child who had died." [1]

Ann spoke, "This could not have been very long ago, Mr. Betil. Do the people still make human sacrifice?"

And he answered, "For a long time the government has tried to prohibit this practice, but without effect—until the gospel entered our country for the first time, fourteen years

1. The Bagobo religion requires a human sacrifice after death has visited a place. The people believe that everyone has two spirits. His right-hand soul is like the very shadow of himself. It stays very close to him all through his life, and it is responsible for all the good things that happen to him. But his left-hand spirit roams far and wide, especially while the person sleeps. It is an evil influence, and sometimes it becomes the victim of other evil spirits and does not come back to the sleeping Bagobo. When this happens, the right-hand spirit leaves the body also and goes to the place where the good spirits of Bagóbos live forever. The body is dead; but the wandering spirit demands a reprisal before he will leave his village in peace.

ago. Now, where there are Christians in an area, this rite is not continued. But there are hostile tribes over there." He pointed to the hills of Mindanao's loftiest peak, Mt. Apo. "They will shoot a stranger on sight. Holding themselves aloof in their ancient paganism, they still use the poison arrows and blowguns of their forefathers. However, sometimes people from these very same villages come into the nearest towns and appear to be quite friendly."

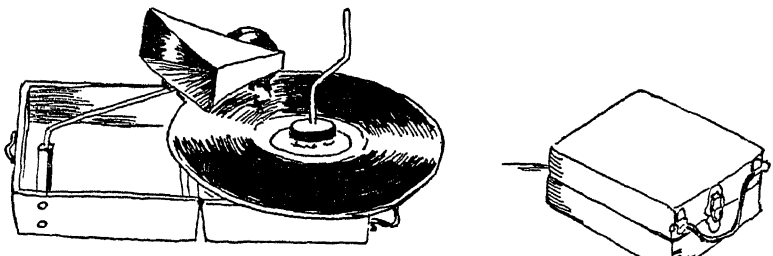
After lunch, with our Minadyk still inarticulate and dull like the siesta that drowsed over Tomayong, I had a chance to continue my letter to the staff at Witmer Street:

> . . . . . The native leaders here wake up at night or in the wee hours of the morning and pray. They are burdened for the souls of the nearby tribes and feel the responsibility of hiking back into the mountains to find them. They say that when the records come back, they will take them to these places and play them all night long. I heard today of villages that are inaccessible even to natives speaking the same language. Yet occasionally some from these same villages come down into more enlightened towns. I can picture their returning home with Atao records, but I cannot see their using our present model of a phonograph.
>
> Please pray until God helps *Mr. Rethey to work out a hand-turned phonograph—cheap and motorless, one that can be operated easily by anyone, and that has no mechanical feature that can get out of fix.*

I had felt impelled to write these closing sentences, laughable as they appeared to be. This did seem utterly impossible, but I felt it to be absolutely necessary in certain places. Surely it is not presumption to assume that God delights in our asking beyond our own ability to provide or even imagine the answer.[2]

The siesta hour in the still hot woodlands slowed my pen

2. This proved to be indeed prophetic because Mr. Rethey was able to make and demonstrate the phonette—purse size, two-pound phonograph, hand-turned and motorless, and effective in both volume and fidelity. This was a peak item of praise for Gospel Recordings in June, 1951.



the purse-sized phonette

and invited my thoughts into Bagóbo land. Only the crescendo of crickets pulsed in the damp heat like a mimetic orchestra. Once I heard the low, muted note of a *limocon* in flight. The grey wood dove is like an oracle to the Bagobos. If it sings in the east, there will be fortune and unusual favor from the good gods; but if its song sounds from the west, preparations must be made to stave off the wrath of the evil gods who would rain calamities upon them.

My thoughts wandered away from the quiet dormitories and the low murmur of prayers in the chapel, and sought to follow some of today's visitors who had attended morning classes and at noon had disappeared into the deeper woodlands where their scattered houses were tucked away. They had gone to wooden huts of bamboo strips, perched six feet high on sturdy poles which often had round wooden rat guards at the top just below the floor of the hut. They had climbed into their houses on notched poles instead of ladders. In nearly every little yard there would be, looped over a wire, a long blond twist of raw hemp fiber freshly pressed from the leaf stalks of abaca plants. These threads could be made into cloth, and some would be tied and dyed into patterns to make up the intricately designed dress of the Bagobo. Scraped with a clam shell, the cloth could be highly glossed, almost waxen. Inside the scantily furnished little hut there would be a bowl of rice awaiting the conference delegate. Maybe two or three of his wives had also attended

classes in the clearing. What must be their thoughts? What crosses would they endure in evolving from Bagobo pagan culture into Bagobo Christian culture? And yet there were in many of their hearts the first rays of a great dawn, and a tugging against the hold that night would still keep upon them.

I found myself praying for wisdom to write new scripts aiming the teaching of the gospel toward the particular needs of these noble pagans. Mr. Aragon had told me more about the old man of last night's most dramatic incident.

"The dear old man is still struggling over giving up his curative charms," Aragon told me, "these are known as *lambos,* and they are a family's most valuable possessions. Handed down from generation to generation, or bought by many *carabao* and *agongs,* this bundle is the sole guardian of a family against the caprice of evil spirits lurking in every house and lane in the Bagobo hills. On the other hand, these charms have brought good fortune and they have proved themselves to be powerful over evil. The *lambos* even influence a man to do good things. For this reason sometimes a man is confused and hates to give them up even though he has become a Christian."

The Bagobo leaders here had emphasized the fact that it is no superstition, but a fact, that Satan does have power over people. Hence, there could be no compromise; there must be a clean break with all the old bonds—else the enemy would have a noose to tighten, and a deadly hold, even though by only one of his strong cords. I thought of the power released through the lives of these Bagobo Christians, here at Tomayang. Eagerly they followed the Scriptures to work out their problems, and with single-hearted courage they challenged the evil forces that they knew to be real.

Mr. Aragon had told us another story of a very old man who had been a Christian for several years before he came bringing his last pagan charm. It was apparently a good thing, and he had hated to relinquish it. It was a small leather necklace, and he parted with it, weeping. He had told Mr. Aragon, his

pastor, that the necklace had been guarded in his family for many generations. He himself had worn it whenever he went out on a dangerous mission to hunt or to search out an enemy. When he was safe, the necklace lay loosely around his throat, but when he came into the presence of any danger, though he would not have sensed it otherwise, the necklace tightened around his throat and never failed to warn him in time. When Mr. Aragon asked him why he was giving it up, the man had answered that he knew that he could not wholly reverence His Saviour as long as allegiance to another god was allowed to have a place in his heart. Though this necklace seemed to be a good *lambos,* for many months he had realized that it was not of God, but of the devil.

"What did you say to the old man, Mr. Aragon?" I had asked, thinking of new scripts for pagan peoples, for every word of insight into their lives was of great value.

Aragon's answer was, in effect, "I told him that he had done the right thing; and then I read verses to him from the Word of God and showed him that Jesus Himself, in all His love and power, would be far more to him than the necklace could have ever been. And I saw him leave, in the assurance of these words of Jesus, 'Lo, I am with you always.' A confident smile had spread across his wrinkled old face."

I did not know at this time that Ann and I were yet to witness with our own eyes a transaction even more dramatic than this of which Mr. Aragon had told us. It would happen here at Tomayang within the next two days.

* * *

Very little recording had been done so far on account of the balky amplifier, but on the third day at Tomayong the equipment was working—even for singing!

"Do you sing, Malicon?" Ann asked our Matidsaug informant.

"It's up to you, Mum. I'm not very well in music." Malicon Maing also explained to us how it was that he, a member of

a newly discovered monolingual tribe, could be an interpreter for us through both English and Tagabawa.

"My father," he said, "is mestizo; that means that half his body is Matidsaug and half is Manobo. Naturally he married a Tagabawa woman, and that is my mother now."

We felt our horizon shrink into the boundaries of the small porch studio. Solid work set in. Malicon and I worked doggedly, sentence by sentence on the translation; and he practiced every one several times before he recorded it. Once the boy said, "Stop" in English at the end of a sentence, and as Ann took a little time to erase the word, Malicon said apologetically, "That is because I related 'Stop.'"

We escaped the doldrums of fatigue only by the incident of mealtime, and that unaccountable *durion* which we had found to be especially nutritious and invigorating. The recordings pushed us along at this time, squeezing day upon day with night snipped off at both ends, so that the interim for sleeping was just a narrow bridge between studio yesterday and the same tomorrow. At least, that is what we had anticipated; but Friday, October 19th, was to be unique and never-to-be forgotten.

The day turned over the page into the most colorful picture a story book could ever have, and Ann and I walked right into the three dimensions of it and felt it come alive before our very eyes. Out on our bamboo veranda we watched a parade put on for our special benefit.

Here came Bagobo women carrying long green bamboo poles filled with water from the spring. They carried the water poles on their shoulders and marched in single file; short, chunky little people with their straight black hair brushed up into a tight topknot. They wore bolero jackets and striped wrap-around skirts of the glossy abaca cloth with pieces appliqued on it to look like beaded work. And scarcely had this group passed us until we turned to see four Bagobo girls pounding rice, to rhythm, with long poles. It was a skill to

keep one pole from colliding with another as they brought them in and out of the narrow, hollowed-out wooden rice block.

And we were in for yet another colorful enactment of Bagobo tribal life. We ran out into the yard to take pictures of it. They were going to play the *agongs,* hanging large and middle-sized and small on a framework built for them. A Bagobo man in an ornately beaded costume struck the largest one, and began to beat out the deep-toned carillon. Others, Bagobos in every stitch of costume as well as native skill, began to bring in the higher tones of the small and smaller *agongs.* One by one, these merged into a grand accompaniment to which the graceful dancing of the girls kept perfect time. Their dancing was merely artistic and not connected with their religion in any way. The girls' costumes had added fancy headdresses of wild bird plumes, and our camera caught this fantasia and captured it in all of its color and interest. After a little while the *agongs* began to stop one by one, and gradually the fairy episode faded away. We seemed to hear the echo of the bells on and on far out into the ravines where the woodlands slipped over the edge and fell into the lush jungle. And around us was a group of laughing Christian friends who had enjoyed treating us with this panorama of tribal custom. And for us, it would always fix them in their own distinctive native setting. Someone picked up an *agong* hammer again and began to play their favorite hymn. (This we recorded later.) We listened and recognized the familiar, "On Christ the Solid Rock I Stand," and yet, appropriately, the melody was made to sound like a Bagobo tune too because of the lack of sharps and flats in the instruments.

We went singing to our studio and to urgency measured by the blank pages in Ann's notebook. Yet this day that had begun in such an extraordinary way was never to slip out of the spell which was almost disconcertingly unreal. In the afternoon, the Tomayong clearing was filled with solemn-faced Bagobos—few of them wearing American clothes. We left the

porch to join the group below where about four hundred people had gathered. Out in front of them stood Mr. Betil with his Bible in his hand. And there beside him was the old Bagobo man clutching his leather bag of *lambos,* his witchcraft charms. Some watching from the audience seemed almost frightened; all of them were composed and earnest. The old man handed Mr. Betil the bag of charms. He took it and then speaking in Atao he began to exhort the old man. A few in the crowd visibly winced; some had tears in their eyes, everyone felt the sacredness of this occasion. Mr. Betil stopped talking to the old man, and turned to face the semi-circular gathering. Then he lifted his arms and led them in a triumphant hymn.

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior Divine;

Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

A few minutes later, when Atao recordings began to talk again from the little box on the parsonage porch, our studio personnel could look down on the upturned faces of a rapt audience. They were very quiet and careful not to disturb us, but many of them would stand down below the high porch and listen for hours. Pleasure, astonishment, and understanding registered in the smiles on their faces.

* * *

"God is not limited by our weakness, He is only limited by our seeming strength." I don't know where the thought came from, but I remember the lift it brought to my spirit when Saturday began for us at five o'clock in the morning. The chore of bed-making did not need to concern us; it was simply a matter of rolling up our thin mats and feeling less a victim and more "on top" of our stout bedroom floor. We were very

tired, and the incompleteness of our task here seemed insurmountable—yet this was our last day of recording at Tomayong. How good it was to feel the strength of that thought that came back again and again throughout the day: "God is not limited by our weakness—only by our seeming strength"!

Saturday evening I could write in my diary, "Good sets of records in four languages completed today."

* * *

The service Sunday morning was carried on by interpretation; but the interpreter, Pastor Betil, worked with me in such perfect spiritual accord that his reiteration of my thoughts from English into Atao lended emphasis; whereas, under different circumstances, it could have become tedious.

> God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.—II Timothy 1:7

The people listened earnestly in spite of the fact that the gentle shower of thirty minutes or so had now given place to a downpour. The raining increased until the roar was almost deafening.

A glimpse of Ann's face in the audience conveyed a vivid replica of her thoughts at this moment. Between my English parentheses to the Atao sermon, Ann was seeing the rainsoaked road of our trip back to Davao City. Its deep gullies and four-foot ditches would have become rushing streams by now. After a while the rain lessened and eventually scampered away from the chapel roof, leaving Tomayong glistening as only tropical foliage can in its bright sunshine.

Ann came out of the service with a new song on her lips. "I loved learning it too," she said; "I had prayed (thinking of those roads dangerous even in dry weather) that God would stop the rain, never dreaming that He would not in this case as He had in many other similar ones. And yet, to my surprise, the rain *increased* and I knew that the damage had already been done. Surely it is nothing to the Lord to hold back

the rain, I thought, so if He doesn't, He must have a reason—and it must be a *glorious* reason. It helped me to try putting this thought into a little chorus:

There's a reason, a glorious reason,
For everything the Lord may send your way—
When there's nothing going right,
Walk by faith, and not by sight—
There's a reason, so *rejoice* the livelong day.

Singing was really one of our most powerful weapons of counterattack. It had threshed mountains like chaff and had cut smooth paths through rough and arduous places for us many times. I loved the lilting, triumphant melody of this song. It would be interesting also to find out that reason, although I immediately suspected the word to be *reasons* instead, because such things often lined themselves up in contingent circumstances so that we had a string of jewels—divine plurals perhaps—instead of one isolated factor for thanksgiving.

It turned out that we left Tomayong hiking single file with young Bagobo lads carrying our equipment and baggage, and instead of the unnavigable road, we took one of the woodland paths that led us into a deep, jungle ravine. We followed a narrow trail crossing bamboo bridges now and then. Walking downhill all the way, we soon reached a good gravel road. Our thoughtful hosts of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, had a jeep ready to take us the two or three hours' ride to Davao City. We had said good-by to the vivid epoch of Tomayong, but the whole picture was not complete without our encounter with the weird spirit tree just around the first bend of our road to the gulf. There it stood to the right of us, a monstrosity with a large trunk with holes and caverns in it. Or was it a tree with many trunks? It had roots shooting out from its highest branches and stemming downward to tangle into eerie, goblin shapes. This was the sacred belete tree of the native tradition. It had become such through being usurped by a parasitic

strangler fig vine, and often the sulphurous fumes of the rotting part became luminous at night.

We noticed something like a birdhouse on a pole in front of the tree. And on it was a broken plate with a piece of fresh fish.

"What's that?" we asked pointing to the birdhouse.

"That is an altar," our Bagobo driver replied. "The food is placed there as an offering to the spirits who live in the belete tree." And he added simply, "Before I became a Christian, I placed offerings there before that same tree."

I looked at the intelligent young man who spoke these words and found it hard to believe that he could ever have been one to place an offering before such a shrine. A few years ago that had been true, but the hearing of the gospel had brought the liberation of his soul and mind that had placed him beyond superstition—yes, and beyond that sinister power which cannot be defined simply as "superstition."

This week among the tribes of the south woods had been like a glimpse of native life after, as well as before, the passing night. The night of paganism is receding for the hills tribes, but only by the greater strength of the day that is springing out of its ancient source—the Word of the true God. "Let there be light: and there was light."

I can never believe that a pagan is bereft of natural intelligence or that his courage fails because of the menace of a shadow. I believe that he has come to know a substance of Evil that is real, powerful. It baffles him, makes a plaything of his mind and conscience; twisting, confusing, distorting, taunting, and destroying in every area of his life. It is this sinister core of paganism which makes it impervious to the influences of education *alone;* or of modern government, and social welfare alone.

But let Christ come into a hut, or a village, and the heart of a man, and nothing is left of the substance in the shadow.

Take away from the pagan the countenance of his great Fear, and a shadow to him is just a shadow without significance. The remaining trappings of superstition can appear to him also, as ridiculous as they really are.

THIRTY-SIX

MOUNTAINS BREAK FORTH INTO SINGING

> And behold I . . . will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of.—Genesis 28:15

NOVEMBER 25—the stars and stripes waved vigorously from the United States freighter standing by for us at the reconstructed pier in Manila harbor. The flag was our first glad "stateside" welcome homeward bound. The gangplank of the "S. S. Madison" seemed unusually steep and we took a long time pulling up the narrow stairways to the lofty third deck of the boat. Leaning wearily against the railing, we looked down far below us to the group of friends waving good-bys at the docks. This was the Philippine journey's end.

Last days in Mindanao had been swift-moving, pressed full: Ann's completion of a large repertoire of recordings we had begun in Zamboanga City; my trip on the "Empress Sulu" to arrange for making distribution of Moro records in the area of Jolo; and by plane to Dumagete on Negros Island—there the brief delightful visit at Silliman University as guest of Dr. and Mrs. Henry Mack. (The Presbyterians took up the responsibility of recording more Cebuano hymns and other Visayan languages.) I had the privilege of seeing the splendid new radio station and the large campus. Silliman has four thousand students. Then came the last interisland boat trip which brought Ann and me together again at Cebu where also

Gil Walton and Beulah Blakesly joined us to gladden the last day's travel on to Manila. There the hours whirred with last-minute dispatches—those affairs concerning our leaving the country, and additional, numberless details pertaining to the receiving and distributing of phonographs and records. There were orders like this:

> From the provinces, we received letters stating of their need for the portable phonographs. For this reason I shall say that even if there will be twenty or more sent before December, this number cannot meet the demands of the ministers and Christian workers in the provinces. Please send as much as you are able.
>
> Hoping to hear from you very soon, we are
>
> the Missionary Prayer Band
> by Eusebio B. T.

Even now large shipments were coming in via Manila to fill the orders from Luzon as well as the large trade-language areas throughout the islands. This meant that a heavier load of responsibility would fall upon the shoulders of our pro tem Filipina Secretary, Adela Belia, at FEBIAS. Adela had done an efficient work for Gospel Recordings throughout this year; and for several months to come her services would be necessary and invaluable to us. Always listed so neatly and conscientiously, her reports were inimitably charming as well—just like Adela herself. Like this of several months ago, for example:

> Dear Miss Ridderhof:
>
> I am glad you received my letters and that you could understand them clearly. Mr. Kreps is doing a lot to help me concerning the bringing out of packages from the office and carrying them through to their respective destinations.
>
> I am praying and at the same time making a little push on Mr. Ngo to work faster on Amoy. I explained to him the necessity and urgency of the message to be recorded so

he understood it plainly with willingness to hurry them through.

Here are the things accomplished:

1. Records and phonographs sent out to
   Rev. Evangelista and Sosa
   and to Rev. Walter Binney
2. Contact made for the recording of
   Becal and *Zambales*
3. *Tagalog* and *Ilocano* records going out constantly
4. Tracts stamped and sent to:
   Mr. de la Serna
   and to you
5. Working on recordings in *Lamar* and *Cebuano* I could not write and remember the other miscellaneous.

1. Later a change in customs regulations made it possible for our company to send parcels directly to the smaller centers of their destination.
2. Homer Kreps, FEBIAS

Things I did . . .

His servant in grace,
Adela B.

Adela's letters would keep us in touch with Manila, although we found it hard to leave the work in the Philippines in spite of fatigue, the firmer grip of tropical "bugs" upon our bodies, and the magnetic pull toward home at Witmer Street. For now we were entirely dependent upon *others* to follow through the task that in one sense was just begun. In another sense, however, it was completed with a capture of ninety-two languages and dialects, seventy-three of these in unwritten tribal languages. Our sets in each dialect would average seven apiece, with a grand total of seven hundred separate recordings. How well we know that this accomplishment was not of *us!*

* * *

We watched them down below us waving farewell—Bob and Eleanor, Adela, Dave, Beulah, Dick, Russell,—and others of the many dear friends who had so heartily "made a little push"

on our behalf when they had much of their own to "push" also! We were embarking on the sister ship of the "McKinley" which had brought us into Manila Bay one year ago. This boat, lightened of most of its cargo, was more annealed to the close grey sky than to the buoyant floor of water beneath. It trembled and vibrated as the motors began, and presently we were rocking away, farther and farther out through the breakwater and eastward, until gradually the green island mountains of the Philippines slipped under the horizon behind our ship and were gone. Except in memories. But these, like echoes from the twelve-months' mountain-climbing, came singing back to us all through the twenty-eight-day voyage. Slow ploughing to Hongkong, Okinawa, Japan, we came out into the wide infinity of the Pacific, still moving toward the Americas and the hill at home.

Some of the echoes singing in our thoughts were the low gentle lines from "My nipa hut . . . my mountain home." So many bamboo dwellings had made us "at home," as well as the cottage guest rooms of scores of missionary hosts. There were the Batangas angels, for instance, and from them, letters that said:

> Dear Joy and Ann:
>
> Whenever Mr. Escalona arrived home from Manila, I always asked him, "Did you see Joy and Ann?" His always answer is, "Perhaps they are already in America." . . . And then he told me that whenever he saw American women in Manila he made steady look at them for they might be you, but he said, in vain. I hope God will help you to be here again for chatting with us![1]

And there were other notes of Filipino hospitality such as this from Mindoro:

> Even though you could not have the time to see us before your departure, we expect in due time God will send you

1. Dictated and written by one of her daughters—From Mrs. Escalona.

back here and we will be very happy to have you in our humble dwelling house.

Best wishes for your good dealings and comfort I remain

Yours in the Lord,
D. L.

And another—

Any time I see a boat I presume that you and Miss Sherwood are among the passengers therein, and I desire that you might return here before leaving.

Sometimes a nipa-house letter would advise us of a change of address. This was from the Mandaya language area—Mawab, where Lourdes Alvarado, an angel in disguise, had been our guide:

You know we are already here in the *barrio* among many houses. We left that house where you visited us and transfer in our new house last January. Whenever you can come again you will find us nearer to the national road.

There was a pathos in some of these loving communications which made us more than ever aware that our twelve-months' trekking had been a one-way trip over the mountain trails. As in this from San Jose, Mindoro:

. . . Our only regret is that we may not meet again. However we always pray God to grant us long days of life, so that, if He permit, we might see each other again.

Yours in the the service of the Lord,
M. C. A.

Yet in many letters another echo reached us—one that we could hear reverberating throughout the pagan mountains, some of them already breaking forth into singing.

I wish to inform you that the records in Ifugao dialect have been very effective in our evangelistic campaigns. Its

effectivity is indescribable, but the result is telling and very encouraging. Many natives have already indicated their desires and willingness to forfeit any and all pagan practices beginning the harvest next June.

Gaspar R. Pouchinlau
Mayogao Ifugao
Mountain Province
Luzon

When the records shall return to those places you have reached, what a mighty blessing there shall be when those people can hear the name of Jesus Christ in their native tongue!

E. A.

With almost every locality having its own language, it is hard to surmount such objects in missionary work but these records will help us bridge this gap.

O. K.
Cuyo
Palawan

. . . Perhaps you might be able to help in our work among the primitive people in Mindanao. I am pleased to note the short messages (scripts) which may solve our difficulty there in view of the fact that we have very few workers over a big area, and the additional fact that we have no literature for them, and the people are illiterates . . .

L. G. D.
Bishop for the Visayas

We ourselves could never return to these same trails again; but the records were, and would be going back—over them and above, beyond, below them, far into the mutest mountains.

Listen! Hear them singing from the harvest-white terraces of the Ifugao, and in the peace-pact circles of Kalinga barrios! Hear them telling of the Chief of the Sky and His bundle-of-leaves in the latest lean-to campings of midget Negritos dressed in dark-brown velvet skin. Or hear them answering the frenzy of wild tribes shouting, "Give us something"; or speaking

mercy to Manobos crying to their forest gods in Bukidnon, Davao, and Agusan. Listen where the hinterland of unknown Mindoro may be singing "I will not be afraid" to hush the fears of the forgotten Mangyans. Mountains *are* breaking forth into singing, and it can be true all along the backbone ridges of Palawan. The echo, reaching them at last over the silence of two thousand years, can bring the song of Jesus to Tagbanuas, Bataks, and Palawanos who have not yet heard its music.

And see the rock-ribbed Moslem mountains crack, shouting, "If we will be still hearing this, *we* will believe—*because it is the Truth!*" And in the still, forested hills of the south Mindanao woodlands, there will ring out the new-old carillon pealing:

With the angels let us sing
Alleluia to our King;
Christ the Saviour is born,
Jesus the Saviour is born.

* * *

It was Christmas Eve when we finally reached the hill at Witmer Street. And there was very great gladness. In the symbols of the Yuletide was new meaning for us all—in the caroling, the lights, the merry-hearted laughter and the joy of giving and receiving gifts. And also in each other, including the newcomers to our family circle. Our long back porch table was usually set for fourteen people now; and tonight it felt the poundage of a Christmas turkey with its extra sauces of homecoming songs.

* * *

> Now I saw in my dream that thus they sat talking together until supper was ready. So when they had made ready they sat down to meat, and all the talk at the table was about the Lord of the hill; as namely, about what He

had done, and wherefore He did what He did . . . and what they said . . . made me love Him the more.

Bunyan

Sing, O ye heavens; for the Lord hath done it:
Shout, ye lower parts of the earth:
Break forth into singing, ye mountains.

—Isaiah 44:23

For they got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them: but thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance, because thou hadst a favor unto them.—Psalm 44:3

THANK YOU

To our missionary hosts in the Philippines, Ann Sherwood and I would like to express our warm appreciation. In numerous and vital ways they entered into our task of getting the languages and they are the ones who now have a large part in distributing the records for the tribespeople. We are also grateful to the anthropologists Dr. H. Otley Beyer and Dr. Fox in Manila.

In LUZON

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Alderfer
Mennonite Mission

Mr. and Mrs. James Belote
Southern Baptist

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bowman
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Handlos
Mr. Richard Rowland
Miss Gilberta Walton
Far East Broadcasting Company

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred P. Conant
Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Naylor
Miss Edith Smith and Miss Alma Shoemaker
Association of Baptists for World Evangelism

Mr. and Mrs. Gilford Cosselman
Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Fisher
Mr. and Mrs. Rodney A. Sundberg
Evangelical United Brethren

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Damrosch
The Anglican Mission

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fonger
American Bible Society

Miss Beulah Heaton
(Loaned to Far Eastern Gospel Crusade)

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Kreps
Conservative Baptist Foreign Mission Society

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Honeywell
Far Eastern Gospel Crusade

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Lord
Disciples of Christ Church

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Selby
The Church of Christ

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde V. Shields
Mrs. Elva Vanderbout
The Assembly of God

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Spahr
Grace Chapel

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Spottswood
Methodist Episcopal Church

In PALAWAN

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Binney
Association of Baptists for World Evangelism

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Sutherland
Brethren

In MINDANAO

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Berg
Miss Agnes Birrel
Mr. and Mrs. William Christie
Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Gulbranson
Miss Anna M. Holstead
Miss Maxine Immer
Miss Ruth Ziemer
Christian and Missionary Alliance

Mr. and Mrs. Henry DeVries
Association of Baptists for World Evangelism

Dr. and Mrs. Henry C. Mack

Mr. and Mrs. David P. Martin
Presbyterian U.S.A.

ETHNOGRAPHIC CHART

LANGUAGE NAME	PREDOMINANT TYPE	RELIGION	TRANSLATION
LUZON GROUP			
ISNUG (Itneg) of Apayao	Indonesian	Pagan	None
ADASEN of N. Abra		Pagan	None
BIKOL of S. Luzon	Malay blend	Roman Catholic	Publications
BONTOC of Mt. Prov.	Malay blend	Roman Catholic	Almost none
DUMAGAT of E. Coast Luzon	Indonesian	R. C. and Pagan	None
GADDANG of Isabela	Indonesian	R. C. and Pagan	Small attempt
IBANAG of Cagayan	Indonesian	Roman Catholic	Considerable
ITAWES		Roman Catholic	None
IFUGAO of Mt. Prov.	Malay blend (great mixture)	Pagan	None
IGOROT: Kankanai	Tall Mongol mixed with Ainu and short Mongol	Pagan	None
Nabaloi (Inibaloi)	Short Mongol mixed with Ainu and Negrito	Pagan	Little, if any
ILOCANO of Ilocos	Short Mongol	Roman Catholic	Much
ILONGOT	Indonesian and Negrito, Ainu, short Mongol	Pagan	None
ISINAI of Isabela	Malay blend and short Mongol	Roman Catholic	Almost none
IVATAN of Batan Is.	Malay blend and Ainu	Roman Catholic	Pleading for it
KALINGA of Mt. Prov.	Tall Mongol; also Indonesian	Pagan	None
NEGRITO: Palanan	Probably more Papuan than Negrito	Pagan	None
(There are 15 more)			
PAMPANGAN	Malay blend	Roman Catholic	Much
PANGASINAN	Malay blend	Roman Catholic	Some
SAMBALI of W. Coast	Indonesian with tall mongoloid	Roman Catholic	None
TAGALOG Manila areas	Malay blend, predominant short and tall Mongol	Roman Catholic	Much
TINGGIAN of Abra	Malay blend of Burmese type	Pagan	None
VISAYAN GROUP			
VISAYAN	Malay blend and Indonesian	Roman Catholic	Much
CALAMIAN	Malay with Indonesian	Roman C. over Pagan	None
MANGYAN of Mindoro	1. Short Mongol 2. Indonesian	Pagan	

PALAWAN:			
	Tagbanua — Indonesian	Pagan	None
	Calamiano — Malay blend and Indonesian	Pagan	None
	Batak — almost pure Papuan	Pagan	None
	Cagayano	Roman Catholic	None
	Cuyonon	Roman Catholic	None
MINDANAO GROUP			
ATA of Davao		Pagan	None
TAGABAWA of Davao	Malay blend and short Mongol	Pagan	Some
ATAO of Davao	Malay blend and short Mongol	Pagan	
BAJAO of Sulu	Malay blend	Pagan	None
BILA'AN of S. Davao	Mixed Indonesian, tall mongoloid, and short mongoloid	Pagan	None
BINOKID of Bukidnon	Malay blend	Pagan	Songs only
CALIBUGAN of Zamboanga	Malay blend	Pagan	None
CHABAKANO of Zamboanga		Roman Catholic	None
DAVAWENO (Karaga) of Davao		Roman Catholic	None
ISAMAL of Davao	Tall Caucasic	Pagan and R. C.	None
ILIANON S. of Bukidnon		Pagan	None
KULAMAN of Davao		Pagan	None
KALAGAN of E. Davao	Malay blend	Pagan	None
LANAO (Moros)	Malay blend, Indonesian	Mohammedan	Some
MAGINDANAO of Cotabato	Pure Malay	Mohammedan	None
MANDAYA of Davao	Indonesian; Caucasic element predominant	Pagan	None
MANGGUANGAN of Davao	Short Mongol	Pagan	None
MANOBO	Malay	Pagan	A few songs
SAMAL of Sulu	Malay blend	Mohammedan	None
SEA SAMAL of Zamboanga	Malay blend	Pagan	None
SANGGIL of Davao	Indonesian	Mohammedan	None
SUBANUN of Zamboanga	Indonesian	Pagan	None
SULU (Joloano)	Malay blend	Mohammedan	A little
SURIGUENO	Malay blend	Pagan	None
TAGAKAOLO of Davao	Malay blend	Pagan	None
TIRURAI of Cotabato	Short Mongol	Pagan	None
YAKAN of Sulu	Malay blend	Mohammedan over pagan	A little

—by Ann Sherwood

GLOSSARY

Abo Abo (Ä'bō Ä'bō) A river at the narrowest land strip of Palawan.

Aborlan (Ä-bŏr'-län) A small town south of Puerto Princesa.

Abra (Äb'rä) A province of northwestern Luzon.

Affricate (ăf'frĭk-ât) A linguistic term describing the "th" sound.

Agongs (ä'gongs) A set of brass kettle-like instruments used by the people of Mindanao, and sometimes known as the Moro piano.

Agusan (Ä-goo'sän) 1. A province in northeastern Mindanao. 2. The language used by the Agusan people.

Alamatok (Ä-lä-mä'tōk) A kind of leech prevalent in Palawan.

Anay (ăń-ī) The white ant.

Aparri (Ä-pär'ree) The largest port in Cagayan Province, at the mouth of the Cagayan River.

Apayao (Ä-pī-yow') The name of the northernmost interior subprovince of Luzon.

Apo (Ä-pō') The Ilocano word equivalent to "hello." A greeting.

Apo Dios (Ä'pō joos) (Ä'pō jiōs) Term for "God" in a number of the languages of Luzon.

Apollyon (A-paul'yon) The character used for Satan in *Pilgrim's Progress.*

Atao (Ä'tow) One of the Bagobo tribal languages.

Babuyan (Bä-boo'yän) 1. A group of islands directly north of Luzon. 2. The name of one of the islands in the Babuyan group. 3. The name of the channel between the Babuyan Islands and Luzon.

Bagobo (Bä-gō'bō) The name of a tribe of people in the mountains of Davao Province, Mindanao. This tribe is divided into two groups, the Ataos and the Tagabawas, who speak these two languages respectively.

Baguio (Bäg'ee-ō) The only "city" in Luzon other than Manila, located in Benguet, Mountain Province.

Bajao (Bä'jow) Sea gypsies of the Sulu Archipelago.

Bakia (bä'kee-ä) Wooden shoes with plastic (or leather) toe-straps often worn in wet weather.

Bangad (Bäng-äd') A small town of Kalinga, Mountain Province, Luzon.

Bangued (Bäng-ged') The capital of the province of Abra, northern Luzon.

Banua (Bän'wä) A tiny settlement of Ilocos Norte on the northern coast of Luzon.

Basco (Bäs'cō) The capital city of Batanes Province, located in the Batan Islands, the northernmost in the Philippines.

Basi (bä'see) The Kalinga term for rice liquor.

Batak (Bä'täk) A small tribe of people in Palawan.

Batanes (Bä-tä'näs) The northernmost province of the Philippines, consisting of the Batan Islands which are about midway between Luzon and Formosa.

Batangas (Bä-täng'gäs) A port of Luzon southwest of Manila.

Belete tree (bĕl-ā'tee) A parasite tree considered by pagans to be the abode of evil spirits.

Betel nut (bee'tle) The nut obtained from the betel palm. Both nuts and leaves are often combined with slaked lime and tobacco and are chewed almost continually. This turns the lips bright red and eats away the teeth.

Bila'an (Beé-lä-äń) The name of a tribe in the mountains of southern Cotabato, Mindanao.

Binokid (bee-nō'kĭd) 1. The language spoken by most of the people of Bukidnon Province, Mindanao. 2. The name of the tribe who use the Binokid language.

Bognut (Bŏg'nŭt) The name of a Mangyan man at Panulung.

Bolo (bō'lō) A long knife carried by practically all Filipino men.

Bongabong (Bōng-ä'bōng) The principal port of eastern Mindoro.

Bontoc (Bŏn'tŏk) 1. One of the subprovinces of Mountain Province. 2. The name applied to the people native to the area of Bontoc and to their language. 3. The principal town of the subprovince of Bontoc.

Brookes Point. A tiny port on the east coast of Palawan near the southern tip.

Bui'd Mangyan (Boo-ee'd) The tribe of Mangyans who live interior from Bongabong, Mindoro.

Bukidnon (Boo-kĭd'nŏn) A north central province of Mindanao.

Cagayan Valley (Kä-gī-yäń) The valley through which the Cagayan River flows, in the provinces of Cagayan and Isabela.

Cagui (Kä'gee) A Mohammedan priest.

Calamiano (Käl-äm-yä'nō) The language spoken by those native to the Calamianes Islands.

Calapan (Kä-lä-päń) The capital of Mindoro (now Oriental Mindoro), located on the north coast.

Calesa (Kä-lā'sà) A two-wheeled carriage drawn by a horse, and used as a conveyance for passengers.

Caluya Visayan (Kä-loó-yä Vee-sī'yän) The language spoken by the inhabitants of the island of Caluya.

Campostela (Käm'pō-stā'lä) The name of a sawmill settlement.

Cañao (Kän'yow) 1. A pagan religious festival. (General usage.) 2. A synonym of "taboo," a restriction imposed by a pagan religion on its followers.

Casiguran Bay (Kä-sē-goo'rän) A bay on the eastern Luzon coast at the north of Quezon Province.

Coron (Kor-ōń) 1. The principal town of Busuanga Island, north of Palawan. 2. A small island south of the town of Coron.

Corregidor (Kor-rĕg'gĭ-dor) A small rocky island at the narrow mouth of Manila Bay, on which is situated a U. S. fort, famous for the last stand of the U. S. troops in World War II.

Cotabato (Kō'tä-bä'tō) 1. The largest province of Mindanao, located in the southwest of the island. 2. The capital of Cotabato Province.

Culion (Kool-yōń) The port on the coast of Culion Island on which the Leper Colony is located.

Cuyo (Koó-yō) 1. A group of small islands east of northern Palawan. 2. The largest island of the group. 3. The principal town of Cuyo Island.

Cuyonon (Koo-yō'nōn) A language spoken on the island of Cuyo in the Visayas.

Davao (Dă'vow) 1. The southeastern province of Mindanao. 2. The capital of Davao Province, Mindanao.

Dulawan (Doo-lä'wän) A town on the Mindanao River in Cotabato Province.

Dumaguete (Doo-mä-gĕt'ee) A seaport, the capital of Negros Oriental, where Silliman University is located.

Durion (durian) (doo-ree-ăń) A fruit of Davao Province and the island of Jolo. It is usually considered delicious, but has an obnoxious odor.

Ganza (găń-zä) A brass gong used by the Igorots in beating the rhythms of their pagan dances.

G-string. A narrow loin cloth for men.

Huk bala haps (Hŏŏk'bä-lä-häps) Bandits commonly spoken of as "Huks."

Ibanag (Eé-bä-näg) 1. The name of a language. 2. The name of the people who speak that language, located along the Cagayan Valley in northeastern Luzon.

Ifugaos (Ĭf'oo-gows) Natives of the subprovince of Ifugao, Mountain Province, Luzon.

Igorots (Ĭg'ŏr-ōts) Term applied to an ethnic group located largely in the subprovince of Benguet, Mountain Province, Luzon.

Ilagan (Ee-lä'găn) The capital of Isabela Province of northeastern Luzon.

Ilanon (Ee-lä'nōn) One of the Moro languages of Lanao Province, Mindanao.

Ilocano (Ee-lō-kä'nō) One of the most widely used languages of the Philippines, originating in the Ilocos Provinces, Luzon.

Ilocos Norte (Ee-lō'kōs Nor'tā) The province at the extreme northwest of Luzon.

Ilocos Sur (Ee-lō'kōs Sŏŏr) The province directly south of Ilocos Norte along the west coast of Luzon.

Isnug (Itneg) (Ĭś-nûg) 1. The name of the language used by a group of people in the subprovince of Apayao, northern Luzon. 2. The name of the people using that language.

Itbayat (Ĭt-bī'ät) 1. The name of one of the Batan Islands. 2.

The name of the language spoken by the people of Itbayat Island.

Ivatan (Ibatan) (Eé-vä-täń) The language spoken by the inhabitants of the Batan Islands.

Jeepney (jeeṕ-nee) A jeep that has been converted into a public conveyance, commonly used in the cities in place of street cars.

Jolo (Hō'lō) 1. One of the principal islands of the Sulu Archipelago. 2. The capital city of Sulu Province.

Joloano (Hō-lō-äń-ō) 1. A native of Jolo Island. 2. The language spoken by the inhabitants of Jolo.

Juramentado (hoó-rä-mĕn-tä'dō) A Moro who has gone frantically insane.

Kalinga (Kä-lĭńǵ-gä) 1. One of the subprovinces of Mountain Province. 2. The name of the people who live in Kalinga. 3. The language spoken by these people.

Kankanai (Käńǵ-kä-nī) One of the Igorot languages, spoken in the subprovince of Benguet, Mountain Province, Luzon.

Kiangan (Kee-äńǵ-än) One of the principal towns of the subprovince of Ifugao, Mountain Province, Luzon.

Kibawe (Kee-bä'wee) A small town on the highway south of Malaybalay, Bukidnon Province, Mindanao.

Kilometer. Approximately five-eighths of a mile.

Koran (Kor-äń) The "Bible" of the Mohammedans.

Kris (krĭs) A wavy-edged knife used by Moros.

Lambos (läḿ-bōs) Witchcraft charms.

Lanao (Lä-nów) 1. The Moro province of Mindanao, directly east of Zamboanga Province. 2. The name of a lake in Lanao Province.

Laoag (Lä-wäǵ) The capital of Ilocos Norte Province, northwestern Luzon.

Lechon (lā-chŏń) Roast pig.

Lublub (loob'loob) A Palawano term for tinder for lighting fires.

Lubuagan (Loo-boo-ä'gän) The principal town of Kalinga, Mountain Province, Luzon.

Luzon (Loo-zŏń) The largest island of the Philippines, and the northernmost of the main group.

Maguindanao (Magindanao) (Mä-gĭn'dä-now') A tribe of Moros living in the western part of Cotabato Province.

Malaybalay (Mä-lī'bä-lī) The capital of Bukidnon Province, Mindanao.

Mandaya (Män-dī'yä) A tribe of people in the mountains of Davao Province.

Mangyan (Mäng'yän) 1. The tribes who inhabit Mindoro. There are nine distinct languages used, and many dialects. 2. The language spoken by a Mangyan.

Manila (Mä-nĭl'à) The capital city of the Philippines, located on the west coast of Luzon at Manila Bay.

Manobo (Mä-nō'bō) 1. The name of an ethnic group, the tribes of which are scattered throughout Bukidnon, Agusan, Cotabato and Davao in Mindanao. 2. The language spoken by a Manobo.

Mansaka (Män-sä'kä) A tribe of people living in the mountains of Davao Province.

Mansalay (Män-sä'lī) A town in the southeastern part of Mindoro.

Matidsaug (Mä-tĭd'sowg) 1. The name of one of the pagan tribes located in the mountains of western central Davao Province, Mindanao. 2. The language spoken by the Matidsaug tribespeople.

Mawab (Mä'wäb) A small village on the highway north of Davao City.

Midsayap (Mĭd-sī'yäp) A town near Lake Labas, Cotabato Province.

Minadyk (Mĭń-nà-dĭk) The miniature battery-operated tape recorder developed by Herman Dyk and Al Rethey of Gospel Recordings Incorporated.

Mindanao (Mĭń-dä-now') The large southern island of the Philippines.

Mindoro (Mĭn-doŕ-ō) The island of the Philippines located south and west of central Luzon.

Miral (Mee-räl)A small town in Davao Province, Mindanao

Moro (Mŏŕ-ō) The Mohammedan inhabitants of southern Philippines.

Mount Apo (Ä'pō) The highest mountain in the Philippines located in southern Mindanao west of the Davao Gulf.

Mountain Province. A province of north central Luzon which is divided into the subprovinces of Benguet, Ifugao, Bontoc, Kalinga, and Apayao.

Nabaloi (Inibaloi) (Ebaloi) (Nä'bä-loi) One of the types of Igorot people, living in the subprovince of Benguet, Mountain Province and southward.

Nauhan (Now-hän) A town in northeastern Mindoro.

Negrito (Nĕ-greé-tō) One of the aboriginal groups of the Philippines located in various places throughout the islands.

Palanan (Pä-lä'nän) The principal town on the east coast of Luzon, located in Isabela Province.

Palawan (Pä'lä-wän) A long narrow island extending northeast to southwest from the Visaya area almost to Borneo.

Palawan Province. The area that includes Palawan, the Calamianes Islands, the Romblon Islands, and the Cuyo group.

Palawano (Pä-lä-wä'nō) 1. A tribe of people located in southern Palawan. 2. The language spoken by Palawanos.

Panglima (päng-leé-mä) A Palawano term for chief or head man of a village.

Patadiong (pä-tä-jōnǵ) Bark skirts.

Puerto Princesa (Pweŕ-tō Prĭn-sĕś-ä) The principal port of Palawan.

Punang River (Poó-nänǵ) A river in southern Palawan.

Recordings. (Content of records) See Scripts.

Rojas (Rō'häs) A port in southeastern Mindoro formerly known as Paclasen.

Sajung (Sä-jo͞onǵ)The name of the Mangyan spokesman for recordings at Bongabong, Oriental Mindoro.

Sala (sä'lä) A Filipino living-room.

Saligon (Sä'lee-gōn) The Palawano village where Lastani lives. The first one to be evangelized.

Samal (Sä-mäĺ) 1. One of the languages used by people along the seacoasts in Zamboanga Province and the Sulu Archipelago. 2. The people who speak Samal. 3. A small island in Davao Gulf.

Sän José (Sän Hō-zä́) The principal town in southern Mindoro. located near the southwest coast on the Cayagan River.

Santa Cruz (Säń-tä Krooz) A small town on Davao Gulf.

Sarangani Bay (Säŕ-äng-gä'nee) A bay along the southernmost part of Mindanao.

Scripts. Prepared messages for recordings. For complete scripts, see "Cry of the Forest Man" (Ch. 30); "Talking Books" (Ch. 8); "Pearls by the Way" (Ch. 34); "If You Have a Guide" (Ch. 35). For portions of scripts, see "Apollo" (Ch. 7); "More Mangyans and Angels" (Ch. 22); "This Cannot Be" (Ch. 33). Titles of scripts referred to: God's Plan of Salvation; God Our Creator; The Rich Man and Lazarus; the Return of Jesus; Death and Resurrection; One Mediator; Jesus, Our Best Friend; How to Become God's Child; How God's Children Should Live; The Fiery Furnace; The Living God; The Story of a Saviour; Prayer; Jesus Calms the Storm; The Prodigal Son; Sinai; Paul and Silas; The Christian Life; Fear Not; Jesus Can Heal Your Soul; Creation and Redemption; The Story of the Passover; Believe in the True God.

Sierra Madre Mountains (See-ĕŕ-rà Mäd're) A range of mountains along the east coast of central Luzon.

Silanganan Tagbanua (Seé-läng-ä'nän Täg-bäń-wä) One of the Tagbanua dialects.

Subanun (Soo-bä'noon) 1. The principal language used in Zamboanga Province. 2. The name of the people who speak the Subanun dialects.

Sulu (Soó-loo) The Sulu Archipelago extends from southern Zamboanga Province to Alice Channel, which separates it from Borneo.

Supoks (Soó-pōks) Blow-guns of the Palawano tribesmen.

Tagabawa (Tä'gä-bä'wä) One of the Bagobo tribal languages.

Tagakaolo (Tä'gä-kō'lō) A pagan tribe in the mountains of Davao Province, Mindanao.

Tagalog (Tä-gä'lŏg) 1. The "official" language of the Philippines used principally in the provinces near Manila and southward on Luzon, and in the lowlands of Mindoro.

Tagbanua (Täg-bäń-wä) 1. One of the primitive groups living in Palawan. 2. The language spoken by the Tagbanua people. There are several different Tagbanua languages.

Tinggian (Tĭng-gee-äń) 1. The name of the language spoken

by most of the inhabitants of Abra Province. 2. The name applied to the people who speak the Tinggian language.

Tiruray (Tirurai) (Teeŕ-oo-rī̆) A tribe of people who speak the Tiruray language in western Cotabato.

Tomayong (Tō-mĭ́-yōng) A tiny mountain village in Davao Province, Mindanao.

Tseltal (Tzeltal) (Tsĕl'täl) 1. A tribe of Indians located in the state of Chiapas, Mexico. 2. The name of the language spoken by the Tseltel Indians.

Tuguegarao (Too-g̃eé-g̃ä-rów) The largest town in the Cagayan Valley and capital of Cagayan Province, northeastern Luzon.

Upi (Oó-pee) A small village in western Cotabato where Tiruray records were made.

Vakuls (vä'kools) Thatched hats of the inhabitants of the northernmost Philippines.

Vigan (Veé-gän) The capital of the province of Ilocos Sur in northwestern Luzon.

Visayan (Vee-sĭ́-yän) 1. The name given to the islands between Luzon and Mindanao. 2. The languages spoken by those living in the Visayas.

Zamboanga (Zäḿ-bō-äńg-gä) 1. The peninsula province of Mindanao. 2. The capital city of Zamboanga Province.

SANNA M. BARLOW

Sanna Morrison Barlow's fathe
Judge J. Stanley Barlow; her r
Emily Miller Barlow, has been a
of Johnson City (Tenn.) Bible cla
many years. Miss Barlow's summe
ing her childhood were spent at
now known as Ben Lippen Con
She testifies to the inestimable influ
the late Dr. Robert McQuilkin.
studying for her Bachelor of Arts i
cal Education at Columbia Bible
she met Joy Ridderhof who was
the school. Miss Ridderhof's unic
to make Spanish records for Latin
can villages made a deep impres
Sanna Barlow.

To prepare for her Bible teachin
in the public schools, Miss Barlow
her bachelor's degree in Educa
Eastern Tennessee State College. A
application to the Southern Pres
Board for appointment to China
fused for health reasons, she bec
creasingly aware of a call to mi
unreached tribes. A meeting w
Ridderhof at Ben Lippen resulte
joining the Gospel Recordings
1948.

She received her apprenticeship
recording during a trip with Miss
hof among the Northwest Indian
1949. While Joy Ridderhof a
Sherwood were in the Philippine
Barlow was doing field recordin
States. Upon their return, Miss
began the account of "the chair
that was their year in the Philipp

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